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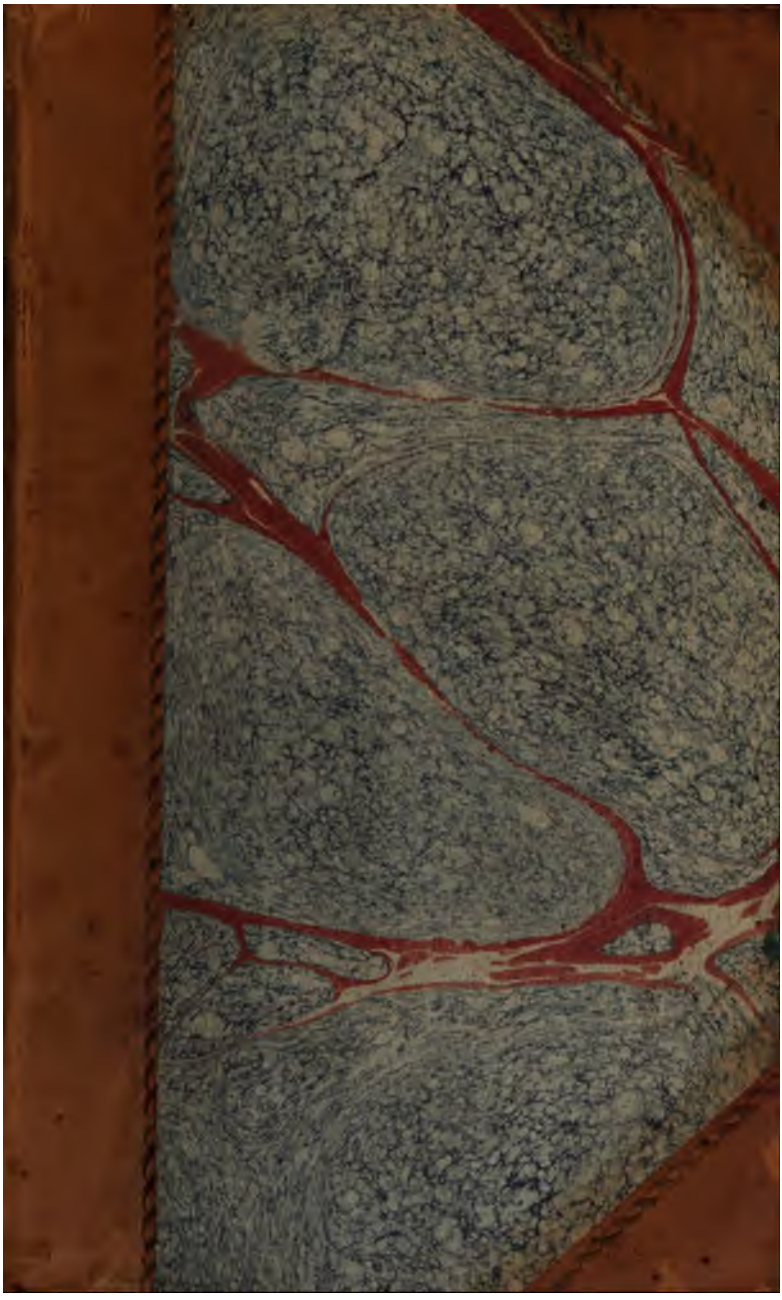

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S

MAGAZINE.

The Christian Lady's Magazine.

Edited by Charlotte Elizabeth.

VOL. XIV.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

MDCCCXL.

R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXL.

PREFACE.

WHEN the year 1840 broke upon us, a general impression prevailed that its course would be marked by great and striking events. This was more peculiarly the case in reference to the Jews, who themselves also hailed it as appointed to herald, in some way, the advent of their expected Messiah. Who can now look back upon its lapse, and fail to acknowledge that those expectations have been verified in a measure and in a manner that no human sagacity could have foreseen. A sudden burst of insurrection among the mountaineers of Syria, against the galling tyranny of Egypt, led to results strangely disproportionate in magnitude to their procuring cause. A mighty armament, equipped by the great powers of Europe, immediately appeared; and the

land to which the word of prophecy emphatically directs our attention, when treating of this very period of time, is become at once the battle-field of contending nations. The heart vibrates with a thrill of solemn awe, as the official naval and military returns tell of blockades and attacks on places, the names of which are so associated with the imagery, the phraseology of holy writ, as to invest them with a sort of sacredness peculiar to themselves; and while the kings of the Gentiles assemble their forces around that very spot where the Lord has said he will bring them to battle together, in the last great conflict of this dispensation, the Jews gird up their loins, confident that their way is preparing—that they shall be speedily gathered and planted again in their own land.

"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" Events that when we scanned their dim shadows through the mysterious veil of prophecy seemed to require some terrible convulsion, such as the world had never yet seen, to bring them to pass, are moving into open view, with the majestic harmony of action that characterizes all God's works. As the heavens are high above the earth, so are His ways and thoughts above ours: and like the glorious orbs that roll through those heavens, each in its appointed orbit fulfilling its prescribed course in silence more eloquent than the loudest songs could be, so

does the prophetic chain unwind its golden links, bidding us gaze, and wonder, and adore.

At a crisis of incalculable magnitude we close this our fourteenth volume; desiring to reiterate the warning injunction to every reader of these pages, "What I say unto you, I say unto all: WATCH."

December,
1840.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

AFFLICTION 55

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE 433

CHURCHYARD OF BALQUIDDER, THE 429

EBCHOMENA, OR THINGS TO COME 133, 209, 353, 442

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE 125, 224, 344, 409, 534

FEMALE DRESS 150

FRENCH PROTESTANTS 49

HELEN FLEETWOOD 1, 97, 194, 289, 308, 385, 481, 501

INCONSISTENCY 331

INCONSIDERATE QUESTIONS 419

INVITATION TO UNITED PRAYER 553

JANE RUSSELL 60

JUDAH'S CAUSE 233

KING OF PRUSSIA, THE 422

PAGE

LETTERS TO A FRIEND 18, 266, 339, 545

LUCUBRATIONS ABROAD 70, 173

LUKEWARMNESS 438

"MY GOD WILL BRING BACK" 454

NIGHT ON CALVARY 248

NOTES ON GENESIS 29, 144, 245

ON IDOLATRY 236

ON SCANDAL 118

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN PARENT 531

ON WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS 523

PHRASEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT 34

PROTESTANT, THE 84, 185, 280, 369, 468, 566

RETURN OF ISRAEL 544

REVIEWS:—

Ancient Music of Ireland 274

Anna Campbell 183

Appeal on Behalf of the Jews 464

Archdeacon Browne's Charge 462

Bagot on the Transfiguration 461

Book of Quadrupeds 563

Christ and Antichrist 75

Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk 78

Church of God, The 559

Checks to Infidelity 564

REVIEWS (continued): PAGE

Detached Thoughts 563

Dialogue between a Popish Priest and English Protestant 76

Election, The 77

English Mother, The 459

Explanations of Scripture Terms 459

Guide to the Pronunciation of Scripture Names 273

Home Mission, The 273

Howard and Napoleon Contrasted 278

History of Europe 363

Inward Revival 79

Light Shining out of Darkness 79

Letter to the Bishop of Oxford 366

Memoir of Mrs. John West 182

Miles' Lectures 180

Murray's Church in Ireland 457

Missionary Tales 565

Narrative of Henry John Marks 177

Notes on the Gospel of St. Matthew 272

Pictures of Religion 82

Protestant Annual 560

Ragg's Heber 461

Suppression of Reformation in France 80

Sword, The 278

REVIEWS (continued): PAGE

Spirit of Popery 463

Types Unveiled, The 182

View of the Work of the Holy Spirit 74

STRANGER IN LONDON 251

SEVEN SISTERS, THE 350

THINGS OF OLD 42, 165

THREE USES OF TRADITION 152

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XII.

THE rector was a man of grave, quiet aspect, more stately and reserved than Mr. Barlow, but perfectly kind both in language and manner. He listened not only with attention but with evident interest to the tale; and the significant shake of the head that marked his emphatic dissent from her conduct in yielding to Mr. Stratton's persuasion boded little good. This gesture was frequently repeated as she went on; but her heart never quaked so much as when it was used as a comment on her declaration, that certainly there must be a remedy somewhere, though she had not yet been able to discover where.

'I now feel, sir, that I have done wrong, very wrong, in catching at a seeming advantage without sufficient thought and prayer; but I erred through

anxiety for the welfare of those dearer to me than myself.'

'I make no doubt of it, Mrs. Green; but when unhappily we neglect the command to be wise as serpents, the harmlessness of the dove will not save us from the consequences of that omission.'

'In all my ways, sir, I strove to acknowledge God; and I trusted that he would direct my path.'

'True; but there is a little word of mighty meaning, which is much insisted on in scripture: "Wait." You seem to me to have overlooked that word.'

'I acknowledge my fault, sir: I own my hastiness; I take all shame to myself; and believe me, my sufferings have not been small. But now I come to ask counsel, while humbly receiving your just rebuke. Submit I must to very many privations: my future days must be passed in sorrow and anxiety; and I never can expect again to know the comfort I once enjoyed. But though we must all toil painfully and all suffer in various ways, I want my children protected from vice on the one hand, and from oppression on the other. This is what every body in a Christian, free country has a right to expect; and it is all I may now presume to crave.'

The rector again shook his head; 'I can only direct you to seek help of God.'

'But he works by means, sir; and I am bound to use the means.'

'Your case, I lament to say, is that of many others, who, on first coming to the mills are shocked at the demoralization prevailing; and not being aware that the evil has outgrown all ordinary means of checking it, persuade themselves that redress may be ob-

tained, until experience shews them that nothing remains but to submit to their painful lot.'

'Yes, sir,' said the widow, with some warmth, for she thought the rector treated the matter much too phlegmatically, 'yes, sir, another thing remains; and that is to quit these wicked mills altogether.'

'Of course, if you have any other means of subsistence for your family; but from what you have told me I should fear you had not: and let me, as a friend, dissuade you from another precipitate movement.'

Mrs. Green was greatly distressed; she began to feel the pressure of the bonds that surrounded her on all sides, and with tears in her eyes exclaimed, 'And will not you, sir, for the love of Him whose minister you are, assist me?'

'Believe me,' answered the rector kindly, 'had I, instead of a limited parochial income, twice the revenues of this diocese at my disposal, they would not suffice to answer but a small part of the heart-rending appeals daily made to my charity.'

'I believe it, sir, from what I have seen; but it is not money I want.'

'What then do you require of me?'

'To help me to remove my poor children into some situation where they may earn their bread, honestly and safely.'

'It is impossible, unless you have friends in the place to give you a very special recommendation among the upper classes; and even so I fear the competition is too great to afford you a reasonable hope of succeeding. As a country girl, well brought up, and of unquestionable character, Helen *might* have procured a proper service in some family here;

but even so short a time in a mill (to say nothing of the aspersions so cruelly cast on her) would be an insuperable objection. For myself, I would readily offer to assist you in this way, but the little interest of that sort which I may possess, is, like my purse, taxed to the uttermost: and at this moment I have the parents of several excellent girls, educated in my own schools, anxiously looking to me to avert the necessity of sending them to the mills, by finding domestic situations among my friends.'

The widow sighed deeply; then, after a pause, resumed, 'Are you not able, sir, at all to influence the owners and managers of these factories?'

'Not unless they have been so brought under a higher influence as to esteem the minister for his Master's sake; and this, I am sorry to say, is not the case within the sphere of my labours. In fact, your employers with their families are church-going people, and pay all outward respect to the ordinances of religion; but would no more think of allowing any interference on the clergyman's part with their worldly concerns than they would of intermeddling with him in the composition of a sermon.'

'Am I then to look on the case as hopeless?'

'I wish I could point out any cheering prospect to you; but I fear you must now abide the consequences of a hasty step: and patiently await the answer to prayer from Him who, though for the present he afflicts, will yet shew mercy. All these things, howsoever painful they may be, are working together for good to you, if you love God.'

The widow humbly assented; and feeling that there was no pretence for a prolonged visit, took her leave.

This interview was, in its effects, by far the most depressing of all she had recently tried. It seemed as though every door of escape was rapidly closing round her; and at the same time her spirit was chilled to an unwonted degree. She could not deny that the rector had been perfectly kind; that he had listened willingly, answered to the point, and advised her judiciously, besides bringing some scriptural encouragements to her mind; but she missed the earnest zeal in her interests, the cordial sympathy in her griefs, the oil and wine of divine consolation poured into every wound by her Village Pastor. She missed the closing prayer, the fervent parting benediction, all of which her fancy had in prospect mixed up with this visit. Reason told her that it was impossible for a stranger to enter so fully into the case as one whom she had known for years; and that the rector was so beset by applicants, so accustomed to the tale of wrong and sorrow, as to render it surprising that he should have bestowed so much attention on her: yet she felt it, and perhaps not the less keenly because he had so honestly shewn her the root of present suffering in her injudicious conduct. We are far more willing to condemn ourselves than to hear from others the same truthful sentence.

Meanwhile, the object of all her efforts seemed to recede more remotely from view as she strove to approach it. The very simplicity of the case added to her perplexity. She had hired out her children to devote a stipulated portion of their time to daily labour, in an establishment owned, and, as she supposed, conducted by English gentlemen. She had witnessed many of the various kinds of service in which the poorer classes of the land engage; and

she knew that in any case of dissatisfaction on either side, the aggrieved party could at least state his grievance in a competent quarter; but here she found herself completely baffled, repelled on all sides, she scarcely knew how; but made conscious that no one admitted his own responsibility, or seemed aware of being under any obligation to judge the cause of the poor who laboured for him. It then occurred to her that a system of inspection had been established, and that the gentleman appointed to execute this duty must be the individual to redress what was wrong. It appeared strange that the rector should have failed to point out so obvious a resource; and she determined to ascertain some particulars. South, whom she knew to be just then out of work, seemed a likely person to give her information on this point; and making due allowance for the dark colouring that his grumbling propensities would throw over every subject, she thought a statement of bare facts from him might be valuable. To his house therefore she repaired—a dark, dreary, miserable looking abode—when she found him engaged in reading a dirty newspaper. After a few mutual enquiries, and civil speeches, she put the query to him, without mentioning the circumstances that led to it.

'Inspectors!' exclaimed South, with a smile of derision, 'yes, I can tell you enough about the inspector; and that without going beyond what concerns our own families. When the new plan first came out, we poor people thought we had got a great boon, and should have every thing put to rights; but of all the tricks ever played us, I think that is the most bare-faced. Now, Mrs. Green, please to listen.'

'I shall be sure to do that, neighbour.'

'Ay, I dare say you've begun to find out the want of something in the shape of justice; but you may look long enough before you find it. This district where we live is under the inspection of a gentleman appointed by government, and it is his duty to look after every mill within it. Now, how big do you think this district is?'

'Indeed, I can't say: perhaps this town and another as large.'

'You know the map of England?'

'Yes, pretty well: the children learnt it at home.'

'Well, ma'am, our inspector's district includes the county of Lancaster, the county of Northumberland, the county of Cumberland, of Westmorland, of Durham, and two ridings of the pretty little county of York.'

'Impossible!'

'It is true: and the number of mills that he has to superintend is about eighteen hundred. Now there are little more than three hundred days to a year, leaving out Sundays and holidays; the inspector's district lies spread over many hundred miles of country; the mills are greatly scattered, many being in villages, and on little streams in remote places; and so you may judge what time the gentleman has to look after every one of them.'

'But surely he has a great many agents?'

'He has four.'

'Four!'

'Four sub-inspectors, called superintendents, who, by flying about, contrive, as they say, that one of them should visit each place three times a year, to see how things are going on, to report to the inspector-general, and so forth.'

'But that is too seldom to be of any real use: if the person only comes three times in a year, all sorts of wrong can go on for nearly four months without a check, and then the complaints will be so many and of such long standing, that he must be quite overwhelmed, and puzzled among them.'

South laughed: 'The superintendent has not even power to enter a mill, but with the full consent of the owners; if he hears of any bad doings, he cannot insist on investigating the matter; he can only send a report to his chief, and it is he who must enquire and punish.'

'What, the gentleman with the eighteen hundred mills! It would take him a year's time to judge upon half the cases brought before him, that had accumulated since his last visit in one large factory town, I should think.'

'Mrs. Green,' said South, 'the inspector has no power to interfere in any case whatever, if the matter complained of did not occur within FOURTEEN DAYS of the time when the superintendent discovers and reports it.'*

The widow stared at her informant, doubting whether she heard aright.

'So much for the law, Mrs. Green; and now for the facts to shew you how it works. I had a girl of sixteen, brought up in the country, a stout, fine girl, who looked almost eighteen: well, she engaged herself in a mill where they worked all night; and you know people over eighteen may work as much as

* '*If every section of the law had been violated on the 17th of January, and I go to the mill on the 1st of February, I cannot touch him.*'. Vide Evidence of Leonard Horner, Esq., Inspector, given on oath before the Committee of the House of Commons, March 11, 1840.

they please—there is no law for them. My poor girl got covetous of the wages, and represented herself to be more than eighteen, and so obtained regular night-work. Every body saw it would kill the child; but she had a taste for dress, and nothing would hinder her, because whatever she got besides the regular day-wages was her own, of course. Well; somebody mentioned to the superintendent that she was under age; and when the chief man came, he asked her. She said she was near nineteen; and being, as I told you, a fine grown girl, much stouter than most of the factory girls are at twenty, he did not doubt her word. She was left to please herself, and so she did; and in a year from that time we buried her.'

'But you could surely have interposed your authority as a father,' observed the widow, who saw more to blame in the narrator than in any other person concerned.

'That's easier said than done,' replied South with a shrug. 'Disobedience to parents is one of the first lessons learned in the mills; and besides, my good neighbour, when you have seen one of the flying visits of our inspectors, and how nicely the owners keep them tethered where there is anything wrong to be found out, you will understand matters better than you can do from any description of mine.'

The widow could not gainsay this; but she felt deeply for the poor young suicide. Here was first a lure spread before her by the mill-owner in the shape of additional wages, for which to barter her very life: then most culpable encouragement given by the act of the parents in allowing her to appropriate the extra earnings, while they pocketed the fruit of her

day-labour — actual encouragement that rendered void whatever they might *say* against the proceeding. Again, there was an evident dereliction of duty on the part of any man who, being employed to correct abuses of this sort, could content himself with the denial of the party most interested in practising a deception, and leave the poor young girl to her fate. 'God be praised,' she mentally ejaculated, 'that all this world's wealth would not tempt my Helen to a lie!'

South, meanwhile, looked vexed and disconcerted; he saw that his own unnatural conduct had struck his auditor, and he began, as usual, to lament the hardening effect that the system produced on all connected with it; then proceeded—'Bad as it is to let young people go on all night, if they will just say they are eighteen, and don't look much less, the other two things that our inspectors ought to remedy are worse:—working young children over-hours, and ill-treating the poor little labourers. Two of your own grandchildren lie beside my girl in the churchyard from the first; and Sarah is following them as fast as she can, through the last of these two evils.'

This was bringing the matter home to the widow's present anxieties: she asked what difficulty there could be in obtaining redress under circumstances so glaring, and so easily proved.

'In the first place,' replied South, 'you must remember that twelve hours a-day is the time limited for those under eighteen years of age; with the hours afforded for meals and schooling, your children going, I think, at half-past five in the morning, finish their day in the mill at seven?'

'Yes; they come home very punctually.'

'And you think if they were worked an hour longer than the law allows, you could prove it, and call the owners to account?'

'There could be no want of proofs, when so many must know of the circumstance.'

'No: besides which, the owner who worked his mill beyond the proper hours would obtain an advantage over his more honest neighbours, and so make it their interest to watch and report him. The gentlemen in Parliament who think we have already got all we ought to have, lay a great stress on this; and also say that the lights in the mill, after the regular time, would alone be sufficient to draw attention. For all that, Wright's children died of overwork, being in a mill where they managed to cheat alike the laws, the inspector, and the labourers. First, the time-books were kept so unfairly that they made it look just as they chose; and you may be sure neither superintendent nor inspector had leisure enough to search out the roguery; particularly as they took good care to go on correctly for a couple of weeks before the visit; and whatever had happened beyond that time was out of the reach of punishment. Next, they cheated the children out of their proper hours for meals and schooling, by altering the clock, and other contrivances; and if they wanted to keep all hands at work half-an-hour, or longer, after regular closing hour, they would loosen a pin or a strap in the morning, stop the machinery for a few minutes to set it right, and then, under shelter of the very act they were breaking, detain them at night to work up lost time.'

'But all this might have been told to the superintendent, or inspector, and punished.'

'If it happened within fourteen days; and if any of the labourers thought it worth their while to be turned out of work for complaining, or ill treated in the mill ever after: but this did not happen; and the children fell off into galloping consumptions as fast as they could go. The Wrights are a sickly family, and their children could not stand it long.'

'Was Sarah in that mill?'

'No, she was with your friends the Messrs. Z. who pride themselves on being great time-keepers, and never fail to inform against offending neighbours. If an unusual demand comes, they have other means of meeting the emergency without working over-hours.'

'But this watching of one another must certainly be a great hindrance to deceit about time.'

'If children alone are employed, it is: but when the mill is kept going for those who have no protection from the laws, because they are, or say they are, eighteen, many a half hour is stolen, early and late, without discovery, from the poor little ones. Your young people are still fresh in the work, and have a hearty good-will to it; but wait awhile, and you'll see them come home so fagged and worn out, that half-an-hour will seem more to them, whether for labour or for rest, than half a day used to do. However, I was going to speak of poor Sarah: she was always simple and weak-minded, and all manner of advantages were taken of it, not so much by the children as the overlooker, who happened to be a great rascal; and having some spite against the innocent creature, was always for revenging every body's faults on her. He would give her orders that she had not the wit to understand properly, and then knock her

about for the mistakes that could not but follow. You know, sometimes one has a dislike to some particular individual, even without any real cause: that is the case often in the mills, among the upper workpeople, who are wearied and plagued enough, and glad to vent their ill humour where they can do it safely. Woe to the factory child that is in the bad graces of a cross-tempered spinner or overlooker! Sarah, then quite a little one, got a blow from this fellow, which hurt her so much that he was summoned for it, and fined: this made him more bitter, though at the same time more cautious how he shewed it. I don't suppose it is true, though many say so, that she was sent or pushed into a dangerous part of the machinery on purpose to cripple her; but I do believe that man has to answer to God for all her sufferings. You see she was worked till her ancles bent under her; and if Mrs. Wright was not your daughter, I would say it was an infamous shame to let the child continue going, after she got so weak and ill. However, the machinery settled the matter by pulling off her arm.'

The widów Green felt the blood curdling in her veins as he proceeded. South saw how deadly pale she was becoming, and resumed, 'You need not fear for your own: that brute is no longer in the mill. He was a great favourite with the Messrs. Z., and they promoted him to be a sort of agent; and now I understand he is made a gentleman of, and goes about the country with fine stories, to lure poor people from remote villages into their mills. He is a plausible, smooth-spoken fellow, and does a deal in that way, though his face alone would hang him, without taking into account the cut over his eye, that

he got from an adult workman who caught him cruelly beating his little girl. The child soon died, and the man was kept in prison, punished, and turned adrift to starve; but though Master Ferris came off with flying colours, he must carry that scar for a remembrance to the grave. But come, Mrs. Green, we'll say no more about it, for you are really getting quite ill.'

This was true; and no wonder. The description of the man had startled her; but the name placed it beyond a doubt. Mr. Stratton had addressed his friend as 'Ferris,' and that name was also written in pencil in the fly-leaf of the fatal pamphlet. She had then been beguiled from her home, and induced to bring her William's children, and poor Helen, into the very same mill, by the identical ruffian who had, in effect, murdered the gentle, harmless Sarah, and whose name was associated with so many dreadful cruelties. In itself, this was nothing wonderful: the poor-law and the factory system had merely played into each other's hands, as they usually do; and her district being fruitful in labourers, and not very lately canvassed, it was quite natural that the travelling agent should have taken it on his route. Still the coincidence was a shock to her feelings not easily overcome; and she longed to seek in her poor home the solace that she always found in her bible and prayer.

South was half grieved to have occasioned so much distress, which he attributed to fear alone; and by way of reparation said, 'Come, take heart, neighbour, it cannot be more than a month or so before the superintendent comes round again, and I will promise you notice, in spite of all the care taken to

prevent it, and tell you best how to get at him with any complaint you may have. Meanwhile, remember there is nobody in the mill so bad as Ferris now; and I dare say your children will do well enough.'

The widow thanked him, and departed.

Returning home, with the load of anxious distress and self-condemnation grievously increased, she found her place neat and orderly even beyond what it always was, and James in his best clothes, looking well-pleased at his performances in the clearing and cleaning way. 'I thought, granny,' said he, 'that as we are going to have company you would wish things to look nice.'

'What company, my dear?'

'Mr. Malony, and Katy.'

'I had forgotten: but James, Malony is such a very poor man that we will not make the most of ourselves before him: it would perhaps discourage rather than please him. I will go, before I take off my bonnet, and get a bit of something substantial to nourish them; for Mary says, you know, they have little to eat.'

With this kind purpose she went out again, and on her return found James in his working dress, still neat and clean; and some little matters that he thought more ornamental than necessary put out of sight: she also noticed two bibles placed within reach. 'Oh my smitten one,' thought the widow, as she fondly kissed his pale cheek, 'how merciful is the affliction that keeps thee alike from the snares of the wicked and the rod of the cruel!'

'Granny,' said the boy smiling, and pointing to the books, 'You find I am still determined poor Malony *should* see the best we have; and we must make the

most of ourselves too, by trying to shew him how much happier we are than he can be with such a silly, wicked thing, by way of a religion, as he has got.'

The party from the mill had not long been seated, when a tap at the door was followed by its opening before any one could answer; and the salutation, 'God save all here,' announced the guests. The figure that entered first was that of a tall bony man, whose dress it would be difficult to describe, its principal distinction being the absence of patches, and an abundant call for them. Indeed his ragged appearance cast a slur even on poor Katy in the estimation of James, who was sure that Mary would have sat up all night at the needle, after a day in the mills, rather than see any of them in so dilapidated a condition. Uncombed hair, and beard of some days' growth on a face not over clean, were also a great disadvantage to their proprietor; but in spite of all, there was a look of intelligence, good humour, and unrestraint, with a native courtesy and frankness, that produced an involuntary liking for the poor Irishman.

'You are kindly welcome, Mr. Malony,' said the widow, as she pointed to a chair.

'Thank ye, my lady: the never a one of me would have intruded upon yees, but for the child.'

Katy, clean as soap and water could make her, and glowing with delight, looked archly up in his face, as she leaned on his knee, saying, 'Didn't I tell you it was kindly welcome we'd be; and didn't the lady say that same herself, now?'

'My dear child,' observed the widow, 'there are no ladies or gentlemen here. We are poor people

all, and so we must regard each other. Happy are we, if we be among the poor of this world, rich in faith, whom God has chosen to be heirs of his kingdom!'

'By my life,' ejaculated Malony, 'but that's a fine saying—Glory be to God!'

'What an odd way of talking,' whispered James to Mary.

'Oh, let him alone: granny will soon bring him to leave off swearing.'

But the new discoveries, consequent upon this meeting, must be reserved for another chapter.

C. E.

If a man but feel in his heart the assurance that what he does is acceptable to God, his action is good, though he should but raise a straw from the earth; but if he has not the confidence, his action is not a good work, even though he should raise the dead to life. A heathen, a Jew, a Turk, a sinner may do all other works; but to put one's trust in God, and have assurance that we are accepted by him, is what none but the Christian standing in grace is capable of doing.—*Luther.*

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

VII.

BEFORE I resume the thread of my narrative, which must indeed often be broken for the reasons already mentioned, I shall prolong my digression while I give you an account of the caoinean or lamentation of the Irish over their dead. This very ancient custom may be compared to that of the Jews. It is spoken of in 'The Family of Bethany,' translated from the French by the Rev. W. Hare, p. 182, as follows, 'In some cases, also, to increase the sadness of these gloomy solemnities, women, whose trade it was to weep and make lamentation over the dead, were paid to offer this strange kind of consolation to the relations or connections of the departed!'

In order that I might obtain the most accurate information on this practice, as it is in these days observed, I visited a woman who is in the habit of attending funerals as a caoinier. The meaning of this word, she told me, is a rhyming woman. I found her very intelligent and communicative. She said she was always sent for as soon as the corpse was laid out. She selects seven women whose voices are clear and loud, that they may all join in the caoine. With these she practices beforehand. They all remain for two days and nights in the chamber of the dead. They call it waking the body. At intervals, four or five times in the night, they raise the caoine; and

between those intervals the people amuse themselves in sing foolish songs, telling stories, and in various other trifling sports. The wake is generally held in a barn, to admit of a large concourse; all who come are welcome. The greater the number which assemble being considered the more honourable for the dead, a long table is spread with oaten cakes, rolls of butter, a keg of whiskey, pipes and tobacco, &c. Rich and poor of all denominations are equally welcome to partake of the fare;—to make any difference would be considered displeasing to God. The business of the rhymer is to repeat the virtues of the deceased, to enumerate his worldly advantages, and those of his kindred, living and dead; the names of the mourners he has left, and their irreparable loss. The rhyme begins, 'Ullooloo, O why did you die? It was not for want of good living. You had plenty of potatoes and meal,' &c.

The criers chime in, with clapping of hands, in doleful cadence. Should the deceased have been a young girl, loved and admired, when committing the body to the ground, the rhyme goes, 'O why did you die? Only that it would be to war against Christ, the whole country would join in our ullaloo. You may take up your swords and fight; you cannot bring her back, for He who suffered for her, has her, and who but He has any right to her? But, O why did you die? If gold could have kept you here, not a shovel-full of clay would ever lie over you. Who ever received charity from your full hand, and looked back for more? Did not they go on their way with a thankful heart? O then, why did you die?'

This is the identical English translation which she gave of her own Irish composition, which must, in

the native language, have been much more eloquent and expressive. She related an instance of a farmer's wife who died in her confinement. Her husband had three small farms in different townlands. The names of these were mentioned by the rhymer, who said they were all waiting on her, yet she must die for an infant child, and be left with nothing but her shroud. In this account, she seemed at a loss for words in English to express her full meaning, and I found it difficult to understand any part of it until she had often repeated it. She told me that when a rhyming woman gives satisfaction, she is sent for at ten miles distance by persons of whom she knows nothing; in which case she is taken aside by the nearest relative of the deceased, to be instructed in the subjects of her lamentation. She is desired 'neither to boast nor brag,' but to bewail the loss to the parents, brothers, sisters, husband, children, &c. Sometimes the lamentation is so pathetic that the harrowed-up feelings of the survivors can bear no more, and the strain is silenced.

The caoine is kept up while the funeral procession is on the way to the place of interment. Three or four of the relatives, each carrying two bottles of whiskey, walk with the criers to refresh them occasionally with that cordial for every care. When the procession enters the burying ground, the caoine ceases while they walk three times round it, all the while repeating the creed. During the interment, the caoine is resumed; and when the grave is closed, all the people kneel round it to offer up prayer for the departed soul.*

* This account was published some years ago in 'The Protestant Rector, a Tale of Other Times in Ireland.'

How this ceremony was performed in time past is well described by the intelligent author referred to in my last letter.

Miss Beaufort gives the following account of the Irish cry, in *The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*:—

'The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers and oderiferous herbs, was usually placed on a table or elevated place. The relations and the *caoiniers*, *i. e.* the persons who sung the funeral songs and lamentations, ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head, and the other at the feet of the corpse.

'The *bards* and *croteries*, *i. e.* those who composed the songs, and related the genealogy, &c. of the deceased, having before prepared the funeral caoinian, the chief bard of the *head chorus* began, by singing the first stanza in a *low doleful tone*, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion the *last semi-chorus* began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the *head semi-chorus*, and then both united in one *general chorus*.

'The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the *chief bard* of the first semi-chorus sung the second stanza, the *strain* of which was taken from the concluding note of the preceding chorus; which being ended, the *head semi-chorus* began the *gol*, or *lamentations*, in which they were answered by that of the *foot;* and then, as before, both united in the general full chorus. And thus alternately were the *song* and *chorusses* performed during the night.

'The genealogy, rank, possessions, virtues, and vices of the deceased were rehearsed; and a number

of interrogatories were addressed to the *dead person*, as "Why did he die?" If married, "Whether his wife was faithful to him: his sons dutiful, and good warriors?" If a *matron*, "Whether her daughters were fair or chaste?" If a *young man*, "Whether he had been crossed in love?" or, "If the blue-eyed maids of Erin treated him with scorn," &c.

"Each versicle of the *caoinian* consisted only of *four feet*, and each foot was commonly of two *syllables*; the *three* first required no correspondence, but the *fourth* was to correspond with the terminations of the other versicles.'

This custom is now falling into disuse, the priests being opposed to it.

I must not unreasonably lengthen my letter, yet my sheet not being quite full, rather than send any blank paper, I may as well return to the history of the few kings concerning whom something more is mentioned than merely their names.

I have already told you that we must take a rapid and cursory view of these early uncertain times when so little is recorded worthy of note or of credit.

We hear of the formation of silver shields and targets in Ireland, which were given to the most valiant and deserving of the Irish militia, about the year 2993; and in the next century, of helmets, the neck and fore-pieces of gold, which were given to the most distinguished warriors, and golden chains about their necks. This was by the order of Muineamhon, who reigned in 3070. He reigned five years, and was a descendant of Heberus Fiônn.

3233.—The reign of a king is recorded whose name was Rothachaigh. It is said that he first introduced chariots in Ireland.

In several of the Irish histories, we find mention made of the champions who went out to battle in chariots drawn by two horses.

In the following century, another monarch reigned, Seadna fiônn, of the posterity of Heberus fiônn, of whom it is said that he first paid the soldiery, according to their several degrees and offices. And he enacted military laws, which in after ages were observed by the Milesians.

3394.—Eochadh, also of the Heberian posterity reigned. He was surnamed Fuaircheas, which signifies *Of the cold skiffs.* He had been banished the kingdom, and had taken with him a number of his adherents. With these he manned thirty ships, and for nearly two years he occupied the seas and cruised about the coast, making prey and spoil of all which came within his reach. He it was who first constructed the long Kishes, or clieves, covered with the skins of beasts, which afterwards were much used and are still seen in many parts of Ireland, under the name of Curaghs, or Curachain; and these were the kind of boats in which he coasted the island with his men.

3418.—Conuing Beg Aglach (which name signifies —resolute and fearless) is celebrated in Irish verse as a brave, just and warlike prince.

3539.—The sovereignty was for a long period disputed by three princes—Aodh Reagh, Diotharba and Ciomboath. At length the contest was decided in favour of Aodh Reagh; and a mutual agreement was made that he should reign twenty-one years, and should then give place to Diotharbas, or in case of his death to Ciomboath. However it so happened that neither the first or second lived to the expiration

of the twenty-one years, which was the cause of a renewal of hostilities, Aodh Reagh having left a daughter and Diotharbas five sons, who laid claim to the inheritance. Macha, who was surnamed Mougruadh, i. e. Red-haired, called the kingdom her birth-right; and the sons of Diotharbas, all valiant and resolute warriors, declared that they would never suffer the noble island to fall from the sword to the distaff.

A fierce engagement took place, in which the adherents of Macha had the advantage, and her five competitors were made prisoners. She pardoned them upon condition that they would build for her a rath, or city, in Ulster. She marked the circumference of the wall with the golden pin which fastened her mantle, from whence the city received the name Eomhuin, i.e. Eom Pin, huin, neck. This city for many ages was famed for hospitality and literature.

3586.—Ugaine More began to reign. His surname *More*, i.e. Great or Large was given him in reference to his power and possessions. Most of the western islands of Europe were tributary to him. He allied himself with France by marrying Ceasair, the daughter of the king. He had a large family, twenty-two sons and three daughters. The young men past their time in revellry and excesses. They formed military bands, with which they marched through the country; and by their rapacity and exactions they impoverished the unresisting inhabitants. Complaints were poured in, which caused their father to convene a council. But his sons with their military forces had become so formidable that Ugaine was compelled to make a division of the kingdom among his children.

By the rules of this division into twenty-five parts, the public taxes and revenues of Ireland were collected by the kings for the space of 800 years after the reign of Ugaine.

Two of his sons only are mentioned as the children of Cessair, Laoghaire and Cobhthach; after the death of his father the first claimed the sovereignty, which he obtained by fighting for it. His father had been murdered, and he became the avenger of blood, having himself slain the slayer. But he also had an adversary in his own brother, although he endeavoured to conciliate him by many acts of kindness, and on his accession to the throne settled on Cobhthach a princely revenue.

He was not however satisfied, for envy had taken possession of his breast, and like a canker worm preyed upon his vitals. He either feigned or felt a pining sickness, which wasted his form and excited the commiseration of his brother, who knew not the cause, and therefore he fell into the snare which was prepared for him. Cobhthach coveted the crown, and resolving to possess himself of it, he artfully contrived to draw his brother to visit him unattended in his sick chamber, and concealing a dagger under his bed clothes, he took advantage of an unguarded moment to plunge it into the heart of the king.

Not thinking the crown sufficiently secure to him by the death of Laoghaire, the cruel Cobhthach destroyed all the princes of the blood, who he suspected might interfere with him in the possession of it; and deeds of barbarity are recorded of him too disgusting for this little history. In reading it, let children recollect that these men were heathens, they knew not the laws nor the commandments of the true

God. The light of the everlasting gospel had never streamed upon their benighted minds; they worshipped they knew not what. The Prince of darkness led them captive at his will.

They were in that state described in the 44th chapter of Isaiah 13—20.—"They cut down the trees which their own hands had planted; with part they kindled their fire and warmed themselves, and roasted their food; while with another part they made gods and fell down and worshipped them."

"There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked." The envious king whose history we are tracing had no peace, although in possession of all he longed for. A fire was kindled in his bosom which many waters could not quench, and he became like a walking shadow; from hence his surname is derived, for the Irish word *caol* signifies *lean*. Yet he dragged on a miserable existence, detested by all his subjects beyond that of most of his predecessors. Some say he reigned thirty years, others say fifty, and that at length by violent hands they were delivered from his tyranny.

His successor was Maion, the grandson of Laoghaire Lork. How he escaped the murderous weapons of Cobhthach Caolmbreag is not narrated. In his childhood he experienced the most cruel treatment from his unnatural relatives. By some means, he made his way to his kinsman, the king of France, in whose court he grew up to manhood, and was well spoken of. The fame of his exploits in a foreign land having reached the ears of the daughter of the king of Munster, she formed a plan to recall him to Ireland, in order that he might rid the country of its hated tyrant, and claim for himself the lawful pos-

session of the crown. To this effect she composed verses, in which she described the heroic deeds already achieved by Maion, and afterwards those which awaited him in his native land, in which every heart was open to receive him, and to which every voice invited him. The princess then called Craftine her musician, to whose care she committed her verses with directions that he should attune them to his voice subjoining thereto the melody of his harp. Well instructed in all she designed, she sent Craftine to the court of France, where he soon met with Maion, and introduced himself by some of the most attractive of his well-known native strains, accompanied with his harp. These touches having had the desired effect on the mind of the young Irish prince, the musician changed his song to that which he had recently learned, and then indeed the feelings of the prince could not be restrained. He was no longer a listener, but an actor. The king of France entered at once into his views, and ordered 2000 of his choicest troops to attend Maion to Ireland. With these, he landed in the harbour of Wexford, and came upon Cobhthach by surprise, and put him and his retinue to the sword at Didhion Riogh, where at that time he kept his court. Thus did the old envious usurper finish his wretched career, and without the slightest opposition Maion occupied his place.

Being seated on the throne, Maion received a new name from a Druid, expressive of his character. Labhradh Loingseach, which signifies, to speak, because his actions spoke more than his words. By this name, he is always designated in Irish history. After he was settled in the peaceable possession of the kingdom, his first care was to find out, and make

proposals of marriage to the noble-minded princess who had composed the verses which had excited in him the ardour to undertake and accomplish all that which they had suggested.

Accompanied by her musician Craftine, who had become his chief favourite, he repaired to Munster, attended by a princely retinue, and was most graciously received by the king of that province, and also by his fair daughter. Soon afterwards the marriage was solemnized, and the king of Ireland was happy in sharing his crown with a princess so truly worthy of it. Another romantic legend is given of this prince, which I shall omit. It is evidently taken from ancient mythology.

I AM accused of rejecting the holy doctors of the church. I reject them not, but since those doctors all labour to prove what they write by the Holy Scriptures, it follows that the Scriptures must be clearer and more conclusive than their writings. Who would ever think of proving what is in itself obscure by the help of something obscurer still? Necessity therefore obliges us to have recourse to the bible, as all the doctors have done, and to test their writings by it:—for the bible is our only rule and standard.—*Luther.*

NOTES ON GENESIS.

CHAPTER IV.

4. The offering of Abel was made in faith, or with a believing view to the promise. Heb. xi. 4. How he came to choose that kind of offering which was afterwards appointed as a type of the Lamb of God, we are not informed. Perhaps it may have been through the same influence of the Spirit which directs prophecy.

6, 7. I have heard that "sin lieth at the door" would be more correctly translated by "sin-offering," &c. In the latter part of the passage, the pronoun "his" I take to refer to his brother; and the phrase "unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him," appears, by the use made of it, ii. 16, to signify he will yield or submit to thee. The two verses taken together may, I think, be paraphrased in something of the following manner. 'Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, if thou art guided by my Spirit, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou art conscious that sin has found its way into thy bosom, is not my promised salvation from it as open to thee as to thy brother? The sin-offering lieth at thy door, is near thee, and within thy reach as well as his. If

thou wilt believe my promise, and accept it, shalt thou not enjoy all the favour, the peace, the blessedness thy brother enjoys? and he will submit to thee as his elder brother, and suffer thee to rule over him and act as his superior. If not, why enviest thou thy brother for possessing that which thou despisest?'

8. Cain seems to claim the favour of God as a matter of right, and to feel himself wronged and aggrieved in not obtaining it. Abel, by faith in the promise, seeks favour only as the free gift of God, from whom alone "cometh every good and perfect gift." Had there been no promise, no revelation from God, Cain would have been just the same in all respects as he actually was; but Abel would have sunk overwhelmed under the sense of sin. Cain rested satisfied with his own righteousness, and was wroth with God for not accepting it. Abel, (through the influence of grace, free, electing grace; for all men are necessarily alike by nature in things belonging to God, being all alike broken off from God, until grafted in again at his good pleasure; which restoration of the soul to Him, Christ calls a new birth, John iii. 3—9; xv. 1—9,) Abel looked to the promise of God as his sole hope and refuge. Cain envied him the blessedness he thence derived; and at once enraged against God, and jealous of his brother for the possession of that hope which was equally his, if he had been equally willing to cling to it; his selfish, irritated passions wrought him to that excess of malignity which could only be satisfied with the blood of his brother. Dreadful, awful lesson to those who will not receive "the righteousness which is of God," but "go about to establish a righteousness of their own," a righteousness, in the very nature of things,

dependant on outward, and therefore to them uncontroulable circumstances.

15. This promise and this mark we see were given in mitigation of his punishment.

23, 24. The song of Lamech I do not clearly understand. It appears that he had slain a man, and comforted himself under the sin by the indulgence shown to Cain; 15.

26. "Then began men to call on the name of the Lord," or, as the margin gives it, "to call themselves by the name of the Lord." In either reading it signifies that those who truly worshipped God began now to distinguish themselves by some outward observances from those who did not.

CHAPTER V.

3. Seth was not made, like Adam, in the image of God, but in the image of his father, of fallen sinful man. Cain and Abel were likewise made in the image of Adam; but the observation seems to be introduced in this place, prior to the list of his descendants, in order to remind us that, however eminent for godliness some of them might be, they were all alike born in sin, and owed their distinction only to the free, electing grace of God.

24. Enoch was translated to heaven without dying, as was afterwards Elijah. See Heb. xi. 5. 2 Kings ii. 1—18. Enoch prophesied of Christ. A passage of his prophecy is quoted by Jude, ver. 14, 15.

29. These names contain a prophecy of our Saviour. I give the translation as I received it many years since, from a valued and learned friend, a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Adam, man;

Seth, placed; Enos, in misery; Cainan, lamentation; Mahalaleel, blessed God; Jared, shall come down; Enoch, teaching; Methuselah, his death shall send; Lamech, to humble, smitten man; Noah, consolation.—Man placed in misery and lamentation, blessed God shall come down, teaching. His death shall send to humble, smitten man, consolation.

CHAPTER VI.

2. The law of marriage requires that a man should cleave to his wife, and they two should be one flesh, iii. 24; which necessarily implies that there can be but one wife. Now, however, "the sons of God," or the believing men, captivated by the beauty and allurements of "the daughters of man," or the ungodly women, broke through this restraint, and "took them wives of *all* whom they chose." This violation of that sacred tie, which is the origin of all the closest, dearest bonds of human life, and the best security for the order and well-being of society, produced its natural effects, competition and contest. Warriors, "mighty men," and "men of renown" spring up. Evil of some kind or other will ever attend on a breach of the commands of God, and now war, bloodshed, violence, sin in every shape overspread the earth in such a degree that it was only to be swept away by the universal deluge, which was now announced. Polygamy was, however, afterwards permitted as well as divorces, and probably for the same reason—"the hardness of their hearts;" (Matt. xix. 3—10.) permitted only as a relief to the suffering wives, who might be harshly treated by their husbands, when hated as obstacles

to their union with the object of a newer fancy. The passage referred to only mentions divorces, but it appears (ver. 4, 5, 9.) that it is equally applicable to polygamy. It seems that the husband, when desirous of contracting a new marriage, was permitted either to take a second wife to the first, or divorce her; the former permission tending to lessen his inducement to abandon her, the latter affording her a way of escape from his tyranny, if he utterly hated her. "But in the beginning it was not so." On the subject of marriage there is a very strong passage in Mal. ii. 13, &c., which shews how much the Lord abhors every violation of it.

In the foregoing chapter we find the age of man extending beyond 900 years: it is now reduced to 120; a warning punishment is inflicted previous to the destruction of the world by the deluge; and as warning punishments I think we should also regard the wars and rumours of wars, famines, pestilences, &c., with which our Lord informs us the earth shall be visited before He comes to judge the nations. Happy are they who by these calamities shall be led to see and acknowledge him. Happier they whom they shall find already sheltered in him.

4. The word translated giant does not, I am told, peculiarly intimate greatness of stature, but signifies a great one, great in any respect, but particularly in war.

5. This continual evil of the heart and of all the thoughts of man, since he has been alienated from God, is one of the great lessons the scriptures are given to instruct us in; how that evil is remedied is another.

(To be continued.)

ON THE PHRASEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

No. III.

By L. H. J. T.

THE word of God is aptly compared to a mine of gold. Other metals of a baser nature are found in impure ores, mixed with dross and worthless substances; metallurgic skill is needed to ascertain whether it will repay the cost of working them; long and laborious is the process required, ere the metal can be freed from its foreign admixtures; and when thus purified, it is still a perishable thing,—if exposed it unites more or less rapidly with the oxygen of the surrounding air, its brilliancy and lustre vanish, and it crumbles into a dull and worthless earth.

But gold is found at once in a pure and virgin state, and until man has alloyed it with less noble metals it never rusts, it never tarnishes. So it is with the glorious truths of God's word: the treasure lies in countless profusion on the very surface, no acquired skill is necessary to obtain it—"*Search the scriptures;*" "*seek and ye shall find.*". At once the searcher, if he be but earnest and sincere, is made rich.

This lavish profusion of wealth is but a part of the

unsearchable riches. The deeper we dig into this infinite mine, the more we find. "*Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!*"

I have been led into this train of thought by a recent examination of many portions of holy writ in their original tongue; and with the wish to add my little mite to those heaps of treasure that lie exposed to enrich each passer by, I humbly venture to submit some remarks on that momentous chapter, the third of the gospel of St. John, and to endeavour to unfold to the English reader more of its wonders than can be seen in our translation, admirable and unrivalled as that version is. And here we may pause to reflect on the wisdom of God, in having been pleased to make use of a language so expressive as the Greek. Little did the long line of classic Grecian authors, poets, rhetoricians, and historians, imagine that they were but instruments in the hands of Jehovah, preparing a language in which glad tidings were to be proclaimed to all mankind; and those Hebraisms in the Testamental Greek, which offend the nicely-tuned scholastic ear, those specks and blemishes, as they are profanely and irreverently called, fall like music on the ear of the humble Christian student. They are endeared intonations of the voice of Jehovah; they are proofs that the same GOD who spake to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to Moses and the prophets, spake also, in later times, to Peter and Paul and John, to Matthew and the evangelists.

The chapter which I have selected for consideration is full of beauties. It has a depth of meaning which no translation can convey. It seems to me a remarkable instance of what may be termed an *inner* and an *outward* meaning; both perfect in themselves,

and both blending and swelling together, like the several notes of a chromatic cord, into a peal of harmony truly divine.

JOHN—CHAPTER III.

1. There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler (ἄρχων *archon*) of the Jews;

2. The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know (οἴδαμεν *oidamen*) that thou art a teacher (διδάσκαλος *didáskalos*) come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou dost, except God be with him.

Nicodemus was a ruler of the Jews; and in the 10th verse, our Lord calls him a master, or teacher. "*Art thou a master (didáskalos) of Israel, and knowest not these things?*" He was an unregenerate man, but he had seen the miracles which Jesus wrought, and was intellectually convinced that they could be wrought by no man unless sent from God. *We know;* there could be no doubt: οἴδαμεν (*oidamen*), the word implies seeing and knowing; "we perceive;" by our outward eyes we receive such evidence of them, that our mental eyes also see. Οἴδαμεν, from εἶδω (*eido*), primarily, "I see;" *oidamen* is strictly "we have seen or perceived," being a past tense, but it takes the signification "we know" in the present tense, the one act preceding the other.

3. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, (Ἀμὴν, *amen* *) I say unto thee, Except a man be born again (ἄνωθεν, *anóthen*) he cannot see (οὐ δύναται ἰδεῖν, *ou dúnatai idein*) the kingdom of God.

With his outward eyes Nicodemus had seen the

* Vide Phraseology of the New Testament, vol. xiii. p. 240.

miracles; with his intellectual eyes Nicodemus had perceived that the hand of God must have wrought them; but Nicodemus lacked yet one thing, he had not yet been "born again," and therefore he could not see the kingdom of God.

In a previous paper I have noticed the divinity inherent in the word AMEN; I have also noticed the various meanings of the word *anóthen*, * "from above." With regard to the word, I would further refer my readers to the epistle general of St. James, where we find an unequivocal definition of this "birth from above." 1 James xvii. 18. *Every good and every perfect gift is* FROM ABOVE *(anóthen) and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Of his own will* BEGAT *he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures.*

Without this new creation and heavenly birth, a man "is not able to see (ἰδεῖν, *idein*) the kingdom of God;"—*idein*, the same verb which in the preceding verse is translated *know*.

I do not feel myself competent to enter into the varied significations of the term "kingdom of God," but would with diffidence remark, that while I think reference is made to the "kingdom of God," which believers have within themselves (Luke xvii. 21), I also think that our Lord ultimately alludes to that glorious kingdom, over which a king shall reign in righteousness, the subjects of which will be the blessed and holy partakers of the first resurrection (Rev. xx), although *all* men will rise again in their bodies, there will nevertheless be a great difference

* Vide vol. xiii. p. 159.

in the process by which they are raised. The believer will rise by a quickening resurrection principle infused into him in this life, at the vivifying period of regeneration or birth from above. He possesses an inherent vitality, and he can never truly die; like Lazarus, he is Christ's friend, and "he sleepeth." The trumpet sounds a note of jubilee; he hears it and he awakes. *I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of* MY BELOVED (דודי, my David), (Sol. Song v. 2.)

Christ the glorious head has risen, and the humblest, the feeblest, the least honourable members of his mystical body (1 Cor. xii. 22), rise, by virtue of their union with that exalted head. But oh, not so the unbeliever! He will be dragged forth from the grave, whither he was *driven away in his wickedness*, without *hope in his death.* (Prov. xiv. 32.) Fain would he rot and slumber there for ever; but no—he is dragged forth as a felon, to be *bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness.* "He shall also *see Him, but not nigh.*"

4. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

Nicodemus evidently understood our Lord's words in an outward physical sense, and could not perceive their depth of spiritual meaning. His answer, however proves that our judicious translators were right in rendering the *anóthen* in the preceding verse "again," and to remedy the poverty of the English word, they added in the margin the other signification, "from above;" both readings must be blended together in the mind. To have translated it "born from above," in the body of the text, would have en-

tirely destroyed the pertinency of the objection raised with an ingenuous but carnally-minded simplicity by this inquiring master of Israel.

5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

As a layman, I do not feel myself authorized to enter largely on a point of doctrinal divinity, so nice and delicate as that contained in this verse, further than to record my firm conviction that no ground is here afforded for the theory of Baptismal Regeneration.

There seems little doubt that the water of baptism is signified in the "outward and visible" sense of these words, consistently with which "entering into the kingdom of God" must then also be understood in its "outward and visible" sense, as admission into the visible church of Christ. But to appreciate their full meaning, let us turn again to the words of St. James, already quoted, *Every good and perfect gift is from above;* and let us compare it with chapter iv. of this gospel, verse 10, where our Lord says to the woman of Samaria, *If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.*

6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh (σάρξ, *sarx*), and that which is born of the spirit is spirit (πνεῦμα, *pneuma*.)

7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again (*anothen*).

These verses require no verbal comment.

8. The wind (πνεῦμα, *pneuma*) bloweth (πνεῖ, *pnei*) where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound (φωνὴν,

phonèn) thereof, but canst not tell (*οὐκ οἶδας, ouk oidas*) whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit (*pneuma.*)

This verse offers a very remarkable and instructive instance of the double meaning to which I have alluded. The word πνεῦμα (*pneuma*) is here translated *wind* and *spirit* in the same sentence. It is derived from πνεω (*pneo*), 'to breathe,' which verb occurs immediately after it in this verse, and is rendered "bloweth." That *pneuma* signifies "wind" is proved by the authority of Aristotle—Ἀνεμος ουδεν εστι πλην αηρ πολυς ρεων ὁστις αμα ΠΝΕΥΜΑ λεγεται—'Wind is nothing else but a large quantity of air flowing, which is also called PNEUMA.' And that our Lord so intended it to be understood by Nicodemus is evident from verse 12. "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

The word φωνη (*phonè*) also claims our attention. It is derived from an obsolete verb, φαω (*phao*), 'to speak,' and in its primary sense means 'an articulate sound, a voice.'

Now, combining these facts together, the verse, in addition to its plain and palpable signification, may bear a deep and spiritual meaning. "The *spirit breatheth* where it listeth, and thou hearest the *voice* thereof," &c.

The voice of the Spirit is heard in the prayer of the believer, and in the sermon of the faithful preacher, but to the natural man it is unintelligible. He cannot tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth. (See Rom. viii. 26, 27.)

Since noting the above remarkable passage, I find that the same view of it is taken in the Latin Vul-

gate:—"*Spiritus* ubi vult *spirat*: et *vocem* ejus audis, sed nescis unde veniat aut quo vadat: sic est omnis qui natus est ex *Spiritu*." (*Vulgate, in loco.*)

Theodore Beza however agrees with our version. "*Ventus* quo vult *spirat*, et *sonum* ejus audis, &c. ita est quisquis genitus est e *Spiritu*." (*Beza, in loco.*)

I hope these views of this deeply interesting dialogue will not appear strained or fanciful. At all events it is useful to be acquainted with the words of the original; the deductions I have drawn can be modified or rejected at pleasure.

TRUE, if we reject that false creed, we must expect no less than to encounter every kind of danger—even to the loss of life. But far better is it to expose ourselves to all the perils that this present world can assail us with, than to hold our peace! So long as my life is spared, I, for my part, will never cease to warn my brethren of the wound and plague of Babylon, lest any of those who now walk with us should slide back like the rest into the pit of hell.—*Luther.*

THINGS OF OLD.

No. V.

BABEL.

MANY have been the opinions of the learned concerning the event commonly called the confusion of tongues at Babel. Some have maintained that it was a literal confusion of languages; one man speaking Hebrew, and another answering him in Greek, and so on. A second party suppose that a difference of dialect and grammatical construction was all that then occurred.

A third body contend, more conformably to the Hebrew scriptures and to philological experience, that language suffered no alteration, but that the words or creeds of the Babel builders were confounded.

It is now rather a desperate enterprise to support the first of these theories, the researches of philological students have carried back the mutual relations of languages so clearly to a remote period, and have traced their origins, one from another, so undeniably. The utmost allowance that could be given to the hypothesis would divide the languages of Babel into Hebrew, Sanscrit, Chinese, and one or two others; and it is very doubtful whether even these primary divisions existed at so early a date.

On this interesting subject I would refer my readers to a clever little 'Treatise on Languages,' by the Rev. Alfred Jenour, where they will find many curious particulars upon the similarities existing between even those languages which at first sight appear totally unlike each other.

The second of the above theories is far more tenable than the first, and is supported by many distinguished names. The impossibility of sustaining the former hypothesis has driven many writers to adopt this. They have seen how evidently the Phenician, Arabic, Syriac, and other Western Asiatic languages may be traced to the Hebrew, as their mother tongue,—how the Greek is one branch of the Sanscrit, and even the ancient Celtic is probably only another,—while all European languages, the Latin included, come from the Greek, Gothic, or Celtic sources, and the affinity between the two former is so striking as to lead us to imagine them, after all, to be only sister streams from one fountain, —they have seen all this, and have abandoned the hope of making even Sanscrit and Chinese into underived languages, springing from a confusion of tongues at Babel; they have therefore confined themselves to the assertion of a confusion of dialects, grammar or pronunciation.

The most reasonable supporter of this theory whom I have ever read, is Dr. Croly, and I will quote his statement of it.

'The three quarters of the old world have each a peculiar system of language. They all employ words sufficiently alike to show that they had once a common origin; they all use a fabric so strikingly distinct, as to show that a complete general change has

operated on the original materials, and re-combined them in another form.

'The construction of the three great families of language, the oriental, the western, and the northern, is actually so distinct, that a new wonder arises from the perfect adequacy of each to perform all the purposes of human communication. The Hebrew and its kindred languages, in general, form the various cases by syllables permanently *fixed* to the beginning of the word; the Greek, and its kindred, by syllables permanently *fixed* to the end. The northern by syllables *unfixed*. The oriental verb abounds in voices; the Hebrew has seven; the Arabic thirteen; the Chaldee and Syriac have six, &c.; the western has two, or at most three. The northern has none; it expresses the active and passive by auxiliaries.' (*Div. Prov.* p. 301.)

Now this is very clever, and sounds very conclusive; but the whole system rests on the supposition that the Hebrew words *devarim*, *Saphah*, &c., signify 'one *speech* and of one *language*,' as translated in the English Bible; and if they do not mean this, then the theory must fall to the ground.

The literal translation of the disputed words in Gen. xi. 1, 6, &c. is as follows—"Of one *lip* and of one *words*"—"they have all one *lip*. . and there mix their *lip*, that they may not hearken to one another's *words*. The Lord did there mix the *lip* of all the earth."

Now we must observe that *lip* does not signify language, in Hebrew; the word for that idea being, as with us, the *tongue*; thus "the Hebrew *tongue*," "the Syrian *tongue*," but never 'the Hebrew *lip*;' and my readers will find *lip* in the margins of their

Bibles, whenever the Hebrew *saphah* is rendered by any other word.

If then '*language*,' so much relied on, is not a just translation of the original, the schemes of language-confusion must all be abandoned together; and even Croly's temperate and ingenious theory must go with them. It is painful to oppose so brilliant and admirable a writer; but as he sometimes contradicts himself, perhaps another may be forgiven for taking the same liberty with him.

The Hutchinsonian school of divines, ever learned, ever ingenious, ever pious and anxious to defend the very letter of scripture, though they may be sometimes a little fanciful and over-speculative,—seem to give the most reasonable explanation of this disputed and difficult matter. I will quote the opinion of the late venerable Mr. Biddulph, in his 'Theology of the early Patriarchs;' a work which, it were to be wished, had a more extensive circulation than it has yet obtained. He observes that the great sin of the Babel-builders lay, not only in the designing to dwell altogether, when God had commanded them to disperse and inhabit the various countries of the earth, but in building "a tower whose top" should be dedicated to the host of "heaven," in idolatrous worship. The Jewish Targum expressly mentions this idolatrous purpose, and says that they intended to build 'a house of adoration, whose head might reach to, or be towards the heavens, and to place an image of the host of heaven, for an object of worship on the top of it, and to put a sword in his hand, that he might make war for them against the divine armies, to prevent their dispersion over the earth.'

As to the confusion, 'It is certain,' says Mr. B.,

treading in the steps of the learned Vitringa, 'that the words employed in describing that confusion, are usually applied to religious confession, and not to the means of giving it utterance. Thus in Psalm lxxxi. 5, as God is the speaker, the meaning cannot be that He heard a language he understood not, but a religious creed which he did not acknowledge or approve. Also in Isaiah xix. 11, and in Zeph. iii. 9, it is synonymous with profession of faith, or a form of religion.' He then quotes Horsley on Hosea, who says, 'It is very remarkable that the word *lip*, when put for words uttered by the lip, seems peculiarly applied to set forms of words used in public worship.'

Mr. Biddulph proceeds, 'That the word rendered *speech* (*marg.* words) furnishes no objection to the sense we have assigned to the word *lip*, is evident from its frequent application to the ten commandments, or words, in which case it must denote the doctrines rather than the language in which they are expressed. Indeed the Hebrew has another word for language, or dialect, which it expresses by the organ of speech—the tongue.' (v. ii. p. 92, &c.) He therefore concludes that the confounding of *lips* was a confounding of creeds; some preferring one object of idolatry, and some another. This would be a just judgment upon their heads, that they, who had agreed to cast off the worship of the Creator, should afterwards disagree as to which of the heavenly host they were to adore.

Parkhurst thinks that it was simply a confusion of purposes, (taking *lip* to mean the words of the lips,) and so, that each refused to 'hearken to' the words of his fellow. Yet the thing they were most likely

to disagree upon, was the idolatry they were intending to establish; and therefore Mr. Biddulph's explanation is rather strengthened than opposed by this judgment of the great Hebrew lexicographer.

Another point, which has been successfully brought forward against a confusion of languages, is, that we find different natives speaking the same tongue long after this event at Babel. Abraham, the Hebrew, dwelt among the people of Canaan, Egypt, and Gerar, and Lot among those of Sodom, without any mention of interpreters, or various languages: and moreover the names of the places and kings mentioned in those early chapters of Genesis are nearly all Hebrew words; showing that the language then and there spoken could not have had more than a slight, dialective variation from the mother tongue.

The first mention we have of an interpreter is in Joseph's household in Egypt, at least 500 or 600 years after the dispersion from Babel; and yet even after that time, Joshua's two spies needed no interpreter with Rahab in Jericho; and it may be well imagined that she was not likely to be acquainted with their language, nor they with hers, when their native countries were so far apart; supposing many different languages to have then prevailed in the east.

'When the Israelites entered Canaan,' observes Hutchinson, 'they conversed with the Canaanites, and even with the Gibeonites, who made a league with them: (Joshua ix.) who, they supposed, from their own account, to have come several hundred miles, and they had no suspicion from their language, but took for granted that people at that distance had the same language as themselves had.'

Bochart and Vitringa have proved that in the time

of Moses, and long after it, all the eastern nations spoke a language which was very nearly Hebrew; and many other learned authors concur in the opinion.

Certainly, there is no argument to be drawn for this confusion of languages at Babel, from the differences found among them at the present day. The Chaldee of Daniel's time had not degenerated from the original Hebrew so much as the modern Italian had from its parent Latin in eight hundred years. Half the oriental words of the present day are less different from the old Hebrew stock, whence they were derived, some thousands of years ago, than is the modern French from the original Latin,—than *larme* is from *lachryma*, *evêque* from *episcopus*, and *œil* from *oculus*.

I leave these facts to the consideration of my readers.

X. Q.

CHRIST, a King and Priest, shares this honour and glory with all Christians. The Christian is a king, and consequently possesses all things; he is a priest, and consequently possesses God. And it is faith, not works, which brings him all this honour. A Christian is free from all things, above all things, faith giving him richly of all things.—*Luther*.

FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

No. V.

THE DAYS OF THE DRAGONADES.

AMONG the cruel persecutions of the French Protestants during the time which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, emphatically called the days of the Dragonâdes, none seems to have marked more strongly the exterminating hatred with which this unhappy race was pursued, than the law which prevented their emigration, and denied them at any price the privilege of serving God according to their own conscience. That it was evaded, the thousands which poured forth into all the neighbouring countries sufficiently attest; but their secret flight was in many instances accompanied by circumstances of heart-rending misery. The exiles sometimes hovered for months in the vicinity of the sea-port towns, for they dared not be seen in them. They crept about from village to village seeking a shelter which money could not purchase, and even long-tried friendship dared hardly grant. The miserable vehicles which took them from place to place, the wretched vessels which conveyed them away, were bribed at an exorbitant rate; they had to creep along precipices and paths untrodden by any other human beings, to es-

cape observation: the darkness of the night was necessarily chosen as the hour of embarkation, and often in the danger, confusion, and horror of that moment, the dearest relatives were parted, some hurried on board without knowing what had become of the others, and some remaining to languish out the remainder of their lives in a French prison, ignorant of the future fate of the objects of their tenderest affection.

The following is the description of a scene of this kind, given by the father of a family who, with his six children, had long been eagerly watching for an opportunity of leaving France. For upwards of a year and a half, he had been seeking to put his plan of flight into execution: no entreaties could prevail upon the aged grandmother of the family to leave her native land; but he, struck with remorse for having apostatized from his faith, and restless under the bitter upbraidings of his conscience, resolved at all hazards to quit the country. Having joined a number of others who were resolved upon incurring the same danger, the place of meeting was fixed upon about a league from Rochelle, where a boat was hired to convey them on board of the vessel which lay at a little distance. 'Where are we going to, papa?' said one of the little ones, as he was being carried over marshy meadows and swampy places, in a dark, cold, miserable night. 'To our house at Moullé,' the father wrongly replied, in order to satisfy the child. When morning dawned, the little creature finding himself on the beach surrounded by sea and rocks, exclaimed, 'Our house has tumbled down, papa.' At last, after many perils and much delay, they reached the small house where the remainder of

the party were assembled. The arrival of the boat was announced, and all rushed to the beach, but this unfortunate gentleman and his six children lost their way in the darkness of the night, and found themselves in a vineyard, from which they could not extricate themselves, and where they expected to pass the night. They happened however to have with them a woman whose husband had long been familiar with that part of the coast, and who as soon as he missed his wife, went in search of her, until he found her in the vineyard. With his assistance they found their way again to the beach, but they were too late, for the boat was just putting off: the sailors however promised to return for them, and forty other persons, who, like themselves, were waiting on the shore. They therefore patiently sat down upon the rock to wait. When the boat returned, it put into a creek, about a hundred and fifty yards from the rock on which they were: as soon as the cry of the sailors was heard, all again flew to the spot, those encumbered with children were, of course, longer in reaching it, and this unfortunate family had once more the pain of seeing it quit the shore, leaving themselves and about ten more of the party. They had now no other resource but to await its promised return for the third time; but as they counted the weary hours the day began to dawn, and returning light enabled them to discern two of the guard boats, which since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had been constantly stationed off Rochelle, to prevent the emigration of the Protestants. The delay of only half an hour in the former arrival of the boat would have probably caused the perpetual imprisonment of every one on board, and the trial for a capital crime of all

connected with their escape. The little party left on shore had, of course, no part left, but flight. But how was it to be accomplished? They could not hope to reach a place of concealment, except by passing under the walls of Rochelle, and to fall into the hands of its severe governor was deeply dreaded. In addition to his six children the gentleman from whose narrative this account is taken, had also charge of a young lady, Mademoiselle de Choisy, who during that fearful night had got separated from her mother, and was consequently agonized with grief and terror.

At a village called La Bugandiere lived an old gentleman who had formerly shewed some kindness to these unfortunate people, and in his chateau they now resolved to seek a place of refuge. Three of the children were incapable of walking; but happily the horse which had brought them there, though the poor animal had remained all night upon the shingles apparently without sense or motion, yet possessed sufficient strength to take them a little further. On it they were accordingly mounted, and the rest of the party dispersing themselves began, tremblingly and with much caution, to take their way towards the chateau. Poor Mademoiselle de Choisy had lost her shoes, and was scarcely able to walk. The heart of the father reposed during these trying hours upon one promise in the scriptures, in meditating upon which, during his anxious journey, he describes himself as calmed and strengthened in his agitation and distress, and rendered willing to endure what further afflictions it might please his heavenly Father to appoint: it was from Psalm xxxiv.—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear

him, and delivereth them." They reached the chateau, and found there many others yet more unfortunate than themselves. One gentleman having placed his wife and infant in the boat, had been precipitated into the water by the pressure of the crowd, and the boat went off without him. Another, M. Chabram, yet more unhappily had fallen into the hands of his persecutors in the following manner:—he was about to embark with his son and daughter, but he requested the former to take care of his sister, in order that he might take charge of the only child of a widow, whose helpless situation excited his sympathy. On the approach of the boat the rush towards it separated the mother and child; whilst he was engaged in the benevolent effort to assist them, the boat, with his children in it, left the shore: half an hour afterwards he was in the hands of the Dragoons.

At the chateau, Mademoiselle de Choisy met her mother: this lady had wandered through the country the whole night, and at break of day found shelter in a poor old woman's cottage, not three hundred yards from the place of embarkation, though she thought she had wandered many miles from it.

The father and his children finally escaped, first to Holland and thence to England, where as lately as sixteen years ago, a lineal descendant of the family was living in poverty and want.

The number of Protestants who succeeded in evading the edicts against emigration could not have done so had there not been found amongst their enemies some either whose kindness of heart overpowered the unmercifulness of their creed, or, which is more probable, who could not believe that in assisting in such

rigours against their fellow-creatures, that they were 'doing God service.'

The sufferings endured by the Protestants from the quartering of the Dragoons amongst them during the days of the Dragonâdes, are mostly buried in oblivion: a general and terrific picture of horror, suffering and death, is all that remains to us.

Whether at Port Royal, Rochelle, or Val Louise, the great object of the 'grand monarque' seems to have been, the utter extirpation from his dominions of every thing which bore the faintest semblance to Protestantism; and, except in the most inaccessible valleys of the Alps, he seems to have greatly succeeded; with it however fell the national character of France, which became in the succeeding age the slave of vice and infidelity.

AND let us not suppose that our petitions, though not granted, are not of any service to us. Prayer has chiefly for its object the benefit of him who engages in it, and it is the exercise of prayer, and not the answer only, that confers benefit upon the soul. There is a principle of reaction in spiritual as well as in natural things, and this remark is applicable in a special manner to the subject of prayer. Our supplications are uttered,—they ascend to heaven,—they strike the mercy-seat and return again, bringing with them, if not an answer, at least an influence which displays itself in the more submissive resignation of the believer to his trials, and in a more settled conviction that in Christ is all his strength.—*Rev. D. Bagot.*

AFFLICTION.

"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Heb. xii. 5, 6.

SUFFERERS under affliction may be divided into three classes;—those who despise the chastening of the Lord; those who faint under it; and those who receive it as the correction of a wise and beloved Father.

To be insensible to the punishments which God often sends to win us to himself, is to imitate the conduct of Pharaoh, who hardened his heart when the Lord visited him with his plagues, and only grew more rebellious under the rod. How many are there to try to bury salutary grief in the cares of daily life, and to choke its good seed among thorns; and how many others turn to variety of scene and occupation, to gaiety and amusement, that they may soon forget the voice of chastisement, and feel its rod as slightly as may be! Is this wise? is it not defeating the object of

> Him who struck the blow,
> And bade it do its errand in our hearts,
> And banish peace till nobler guests arrive.
> YOUNG.

If the heart be not opened when the Lord first knocks at its door, may he not reiterate the blow

again and again, until it be forced to find its happiness in him?

In the furnace of affliction we are either melted down to receive the seal of God's Spirit, or we are hardened towards condemnation. In every sorrow the Lord means to promote our eternal welfare; and it is good to look from the rod to the hand that holds it, and say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? I will stand upon my tower, and watch to see what he will say to me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." Hab. ii. 1.

The second class is composed of very different characters. These, far from despising the chastening of the Lord, sink under its weight, and looking only to a darkened world, forget the hand that has drawn the curtain of sorrow over their worldly prospects. They resemble Jonah, who, when he beheld his gourd withered, and its green beauty changed in death, "fainted and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live." Jonah iv. 8. Such behold with agony the desire of their eyes taken from them, and, in the first anguish of bereavement, believe that with the beloved, every thing that made earth dear or life desirable hath departed; and they determine to tread a rayless path of mourning to a much desired grave, yet they seek not to illumine the dark waves of their misery with the star-light of heavenly hope. They err, sadly err. We should remember that he at whose command our pleasant gourd hath withered, is the same who first bade it spring. Perhaps its shade intercepted the beams of the Sun of Righteousness; perhaps the Creator was forgotten in the love of the creature, and God in his mercy might have bade one ascend to himself, that

both might rejoice together throughout eternity. O mourner, pray and strive to be enabled to say, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good, and you shall hereafter rejoice that the cold north wind blew over the garden, and made it bring forth spices.

It is a consoling truth, that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and that in all our affliction he is afflicted. There is indeed a needs be for every dart of grief.

> Our hearts are fastened to this world,
> With strong and endless ties;
> But every sorrow cuts a string,
> And urges us to rise.
>
> YOUNG.

The Lord beholds his chosen wrapped in worldly-mindedness; he sees clearly that the dross of earth has mingled too much with the gold of the sanctuary, and immediately he puts his beloved into the furnace of affliction, while he sits by, watching that its heat be not a degree stronger than is necessary for the purification of his precious metal. Is the child of God becoming a follower of mammon? He who accepts not a divided heart, shows him the vanity of riches, and the stroke re-echoes with the voice, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Is his soul wrapt in care, while the world steals into his heart, under the mask of "necessary provision for a family?" The Lord breaks successive schemes formed without his sanction, and makes his child turn from the engrossing of a passing world, to feed his best desires on the realities of eternity.

But how slight are these afflictions, compared with the agony which is experienced when the angel of

death enters a happy home, and carries away perhaps a parent, perhaps a brother or sister, or the children which had been watched over and cherished. Christian mourner, nature may give vent to its sorrow. Weep; for weeping is not sinful: Jesus wept; but oh, upon the tears that must break from the bleeding heart, let the brightness of your beloved's home in glory shine, and cast the rainbow of hope over the abyss of grief. Look at your grief by the light of eternity. Remember that this world passeth away, and that 'every night pitches your tent a day's march nearer' to the land of immortality!

If you have not the certain assurance of the departed friend's salvation, you may have hope that even at the last your prayers may have been heard, and your beloved snatched as a brand from the burning, although you saw it not. Cherish this hope, and let it stimulate you to make your own calling and election sure, and to work for the salvation of others while it is yet day.

But thou, O mourner, whose beloved ones have given a plain evidence that they walked with God, who have been as stars leading to the Saviour, and have now set, leaving a track of light to mark their progress to eternity;—"walk in their steps. Be comforted; for I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as those which have no hope." "For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." 1 Thess. iv. 14.

Will you who shall rejoin your lost treasures in the realms of glory, mourn as if death had robbed

you of all bliss? Sorrow, but in hope. Think of the glories your beloved one is now enjoying, free from sorrow, sin, and pain; think not of the cold and silent grave. Your lost one was never there; for while the sob of grief yet echoed round the departing spirit, it had fled to its Saviour. Soon in perfection that loved form shall gladden your sight, soon will that blessed spirit, now rejoicing before the throne, welcome you to share in its blessed inheritance. The blighted tree can know no spring, the faded flower can never again bloom, but not so the affections of two souls, where Christ is the bond of union. Every happiness shall become retouched with everlasting and unfading lustre, and you shall enjoy the society of your beloved, without the fear of again being deprived of it; for in that happy land there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them beside living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

O joy! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear!
All, all the joys which death did sever
Given to our arms again for ever!

ALICE GERALDINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

I HAVE been a pretty constant reader of your valuable magazine from its beginning; and am fond of commending it; my honoured helpmeet feeling an earnest interest in its objects, and sympathy with yourself. I venture therefore to beg room in it for a little communication which no lady, so far as I know, could make to you, although it is intended to preserve from oblivion, if so favoured, something of the history of a female worthy, lowly as was her situation in life, which an unexpected occurrence has recently revived in my mind. Pardon me, madam, if my appearance before you should seem nevertheless unsuitable; and be so good to dispose as you please of my story.

A very old letter having lately been sent to me by a neighbour, under an impression that I might possibly be able to explain its very singular signature of 'Jane Russell without hands;' I can hardly feel satisfied with only having so given the desired information, and leaving any future readers of a document, sufficiently remarkable for notice in itself, to perplex themselves in vain about the meaning of these words. Generations are as the vapour of the morning; but they might all leave more and better traces behind them than they do. And it will per-

haps be reckoned among our numberless sins of omission that we have not been more careful in such matters. For who of us, to advert only to one, but that truly a solemn aspect of such retrospective views, can look back to his childhood or youth without many a testimony of conscience,—faithful conscience!—to the instruction which, in some shape or other, has been pouring in upon him all his life long! Sure I am that I should be not a little to blame if, with my strong remembrance of this remarkable woman, now it has been thus unexpectedly called up in my mind, I did not endeavour to make her somewhat more known than by a private answer to a private question.

Already few beside me could tell any thing about her, and soon there will be none. Yet the work of her pen may hold together for many a long year to come; and her name, which she probably always signed in the same manner, may again raise the curiosity, perhaps the incredulity, of whomsoever it may fall into the hands of. Let me record a word therefore, while I may, of 'Jenny Russell,' as she was familiarly called, who taught me to read; and, I doubt not, did her best to teach me much more. I have still, although more than a sexagenarian, and although I must have been quite a child at the time, the clearest and liveliest remembrance of her. She kept a small school in a cottage in my native place, still occupied by some poor people of the same name and family. She was always very clean; was tall, thin, rather stooping; with a grave, but not unkind countenance. I have the distinctest recollection of her walking about her neat room; and of her teaching us, and keeping us in order 'without hands'

Both these she had lost by mortification, as I have heard it said, when very young. Her arms remained; and at the wrists she wore a string or thong, under which she carried a skewer to point out letters to us, a pen to write with, or a little stick: and this venerable image I think I can never forget.

To my enquirers therefore I have borne a ready witness that what naturally so much surprised them, when the old letter turned up among the papers of a deceased friend, was a true and lawful signature, for I have had through many years in my possession other of her authentic writings. But I would fain testify something more. Jenny Russell was a Christian.

How early in life she became such, rightly so called, I have no knowledge. But to shew that she was indeed one of the "devout women" of her day and generation, I here copy the letter I have adverted to as having led to this imperfect memorial, with cordial acknowledgments of the ready and very kindly-granted permission of the lady to whom it belongs. And I copy also a kind of note appended by Jenny Russell to each of two sermons written out by her, which were preached by the late Rev. Thomas Clarke, afterward and many years rector of Chesham-Bois, the friend of Romaine, and Newton, and Venn; the preceptor of Basil Woodd and Thomason, and not a few more, whose praise is in all the churches. By that holy man, my most honoured schoolmaster, whom I cannot even thus incidentally name without the most affectionate thankfulness and reverence, she was, under God, it would appear from these notes, if not planted, built up in the faith. And very precious truly do I hold the remains of both pastor and disciple.

The letter is as follows:—

To Mr. Hunt, of Barton Hall, in the County of Essex.

'With wonder at the goodness of God which continually follows me, I received your kind favour, the 5s. 3d. which you gave Mrs. Harriott, for which I give you my humble and unfeigned thanks, humbly praying that the dear Lord Jesus, for whose sake you did it, may reward you even an hundredfold, for your kindness to me who am such an object. This winter season is very trying to me. Mine is a maimed and pained body; but God is wise in all his ways, and holy in all his works, and will be glorified by all his creatures. From the age of six I have been under this chastisement; for wise ends my life was spared and pains continued; all in love and faithfulness to me, I make no doubt. My younger years were spent in weeping and lamenting the loss of my precious limbs; desiring night and day to find out the reason why God had made me such an object, and, as I then thought, the scorn and contempt of all who saw me. But the Lord in love, with his Spirit, in his word, convinced me, as he did the man in the gospel who was born blind, not for his nor yet his parents' offences, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him and me. This coming in power silenced my murmurings, and God in his time taught me to see that all was in mercy, and would work for my good. A stranger to ease of body I am, in a very great degree, but the consolations of God abound with the afflictions, so that when I am weak then am I strong. Grace and strength sufficient to the time and day of trial that my Lord brings me into, does he extend, and I believe ever will. I am his workmanship in a very peculiar manner; and from the many

infirmities I am exercised with, I often wonder at my preservation through tribulations. To his kingdom I must go, and when he has perfected all in, as well as for, me, he will call me home.

'May the good hand of God be upon you in all your undertakings, and may every blessing, both of the upper and nether springs, be abundantly multiplied unto you.

'I am, Sir, your much obliged servant,

'JANE RUSSELL, without hands.

'*Amersham, Dec.* 4, 1774.

'N. B. My head and eyes are bad.'

The first of Mr. Clarke's sermons is on the words, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance amongst all them which are sanctified." Acts xx. 32.

At the end of this, all of her own writing, is this note:—

'This sermon was preached at Bois, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, March 21, 1762, being the farewell one, after he had preacht the said truths for thirteen years and upwards. And some whose hearts God had toucht, and taught them to see, and know, and believe in the things which belonged to their peace, were called to pledge their Lord in the cup. It was a great visitation. The removal of the candlestick is a sore plague. But God makes his people to hear his voice, and whithersoever he leads they will follow him. Happy they whom he so teacheth to love and fear his name. Nothing separates them from, but works for, their good. The author is one whom my soul loves, and whose conversation I should

like well to be a partaker of, as he adorns the doctrine he preaches both public and private. He was instant in and out of season. He was made the happy instrument of much good to my soul, and for wise ends we were to be separated, in person, not in spirit. For I doubt not but we shall spend an eternity together.

'This is the second copy from the original. The defects are many, which you will impute to the ignorance of the writer, as being illiterate. But as to the contents herein contained, they are my soul's real approbation, in which I hope you and yours, with me, will at the last great day be found. Then shall we rejoice and sing, and praise redeeming love and grace. At the time when I heard it, how suitable and well-adapted was it to my case; and my soul was melted down at its sound. And now the pleasure it yields is more than can be expresst. May the soul of the author be like a well-watered garden, and may he be taught to win and bring souls to Christ. And may the blessing of the Lord attend the reading of it to your souls. And pray for me, that I may adorn the doctrine of godliness in an exemplary life and conversation.

'Wrote by me, JANE RUSSELL, without hands.

February 19, 1767.

The second sermon is on the text—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Romans viii. 1.

To this follows also a note in these words:—

'This sermon was preacht by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, at Bois, in the year 1752; and it being so adapted to

my case in every particular, in the mental sense of it, through the neglect of not performing the promise in time, which has been hard on my mind, I was willing to redeem the time, and present you with two which are very agreeable to me. But this in particular is mine, and has been for years past. I am the person here spoken of, and find I have as much need of exhortation and instruction as I had the first moment. Lord, make me to live. Nature I find, and wofully feel, to be nature. Mine is a body of sin indeed, which I carry about with me. For years at times I feared I should be left and given up to the reprobate mind. But hitherto God hath kept me, and I doubt not but he always will, though I often fall mentally, and should lie and die, but the gracious eye of Omnipotence, which drew me from spiritual Sodom at first, renews my strength, and bids me look to him for help, in whom all help is. My iniquities are great—trials and perplexities; the love and kindness of the Lord is greater than all. The leanness of my soul is often felt, and I grope in darkness at noon-day. That is, sensations are gone, and Satan takes place. Then like one fast in prison, I am obliged to wait till the Lord comes with his Spirit, in his word, and cheers my drooping soul with some of the sweet flowers of gospel promises. Then my soul leaps and skips like a roe or a hart, when it sees its beloved come leaping and skipping over the mountains and hills of corruption. Then it longs to be wholly sanctified in soul, body, and spirit, and to have quite done with the things of flesh and sense. But while I sojourn here, this will be my case more or less. Though I have been in the school long, I am dull of learning, and know nothing yet,

as I ought to know. And this huge corruption which is remaining is the greatest evil I have, and often brings me into bondage, though I believe it will never destroy me, but will itself be destroyed, as God has chosen and taken me under his grace, and has taught me to believe in the Mighty One, in whom the salvation of his people is placed. I am still in the prison of sin, and though among the prisoners of hope, I sit and sing at the valley of Achor, yet at times my chains are heavy, and I sink in the miry dungeon of sin, and peep out at the grate to spy the light. For the Lord is ever the same, and it is good but grievous to walk in the dark and see no light. Our Lord does all things well. Then let us, my friends, be glad and rejoice in him who has done so great things for us, whereof we ought always and at all times to give thanks. And if we are weather-beaten ever so much, and tired here, if we arrive safe at last to the haven of rest, it will be an inestimable blessing and favour indeed.

'May the Lord bless this to your souls, and pray for me, who am the vilest of the vile, and the most perverse of all the ransomed.

'JANE RUSSELL, in Amersham, without hands.

'*Feb.* 26, 1767.

'Excuse the writing, it is bad.'

Bad did the suffering scribe call her work? But throughout the sermons, and these notes, and the letter, they are all written admirably; and without any appearance of difficulty or particularity. And well may I wish, as doubtless she would herself have rejoiced and been thankful, that both these sermons could have been copied out here too, and spread

abroad far and wide, rather than that their apostolical care, and solemnity, and truth, and love, should be no otherwise known than even thus.

But all I can ask your leave to tell of in this place is the marvellous doing of Jenny Russell's pen, with such small evidence as remains of her chief joy being to seek, and to lead others to seek after, "the mind that was in Christ Jesus." Well might the good Syrian, who was lately in this country, Assaad Yacoub Kayat, when I shewed these papers to him, beg a page to take home with him that his poor countrywomen 'might see what women could do in England *without hands!*'

And is it not fitting that we should look thoughtfully at such an example as this for our own edification, and to the glory of divine grace! Of Jenny Russell it may truly be said, "She hath done what she could." Oh! the awful import of those few words—to rich and poor! What, all around us, and in such times as our lot is cast in, might not both do *with hands!* May they well think, when they read of her, if by your favour read they may!

Jenny Russell did not, with her 'maimed and pained body,' sit down in idleness. Neither did she wander about begging. She did not set herself to conquer the difficulties of writing—and very slowly and very painfully her task must needs have been accomplished—for the sake of a wonderment, nor for vanity, nor for gain, although doubtless she might have practised her acquirement, when she had so learned, for all three. What we possess of her writing is two sermons full of the blessed truths of the gospel, and some observations of her own upon them, proving that she so wrote them out for very love of

them, and in hope of good through them to others; and a letter also of her own, very affectingly expressive of her thankful, and humble, and holy frame, which would seem to have been in reply to some kind friend, whose benefaction she thus gratefully and religiously acknowledged. She had evidently a sound and clear understanding, and a tender spirit; and though poor as to the things of this world, "being dead, yet speaketh" in so touching a manner of her blessed experience of "the unsearchable riches of Christ," that I dare not any longer keep so much to myself all account of her. For I cannot but humbly hope that it may please God by his Holy Spirit, so to accompany it to the hearts of some, that it may be good for them, both "for the life that now is, and that which is to come," to have condescended, as peradventure it might have at first seemed, to contemplate the example and character, and that divinest gift, that "faith which worketh by love," which in such circumstances was so abundantly, so joyfully vouchsafed to Jenny Russell!

With truest respect and good wishes,
I am, Madam,
Your obliged friend and servant,
PHILOPREPOS.

LUCUBRATIONS ABROAD.

No. I.

I HAD spent some days at Bruges, during which I had visited most of the churches with which that beautiful city is adorned. My trunks were packed, my dinner was eaten, my bill at the inn was duly paid, and I had yet a full hour to spare before the time fixed on for my departure. That hour's leisure I resolved to occupy in another visit to the church of St. Nicolas; and a few minutes after the resolution was taken found me in front of that ancient Gothic structure. I entered at the western door, and was proceeding towards the high altar, which had previously excited my admiration, when my attention was arrested by as piteous a spectacle of suffering humanity as ever awakened compassion.

An aged woman, scantily clad in the foulest rags, was seated on the low step of one of the confessionals in the side aisle, and there with extended hand, she silently but powerfully 'asked an alms.' Disease and want and some seventy years had left their usual traces, yet spite of their ravages and the livid pallor of her countenance, I fancied I perceived vestiges of great beauty:—the dark restless eye might tell of former fire, and around the small mouth and lips, now thin with age, the smile of allurement or of

scorn might well be believed to have once sparkled. The little Belgian straw bonnet that covered the head left the face exposed, and a gleam of light that found its way from a lofty window, fell on her features and person, giving them in parts an unnatural brilliancy, and making more striking the squalor of the one, the abject poverty of the other. The altar, or rather confessional, in front of which she was seated, was ornamented with a rich carving of wood, representing the fall of man; and immediately above her head was conspicuous the serpent coiled among the branches of the forbidden tree laden with its fatal apples.

I doubt if she had traced the origin of the evils that afflicted her when she chose her position, but nothing could be more strikingly appropriate; their connection was too obvious to be overlooked, and full of the humbling considerations the sight was calculated to awaken. I approached the poor supplicant, and placed in her attenuated hand a small gratuity. Apparently it exceeded what she was accustomed to receive, for an expression of deep gratitude passed over her features as she uttered her thanks. The Flemish word that caught my ear sounded so like my native tongue, that for an instant I fancied she was English; and in the compassion or rather fellowship of the moment, I bent down to add a few inquiries to my donation. I soon found that the bond of compatriotism was imaginary; but her ability to speak French, and the manner in which she did so, confirmed my suspicions that her story might record a fall besides that of our first parents, and most probably in the pursuit of some forbidden fruit. The human heart is seldom found irresponsive to the voice

of sympathy, and I gathered from her replies the outlines of a life of sin and misery.

Born of poor but respectable parents, she had early married the owner of a small *estaminet* in Bruges; but the fatal gift of beauty did not suffer her to remain long unnoticed in such a situation, and when the republican arms of France gained possession of Belgium, she was tempted by a soldier belonging to the forces under Dumourier, to quit her husband and her child to follow his glittering fortunes. With him she led, for some years, a life of varied misery; and when, at the battle of Fleurus, death deprived her of his unholy protection, she contrived to obtain a precarious subsistence by the various exertions of humble life, till strength and spirits failing, maternal affection (that feeling so deeply implanted by nature, as to be hardly uprooted even by a continued course of guilt) renewed in her desolate heart the yearning desire to see again the child she had deserted, and brought the wanderer back to her native city. From her husband, could she have appealed to him, she had little to hope; but he too had found a bloody grave; her only child was dead; her early kindred were all dispersed or dead too; and she fell through all the gradations of penury and wretchedness, till she had become the forlorn outcast that was before me.

The voice of conscience so long unheeded or silenced, now sometimes warns her of a judgment after death, and she seeks to appease its forebodings by the superstitions of her youth. She almost daily visits the shrine where I saw her, and believes that the saint whose church she has chosen as her place of supplication, gratified by her preference, touches

the hearts of those whose charity contributes to prolong her miserable existence. She is constant at matins and at vespers, and bestowed a centime on the church at the last feast of St. Nicolas! Besides this, a benevolent priest has promised a mass shall be said for her soul, when it shall have fled its frail mortal habitation.

Such are the consolations the faith of Rome has to offer its votaries! Unhappy being, thought I, and is it thus that a mistaken creed deprives thee of the only hope of true peace, veiling from thy darkened sight the foul stain of unrepented sin, and concealing the only fountain open for sin and for uncleanness!

Oh! Saviour of sinners! that it may please thee to hasten the day, when the glorious light of truth shall illumine the hearts of those who now "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!"

Review of Books.

THE INQUIRER DIRECTED TO AN EXPERIMENTAL AND PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. *By Octavius Winslow, Author of 'The Inquirer directed to an experimental and practical view of the Atonement.'* Shaw.

We had lately the pleasure of warmly recommending Mr. Winslow's work on the Atonement—our notice of which, by an oversight, remained in type for several months before it appeared. The ample success of that estimable treatise has fully justified our admiration of it; and we now with a hearty good will advise our readers to add this small book to their theological store. It would be no small commendation, in these days, to say of this or of any book, that it was a *safe* one; for with grief of heart we now cast from us volume after volume, finding the taint of Puseyism so widely spreading, so artfully introduced,

so adroitly conveyed in the midst of what, perhaps, is otherwise good and scriptural, that it has become a laborious, an irksome task to examine the books we take up. Impertinent letters, of course, will flow in upon us after the publication of these remarks, from anonymous railers: but we assure such persons that next to the satisfaction of doing our duty before God, in this department of our periodical, our best encouragement is derived from their reproaches.

Mr. Winslow's book is eminently scriptural, and, as we believe, deeply imbued with the influences of that Holy Spirit, of whose work it treats. It is not merely safe, but profitable in a high degree; and at this juncture especially valuable to the church of Christ.

CHRIST AND ANTICHRIST. *A Poem in several Cantos, by a Layman of the United Church of England and Ireland. Respectfully dedicated to the people of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland.* Nisbet and Co.

Our author has accomplished a bold undertaking; that of presenting nearly the whole of the New Testament narrative of our Lord's sojourn on earth, in verse; and if the poetry be not of the highest order, the fidelity is at least unexceptionable. Having thus set forth "Christ," he introduces "Antichrist," in all the monstrosity of his Papal assumptions; and makes some stirring appeals to Britain and to Britain's Queen, to which we heartily wish both would respond, for the repeal of that ruinous measure from

which we date our last ten years' disasters. The notes contain some shocking specimens of the idolatrous prayers of the Romish system, and we relished the concluding words of these notes, of which the application to England and Popery is self-evident. 'The admirable Crichton restored his sword to the vanquished Italian assassin, who instantly stabbed him to the heart!'

Considering the difficulty of rendering into rhyme and metre an abstract of the four gospels, we think the author has succeeded very well.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POPISH PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT; *wherein the principal points and arguments of both religions are truly proposed and fully examined. By Matthew Poole, Minister of the Gospel. A new Edition, carefully revised and corrected: with an Appendix, containing such portions of the 'Nullity of the Romish faith' as are referred to in the Dialogue.* Baisler.

We wish Matthew Poole a wide and a prosperous career through the land. It is such as he, who, being dead yet speak by means of faithful reprints, that we desire to oppose to the encroachments of semi-popery of the day, even as to the old original abomination as it was in their times, and as it still is throughout the world. Matthew Poole is one of the most unanswerable controversialists on record; and his 'Dialogue' is a weapon of proof against the Papal Antichrist.

THE ELECTION. *By the author of 'Recollections of Hyacinth O'Gara,' 'Confessions of Honor Delany,' &c.* Tims, Dublin.

THIS author is unrivalled in his delineations of Irish character. His very style, too, is 'an echo to the sense,' exhibiting a rich vein of natural, unstudied humour, irresistible drollery, touching pathos, quiet but cutting sarcasm, and all the etcetcras of exuberant genius, blended as none but an Irishman could blend them. It certainly requires a personal knowledge of the country and its people fully to appreciate the fine touches of our author's descriptive hand; and still more so to catch at the full meaning of his local and political allusions. 'The Election' exhibits a forcible sketch of the machinery by which those articles commonly known as 'Joints of the Tail' are supplied to the British senate, and this is done by means of an amusing tale, the heroine of which is an old lady, whose 'four votes' render her a warmly contested prize between the rival parties. We wish this book to be read for something better than the amusement that it affords: for, alas! it is a true, a faithful picture.

Neither the pitiless means by which poor Lanigan's vote was obtained, nor the awful deed that ultimately decided the election, nor the astounding event conveyed in the strangely epigramatic close of the volume, are exaggerations of every-day FACTS in unhappy Ireland. Let every reader bear this in mind, and draw the natural inference.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN'S DAILY WALK. *By Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart.* Burns.

THIS little volume is what the head and tail pieces of the several chapters would seem to indicate—very high church. The author is evidently what he describes—'a Christian gentleman,' and excepting that he holds baptismal regeneration, which we deny, and accepts 'the church' as a necessary and authoritative interpreter of scripture, which we utterly reject, we go along with him in all that he has written. *If*, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, each one who aspires to the character of a Christian was to walk as worthy of his vocation as he would do, who should not come short of the standard displayed in this little book, we should witness a great improvement in the religious world.

We have alluded to the embellishments: perhaps we tread too closely for the taste of the age on the steps of the glorious Reformers of the sixteenth century: but certainly we do look with a jealous alarm on the re-appearance in religious books of so much that ministers to that "lust of the eye" which has ever furnished Popery with one of her most powerful lures. Somehow, we cannot help regarding these things as a friendly hint to 'Beware of man-traps and spring-guns:' they are often significant of the spirit of a work. A vignette, or head-piece, a tail piece, or even the design on an embossed cover, has occasionally given the alarm, and induced a closer investigation than otherwise we should have deemed needful: not unfrequently terminating in a conscien-

tious rejection of the book. Popery has now its agents abroad, and actively employed too, in all departments; this must not be forgotten.

INWARD REVIVAL: *or, Motives and Hindrances to Advancement in Holiness. By the Rev. James Marshall, Minister of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh.* Johnstone.

THIS vitally important subject is here treated in a very plain, practical and forcible manner, by one who knows the importance of "digging about the root," while so many are thinking only of forcing the shoots and training the branches. It is a striking, and a valuable work. Mr. Marshall has amply availed himself of the remarks of our best and most spiritual divines, from whom he quotes judiciously. We regard his book as a great help to those who desire to cultivate that most precious of all things, spiritual-mindedness.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS. *The Fidelity of the four Evangelists evinced by their apparent differences. By the Rev. Alfred Roberts, M. A. late of Trinity College, Oxford.* Nisbet and Co.

THE prevalence of open infidelity, a blasphemous denial of the divine authority of Holy Scripture, or a jesuitical assertion of its insufficiency without the aid

of man's interpretation, must needs unsettle the faith of many, who nevertheless are desirous of rightly comprehending the revealed will of God. Mr. Roberts has provided an acceptable help for such, or for those who may meet with them, and be desirous of assisting to dispel their doubts. Indeed he has ably educed light out of "the seeming darkness," by drawing a strong argument in its favour from the very difficulties which God's enemies point out as militating against the correctness of the sacred narrative.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE: *as exhibited in De Rulhière's Historical Elucidations, and various other documents. Compiled, translated, and edited by David Dundas Scott.* **Seeley and Burnside.**

A MISAPPREHENSION prevails in the reading world respecting the circumstances that led to and accompanied the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which is considered as being more the personal act of Louis XIV. than that of the Papacy—an act of political tyranny rather than of ecclesiastical persecution; and through this erroneous impression we lose a most significant lesson, and valuable warning on a subject that concerns every Protestant among us. This volume supplies a clear refutation of the error; and the prospect held out of a continuation of the work leads us to anticipate full proof as to the individuals whose vile machinations originated the horrible cruelties practised on the unoffending Huguenots.

De Rulhière, himself a nominal Papist, though of

that turn which Popery took on the eve of the French Revolution, first supplies evidence as to the real character of the influence exercised over the mind of Louis XIV. by the women who successively ruled the person and the court of that royal and most saintly specimen of the moral purity that may characterize a Popish devotee. It lays open the intriguing plots of his worthless associates, male and female, as they bore upon the liberties, the lives, and the faith of his Christian subjects; and sickening it is to contemplate it. The other documents contain recitals of the means employed for extinguishing Christianity throughout the country, and leaving Popery in possession of an undisputed dominion. These last comprise some dreadful details of barbarities similar to those practised against the ancient Vaudois, and endured with a corresponding constancy. We want such books, to stir us up to watchfulness against encroachments, political and ecclesiastical, by which the same enemy is now both assailing the outworks and sapping the foundations of our national faith. Melancholy as is the spectacle exhibited in their pages, we must learn to look upon the picture with a scrutinizing eye, if we would escape witnessing a repetition of the reality among ourselves.

The elements of a religious persecution always exist: they have, in this country, for some time past, been gathering together, and assuming a shape that needs but the application of some moving power to give it a vital and a most destructive energy. There is no modern book in our language comparable to D'Aubigné's two published volumes of the History of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, for informing the minds and animating the hearts of Pro-

testants on the subject of our holy PROTEST; but it is necessary that we study the methods by which Satan has in other lands prevailed to quench the light that God kindled, in order that, being not ignorant of his devices, we may watch, and resist every onward step of the enemy among ourselves. D'Aubigné's glorious work ought to be in every house, the inhabitants of which can afford to purchase it: in every library, from that of the highest literary association to the humblest village collection of loan-books: in every Protestant school, and, by some means or other, in every Protestant's hand. It is, perhaps, among a more select class that such a work as this history of the suppression in France should circulate. Heads of families, and principals of schools, and, above all, ministers of parishes and Protestant statesmen should be well acquainted with the facts that it discloses.

PICTURES OF RELIGION AND RELIGIOUS TRUTH: *or, Familiar Illustrations of Religious Truth and Duty; in a Selection of Figurative and Emblematic Passages from the works of Taylor, Leighton, Beveridge, Hopkins, Hall, Reynolds, Donne, &c.* Burns.

A VERY pretty little pocket volume, compiled from the writings of men whose names are a guarantee for the soundness of their doctrine—an assertion, by the way, which we can only make with reference to the dead, for how often has the church cause to lament

concerning men who "seemed to be pillars," that they have become underminers!

This selection is good, and contains much valuable matter in a small compass.

We have seen a little Tract entitled 'The Review of a Retired Officer,' published at Cheltenham, which we wish to recommend as being in no ordinary measure awakening and instructive. The style is so lively, energetic, and close, that it will attract where many might fail.

THE PROTESTANT.

'THERE is a message of encouragement to us in this,' said my uncle, as he laid down the confession of the wretched assassin, Courvoisier; 'the wicked was allowed to reach the very verge of a triumph that would have included the deepest wrong to the guiltless. You see how strong was the impression of this man's innocence on the minds of those who were about to cast a fearful imputation on the characters of his fellow-domestics, and even on those of the Police who could not close their eyes to the irresistible inference from what they beheld. Yes, matters were allowed to proceed even to the very assembling of that court where a mortal stab would have been dealt to the reputation of many innocent persons, and whence, probably, the murderer had issued in exulting security, that God might vindicate before us all the attributes of omniscience, justice and mercy. Be assured the event has an eloquent tongue, if we listen rightly to what it speaks.'

'I believe it, uncle: all the indignant contempt that rises in my mind when I meet with the foul aspersion sought to be cast on the most loyal portion of her Majesty's subjects cannot quite stifle the swelling grief that such things should be, as doubtless they are, insinuated into the loyal mind by those possessing influence in that quarter.'

'Instead of the most loyal, you may fairly say the only loyal portion of her subjects. With us, the calumniated body whose real crime is consistent Protestantism, loyalty is a principle rooted and grounded in the rock of our faith, and therefore immoveable by any of this world's storms. We love our Sovereign, not as the head of a party; but as God's appointed vicegerent: therefore, whatever party that Sovereign may be pleased to head, our loyalty remains unblemished. Is it so with others? I speak not now of him, the chosen representative on earth of the father of lies—I speak not of O'Connell, the open mouth-piece of a faction who want courage to utter what he, from behind the screen of a convenient oath—an oath that he finds it also convenient to keep—shouts forth his bullying insults against all that is estimable in the land: no, I speak of his employers, his dependents, his ——'

My uncle was getting too warm: I ventured to stop him by exclaiming playfully, 'Quarter, dear uncle, quarter for the fallen foe! Do you make no allowance for the smart of that blow which you helped to inflict on him in the presence of one whom he little dreamed of meeting under circumstances so awfully annihilating?'

My uncle's features underwent a marvellous change of expression: he laughed with glee, and replied, 'True; Exeter Hall will furnish a clue to all the labyrinths of O'Connell's writhing movements, all the discordant notes of his piteous ullaloo for many a long day to come. What a scene!' he continued, as it rose for the hundredth time before his mind's eye, 'what a scene it was!'

'Indeed, uncle, I could not afford to lose the re-

collection of that scene: I feast upon it to this hour; and the more I revolve it the deeper is my delight.'

'No wonder, my dear. Nothing was lacking to render it a feast to our inmost hearts, overflowing as they do with genuine English loyalty. The object was one worthy of England in her proudest days: to break the fetter from off enslaved millions—to emancipate not merely one quarter of the globe, territorially, from the dark dominion of Satan, but to follow all the children of Ham throughout the world with the proffer of both bodily and spiritual freedom—to cleanse the stream of blood, shed in fratricidal cruelty, to cultivate the waste, and bid the desert smile, to usher in that promised day when Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God—to prepare the way for the kings of the east, the many of Israel's scattered tribes who lie hid in the heart of central Africa, and open to them a path for their joyous return. Oh, it was a cause that, apart from all which subsequently stamped the meeting with such peculiar features, must swell the bosom even of the mere worldly philanthropist with mighty thoughts, and bid the Christian's heart bound with high and holy exultation!'

'And then what an assemblage—did you ever see the hall so full?'

'Never: I have seen it equally crowded, but then the walls were comparatively bare: the galleries now running nearly round it contain a large number, and add exceedingly to the effect, as seen from the platform. I got an excellent place,' pursued my uncle, who when set going on this subject never knows how to stop; 'and the only drawback on my delight was the occasional whisper of a doubt whether the Prince

would actually attend. To say truth, I hardly expected it—the thing was too good to be easily credited in these days. Meanwhile, the throng thickened; and the eager expectation depicted on every countenance gave the vast body an aspect of animation such as I never before witnessed. Every mortal was truly *alive*.'

'But very orderly too, uncle.'

'Remarkably: and never more so than when, as by the movement of a single spring every human being rose to welcome the most gladdening spectacle that my old eyes have looked upon since—since when, oh when?' he murmured, with an emotion that drowned his voice.

'We were taken by surprise,' I remarked; 'for we did not venture to hope that His Royal Highness the Prince Consort of England would exhibit such a pattern of the virtue of punctuality, and come five minutes before the time fixed.

'His Royal Highness the Prince Consort of England,' exclaimed my uncle, starting up, 'is the finest fellow in it. The first step he took upon that platform was placed upon the willing neck of my heart, which did him the homage of a loyalty such as it is luxury to feel. In that rapturous burst which greeted him there were tones as from the grave; there were feelings that hour let loose which had struggled in long captivity—there were yearnings to behold a king of England—and he who is the Queen's liege lord, whatever be his title, has the reality of kingship among us—to behold a king of England publicly standing forward, heading some grandly noble national undertaking, worthy of the English name—and the voices that bespoke those yearnings satisfied were

not less delicious to the ear than was that magnificent spectacle imposing to the eye. Our hearts, our hearts spoke out—did not yours?'

'Mine, uncle? it almost leaped out. I pity you, for you were not, like me, placed just over against the Prince: you could not see, as I did, all the workings of one of the finest countenances ever formed, expressing a gratification that shewed he could appreciate the tribute rendered. At first, with that stately, but modest grace that belongs to him, he looked and bowed the thanks our welcome deserved: but as the cheers redoubled, as every hat and handkerchief waved towards him, and every face looked the deep fervor of a love that glowed in every bosom, there was a corresponding emotion traceable in his noble countenance—what gushed from our hearts reached his: I do not think that he expected from such an assemblage within the walls of a building such an unrestrained, protracted burst of enthusiastic feeling. I had almost quarrelled with the organ, for occupying so much space on the platform, but when it pealed forth our own national anthem, it seemed brought there on purpose to harmonize with, and give utterance to, the language of our souls.'

'I could not have spared it: for the best part of a century that strain has been identified in my mind with all that is loyal, all that is brave, all that is victorious, all that is, or rather was English.'

'And then, uncle, when we had been silenced at last, and our dear prince had made his speech, and all was settling upon the point of our grand object ——you could not see, as I did, the start, and the sudden bend forward, and the curious gaze of the royal chairman as the unaccountable sound of a hiss

greeted him in that quarter where you sat, my good sir.'

'Well, I did not hiss. Respect for the royal presence, and somewhat of the old disciplinarian, restrained me: but to say that I did not enjoy it would be going too far. The old traitor had seated himself very near me; and I believe I looked my acknowledgments for the services that he has done my country. I remembered too, that he had been put forward in the anti-slavery cause; and a dread that he was to pollute our proceedings stole over me. All was, however, set at rest by the reception given to Peel; and heartily did I join in the cheers that greeted a man to whose fearful abandonment of true Protestant principles that great disturber of the public peace owes his power to do mischief, while both England and Ireland trace to it the evils that oppress and the greater evils that menace them. How was it that we hailed so warmly the unrepentant leveller of our Protestant bulwarks?'

'I wondered to find myself so cordially joining in it, uncle; but the fact is, I had begun to fear, like you, that O'Connell would be put forward, and the impression left on the prince's mind that the loyal assemblage before him was composed of persons who upheld the misleaders of his august consort. The appearance of Sir Robert, the shouts of animated delight that hailed him, bespoke a feeling the reverse of what Her Majesty and His Royal Highness are taught to believe is the feeling of the country; and we were carried away by the strong impulse of that genuine loyalty which marks Conservatism, while a base counterfeit, deeply Radical at the core, usurps its name.'

'In my time,' replied my uncle, 'the words Conservative and Radical had no existence in reference to political matters. The plain truth of the thing is this: I felt myself an old church-and-state-man, called on to avow my principles in contradistinction to the desperate doctrines of what, new name it, as you may, is the old leaven of an atheistical democracy, such as desolated France—such as threatened England some fifty years ago, and has ever since sought to obtain the ascendancy among us. In short, my dear, I stood up, and waved my hat, and shouted a kind greeting to Peel just because I am an old Tory.'

'How many bishops were on the platform?'

'Eight; and a worthy compeer they had in that fine old man Jabez Bunting, the head of the boldest and truest division our militant body can number among her close allies.'

'Will it not perplex some friends to the cause of Africa, that the old Anti-Slavery Society stands aloof as it seems to do, from this in which we are rejoicing, and forms a separate party?'

'It cannot long perplex any Christian to decide between an assemblage where the best and highest in the land have stood forth upon the noblest grounds, and one where an unconverted Jew has been complacently listened to, while he openly and deliberately, and expressly denied Christ—where O'Connell appears as the presiding genius; and where he, the same O'Connell, was bespattered with fulsome flattery till even he was obliged, for decency's sake, to check the speaker. No, I confess there was one thing wanting in our meeting, and that a thing of solemn importance—an open prayer for the divine

blessing on the work: an omission sincerely to be regretted, and I trust not to be repeated; but the pure spirit of Christianity breathed from the lips of many—almost of all—our speakers; and nothing in the slightest degree offensive to a pious mind was uttered by one. What a contrast to the other! Undoubtedly they exceed us in numbers; and among them are some of the excellent of the earth. Clarkson's name is a host in itself; but that of O'Connell would neutralize any good thing under the sun. Still, God may work by means the most unlikely, towards the accomplishment of his own gracious purposes; but you and I, and all who feel with us, may be content to march under the earthly leadership of the royal youth who shares the throne, in a body officered by many of the noblest, the best, the most faithful of the land.'

After a pause, my uncle resumed:—'I must think that the inexpressible mortification sustained by the unhappy man O'Connell, at the hands of such an assemblage, and in the presence of the prince, had no small influence in producing the atrocious charge that he has dared to utter against us; and which is likely to issue in his aggravated confusion, by being made in part the occasion of delaying the trial of that wretched boy, Oxford. I alluded to it, when speaking of God's wonderful interposition in revealing the guilt of Courvoisier, though a delay seemingly most accidental. Something will yet appear to put that lying accuser to no common shame.'

Something was on my uncle's mind more than he wished to utter; and I did not press him.

'One thing is certain,' he resumed, after a long silence, 'and that is the persecuting attitude gradu-

ally assumed by the enemy. It seems a necessary index to mark the cause and object of the chastisements, that such agents should be selected to lead the outburst against God's people: for, collectively, though not individually to any great extent, they are stained with the culpability of acquiescence in the deed which compromised our sacred Protest; and God visits his children more strictly than in this life he visits his enemies. The voice of the rod is to bid us "search and try our ways," and verily there is a scene of half-revealed iniquity polluting this land, in which even Christian ladies are not guiltless, but from all participation in which, active or passive, they must yet clear themselves. Of this, more anon, if God spare us. But we have heard the warning note of a coming storm: we have seen the hand of an obscure individual, for no conceivable cause, raised against the lives of our sovereign and of her consort; and we have witnessed a foul attempt to charge upon the Protestants of the land this deadly crime. I say the Protestants, because the cherished mouth-piece of a cowardly faction has pointed it out as the act of those who desire the establishment of Orange principles and of Orange domination among us—which word, Orange, in his vocabulary signifies neither more nor less than Protestant. If it were a device of the enemy—a feigned attempt, concocted for this very purpose, it would be but the tale of Naboth over again, "the woman Jezebel," *that is to say*, POPERY, being the instigator, and the spoil of the innocent victim the prize in view. I put this hypothetically, because we have no other grounds for even imagining such a thing than those which would induce a police officer to lay hands upon any suspicious character

whom he might see in the street, running and shouting 'Stop thief!' without any individual before him. I repeat it, a note of warning has been heard; and it behoves us to rally closer around the Captain of our Salvation, and to stand, being strong in the Lord and in the spirit of His might. That a dark conspiracy against us exists, there is, to me, no question: though whether it be the root or the offspring of this mysterious act of treason, God alone can tell. Enough for us that our loyalty remains unblemished: enough for us is the answer of a good conscience towards God. Ay, and in the prayerful spirit of better days, we can lift our voices on behalf of her whom with loyal devotion we acknowledge, and breathe from our inmost hearts the strain,

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On THEE our hopes we fix—
God save us all!

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the Queen!
O'er her thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our QUEEN, our PRINCE and friend,
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Since this passed, a disclosure has been made public, which proves that if a hope might, even by the most sanguine, have been hitherto allowed to linger as to the survival of a Protestant principle in the government of this country, it must now vanish. An act has been officially perpetrated by the Secre-

tary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Palmerston, which has no parallel since the days of James II., and which, had it been committed by him, would have stood on record among the most atrocious of his Popish outrages.

In Naples, it is well known, the English residents have enjoyed the privilege of worshipping God according to the scriptures: they have assembled in a house of prayer, tolerated only by its bearing the arms of the English consul, because the utmost stretch of Romish charity can only extend to a Protestant the same indulgence that is perforce allowed to the Turk, or to any other unbelieving power with whom it does not suit the Italian states to go to war, and whose ambassador they, consequently, dare not insult. The present mania for continental residence occasions the small place where they hitherto assembled to be too much thronged; and the British Protestants entered into a negociation with the British envoy, Mr. Gallway, to remove the arms of England to a more roomy and commodious spot. To this he agreed, but only on condition of their renting and furnishing for him a splendid suite of apartments, at a yearly cost to them of *eighteen hundred* ducats, for which they were to charge him only *three hundred*, and, as the enormous outlay would of course be beyond their means, they were piously counselled to take it out of the *burying-ground fund*,—that is to say, the fund set apart for providing decent interment for the bodies of our countrymen, who would otherwise be cast upon the dunghills of Papal Italy, to rot beneath the garish eye of her sunbeams. This could not be acceded to; and the consequence has been the official withdrawal of all countenance on the part

of the British government from the English residents, as regards the exercise of their Protestant form of worship, which is neither more nor less than putting a full stop to their assembling at all for that purpose. Rome prohibits it, save under the ambassador's blazonry; the ambassador is authorized by his government to withdraw that blazonry from the house of God, and English Protestants may go to mass, if they will; otherwise they must forego social worship altogether: and what Protestant that would hesitate between the solitude of even a felon's cell, and the idol abominations of a Popish mass-house!

It has pleased God, however, to put the honour upon Prussia which England tramples under her feet: the Prussian ambassador has opened his embassy to our countrymen; and the power that recently grappled with the Romish emissary, and exiled him from her territories; the power that granted a refuge to the persecuted Tyrolese; has yet this privilege added (for to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly) the privilege of gathering under the wings of the black Eagle God's scattered people, whom the fettered and enfeebled Lion of England either cannot or dare not protect. From us the glory is departing; and if we stand by in passive acquiescence, we shall soon behold only its distant gleam as it rests on other lands, while England lies once more under darkness and the shadow of death.

And what is the origin of all this? To point it out may seem idle, since it is among those things long past, which it pleases our indolent pusillanimity to regard as irrevocable: but the root of the evil shall be pointed out, whether or no it may please God to

nerve some faithful hands to the work of tearing it from our desecrated soil. That root is our national apostacy from our national protest. The tremendous power acquired and exercised in every department of the state, and gradually spreading its vampire wings over the church, as connected with the state—the power of an Irish mendicant, that mameluke of Rome, sent to rule over our dishonoured Egypt, is prevailing to drain the very life-blood from the veins of our Protestant frame. The soul he cannot reach; but the body, which is God's temple, and any sin against which is an outrage on God himself, we are permitting him to defile, to poison, and to make a prey to loathsome corruption. This 'vile person' who obtained the kingdom by flatteries, is now going forth among us, utterly to destroy and to make an end: and if this be permitted, if England be not roused to an attitude of determined resistance against the farther encroachments of the enemy, if she seek not to retrace her steps, and to turn again to the God from whom she has so deeply revolted, it only remains for us to abide the sure menace of which Prussia is reaping the happier alternative—"from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he SEEMETH to have."

THE

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HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XIII.

AMPLE justice was done to the widow's provisions by Malony, whose craving appetite—one of the concomitants of his distressing malady—rarely found such abundance, accompanied with such kind persuasions to make himself at home. When the meal was over, he drew from his waistcoat-pocket what he called his 'bit of a dudeen,' a very short pipe, and adding another pinch to the contents of its bowl, he helped himself to a cinder from the little grate, and presently enveloped the party in the smoke of his favourite weed. The young people looked on in some consternation; their grandmother not only disapproved the habit, but also greatly disliked the smell and other effects resulting from it; and Mary was about to remonstrate, when the widow by a sign

prevented her. The exquisite happiness that beamed from the really beautiful face of poor little Katy, as she watched her father's returning smiles, induced her to extend even this unusual indulgence; and Malony's felicity was complete.

'By my soul now,' said he, as gradually raising his drooping form he leaned back on his chair, 'but this is the hospitality of ould Ireland itself, come across over the salt say. Sorra such a welcome have I met here, to put the warmth in me cold bones, barrin among my own poor people in it, that has the will but not the power. Long life to you, ma'am!' and he held out his hand and gave the widow's a hearty shake.

'To the Giver of all good we must render our thanks,' she replied, 'for any comforts that he enables us to refresh one another with in the way of our pilgrimage.'

'True for you, ma'am dear; but it's many years since I went on pilgrimage, and little comfort I found by the way.'

'Father's been to Lough Derg, and brought home a blessed crucifix,' whispered Katy to Mary, who replied aloud, 'And what is Lough Derg?'

''Tis the holiest place in all Ireland, my dear,' said Malony. 'I went and performed my stations there—didn't miss one.'

'And what did you get?'

'The pardon of all my sins, jewel.'

'And how did you know they were pardoned?'

'How did I know, is it? Sure had not I it under his reverence's own hand? and I came away with my sowl as clean as the smooth of your cheek—by my life I did.'

'My good friend,' said the widow mildly, 'don't be offended if I remind you that our Lord Jesus Christ has commanded us not to swear at all.'

Malony bent his head very low when the Saviour was named, but looked surprised; and James quickly followed it up by reading from the fifth chapter of St. Matthew the words of our Lord, and then from the epistle of St. James, that apostle's warning on the same subject. This led to an animated conversation, in the course of which they discovered that so far from Malony taking the bible for his guide, the poor fellow had never heard of such a book: that he was wholly ignorant of every thing relating to the Lord Jesus, excepting the fact of his crucifixion, in reference to which he drew from his bosom a very rude carving in wood, more like a South Sea idol than any thing else, in honouring which he evidently considered that he worshipped God, and in bearing it about his person that he enjoyed the divine presence and protection. It is impossible to describe the astonishment of the children, the emotion of Helen, or the anxious distress of the widow, as this false hope of the dying man gradually became apparent to them. Katy's sparkling eyes were turned eagerly from one countenance to another, as, clinging closer to her poor father, she seemed almost to resent the evident discredit put upon the objects of his faith; while the gentle, affectionate, and even respectful language in which they all addressed him, won her heart in spite of its evident purport. It was plainly James' Bible against Malony's crucifix; and nothing could be more touching than to see the bright gaze of these two—the man and the boy—both far advanced in consumption, fixed, now on each other, now on the

respective objects of their earnest but friendly debate. James had truth on his side; he argued plainly, and brought a passage from scripture to confirm every sentiment he uttered: Malony abounded in clever remarks, ready evasions, and a confidence in the power of his church and of his wooden talisman, as unlimited as was that of James in the infallibility of the oracles of God. Every word spoken by the boy was precious to the soul of his grandmother and Helen, for it shewed how very deeply he had drank at the fountain of saving knowledge; and this was rendered more conspicuous by the childish simplicity of language in which he clothed the most weighty arguments, and uttered the strongest assertions that triumphant faith could dictate. On the other hand they were surprised at the natural ability and shrewd good sense which lay obscured beneath the rags, the poverty, the ignorance and uncouth phrase of the poor Irishman, who finished the controversy by saying, 'It's a credit you are to them that reared you, ma bouchal; and you've more good words on your side than poor Pat Malony, and he speaking a foreign tongue. Fait, and if 'twas Irish ye spake we'd be more even.'

'What! do you speak Irish?'

'Musha, what else would I spake, and I an Irishman all out?' He uttered this in a sharper tone than he had before used, and stroking Katy's head, addressed her fondly in a tongue wholly new and unintelligible to his English friends. Katy responded in the same language, with some earnestness, and her father turning to the widow, said, 'Sure, ma'am, my child loves your little girl with all the veins of her heart; and why should'nt she, being that

she's the first friend my Katy ever had in them mills.'

This mention of the mills brought back to Mrs. Green's recollection the painful circumstances that she had well nigh forgotten in the deep interest of the sacred subject they had been discussing. She asked Malony whether he had himself been employed in the factories; and learned that he had filled a most laborious office in the engine department, until his health wholly gave way. It had been declining for some time, even before he left Ireland, and of course the change was not likely to prove beneficial to it; but the truth, he said, was, that his wife's death had broken his heart, and the restlessness that came over him made every place disagreeable. He wandered about with his motherless child, till at M. he found an opening for giving her some employment, and getting the same himself. 'But now,' he concluded, 'I'd be going back to my own poor country, to lay my bones under the green grass, and to leave my Katy among them that would give her the biggest half of their last pratee for the love of God and the holy Virgin—let alone the regard they had for her mother and me. It can't be, though: they've got us in a net, and in it we must abide, God help us!'

'What net?' asked Mary.

'Fait, dear, it isn't for simple people like us to deal with them that are above us. I just put Katy into the mill, thinking that I might take her out again on a decent notice; but when I comes to the chap—the agent they call him—what does he but tell me I put her in by the year; and because I didn't take her out at the end of it, here's eleven months of a new one to come, before I can remove her. Eleven

months,' he deliberately repeated, opening the collar of his tattered shirt, and shewing the skeleton of a neck, 'with not as much flesh on these bones as will stand the wear of three.'

'Be asy, father dear,' said the little girl in a soothing tone; 'your cough is much better, and please God you'll get well and carry me home yet.'

'No, Katy, agra: 'tis among the strangers I'll lie, and the comfort I'll carry to my grave is that I wont see you suffer, when you're without a friend in this wide world.'

Katy involuntarily threw a tearful glance around her, and the appeal was quickly answered, for each had something to say in the way of assurance that she should not be forsaken; and though, in the warmth of their feeling, all spoke together, Malony seemed to hear every word, and to feast on it. 'And you won't let her perish,' he said, 'and she a poor orphan?'

'I am a poor orphan,' remarked Helen; 'I lost my parents long before I was as old as Katy, and I had no claim on this dear family: yet you see how God has put it into their hearts to be to me all that I lost.'

Malony looked earnestly at her. 'Blessings on your sweet face,' he exclaimed, 'and bad luck to the brute that could strike you!'

This might have passed for a mere deprecatory wish, had not Helen's colour mounted to crimson, while Mary's angry glance, and Katy's eager 'Hush, father,' invested it with a different character. Even James was thrown off his guard by the shock, and his meek countenance kindled with wrathful fire as

he repeated, 'Strike! you don't mean to say that any body has *dared* to strike our Helen!'

Malony looked sadly confused; he saw his error, but how to retract he knew not. The widow seemed perfectly stunned, gazing at Helen, who at length rose, and throwing herself into her arms, said, 'Dearest granny, don't be distressed: it was a trifle, and I hardly feel it now at all. Such things cannot sometimes be helped in a place like the mills. Be satisfied that I did not intentionally deserve a blow; and that by the grace of God I was enabled to take it patiently, and to forgive. So now, granny, let us forget it too; for you know the command is, "Forgive *as* ye would be forgiven;" and the way we wish to be forgiven is that our iniquities may be remembered no more—cast into the depths of the sea. Into the depths of the sea, then, let us cast this little wrong, and never more speak or think about it.'

She said this with such affectionate earnestness, with a brow so unruffled, and a smile so meek, that Malony gazed on her as though she had been a vision. 'By my life!' he abruptly and fiercely exclaimed, 'The villain that could hurt you ought to have his arm chopped off at the shoulder.'

The widow's struggle was over; the immediate importance of such a practical lesson of Christianity as Helen was giving forced itself on her mind; and after fondly embracing the poor girl, she turned to her indignant guest, saying, 'Dear neighbour, we have been a loving and a peaceful family; and any thing like severe usage is quite new to my children. Helen, besides, is of an age when such violence is no less an insult than a wrong: therefore you cannot wonder that it startled us at first. But we call our-

selves the followers of Jesus Christ, and He has said that those who will indeed follow him must take up the cross. Not that cross,' she added, as Malony half drew the little crucifix forth, 'but the cross that our Lord bore when he was despised and afflicted, persecuted and forsaken for our sakes, long before they put him to death. Now you may carry that cross, and wear it about your neck, at the very time you are chopping off, as you say, a man's arm at the shoulder, in revenge for a blow: but we carry the cross by suffering willingly what our dear Master suffered before us, and doing to our enemies what He did to his, when they were nailing him to the tree on which he hung for hours in all the agony of a dreadful death.'

'What did he do to them?' asked Malony.

'You shall hear both what they did to him and what he did to them,' replied James, who had been soothed by a long and earnest whisper from Helen: he took his Bible, and read in a tremulous voice the narrative of our Redeemer's sufferings, as given by St. Luke. When he came to the words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he made a full stop, and looked earnestly at Malony.

'And was that all?' said the Irishman.

'That was all the revenge he took on those who tortured and murdered him; but you shall hear what he did to a wicked thief who was put to death at the same time'—he proceeded and finished the chapter.

'And now,' said the widow, who saw the intense interest excited in the mind of her poor guest by this sacred history, 'now let us speak a few words to Him who said and did all this for our salvation.' They

kneeled down immediately; and in most touching language she breathed forth a prayer, suited to the circumstances of all present, especially to those of Helen, Malony and his child. All were in tears, save Willy, who had fallen asleep with his head on the chair, and Katy, who was repeating with all her might, and in an audible whisper, paters, aves and creeds; evidently supposing it was the same thing. Not so Malony: he gave his whole attention to what was uttered; and the frequent transit of his coat-sleeve across his eyes proved how much he entered into the meaning of the petitions. When they rose, Mary exclaimed, 'Now let us sing;' and Willy being roused with a gentle rebuke—for the poor child was worn out with fatigue—they all struck up a hymn of praise and gladness to a very cheerful tune, which threw Katy into an ecstacy of delight, and brightened her father's face with smiles.

'God be with ye!' uttered the poor man, as he prepared to go. 'It's you that have lightened Pat Malony's heart of the biggest sorrow within it this blessed night; and I've put trouble into yours, but I didn't mean it, any how.'

'No, you have not,' replied the widow. 'We hope to be able all of us to say with David, "It is good for me to have been afflicted."'

'Who is David, ma'am?'

'There's a deal about him in my book, Mr. Malony,' answered James. 'Come again soon, and I'll read to you about him.'

'Long life to you, avourneen! 'Tisn't a long life may be you'll have; but 'tis a happy one.'

'My book makes it so,' said James: 'at least it teaches me how to be happy.'

A cordial goodnight now passed; and the family were left alone.

'Don't be angry, Helen,' said James; 'but I do want to know why you were struck.'

Mary undertook to answer the question, and said that Helen had been complaining to her of headache and languor during their walk to the mill, owning that she felt scarcely equal to the day's work. When there, she had exerted herself greatly; but on being assailed by some rude taunts and ruder insinuations on the part of Phœbe and her abettors, who attributed her evident illness to having drank too much on the preceding night, she had, for the first time, burst into a fit of hysterical crying. This moved some who had never been touched by her patient endurance, and led to a violent quarrel between Phœbe and a lad occasionally employed in that room. The foulest language was given and retorted; and an overlooker passing just then was attracted by the noise they made. He demanded the cause of the riot: Helen was pointed out, and he commanded her instantly to rise from the bench where she had sank, and to resume her employment. This she was unable to do, from the increased agitation that the uproar had thrown her into; and without waiting any farther explanation, the man had struck her severely across the arm and shoulder with one of the rods of the machinery which he had in his hand.

'It was not a *very* hard blow,' said Helen in a deprecating tone; 'and when the people about me saw me struck, some of them interposed, and told the overlooker I was not to blame. A girl fetched me some water to drink, and I was soon able to go back to my employment. I was more sorry to have given

way so, than for the pain of the blow; but indeed I had been feverish all night, and the noise and whirling of the machinery almost took away my senses. So now, James, you have heard all; and pray do let it drop.'

The request was complied with; but every bosom swelled with indignation hard to be repressed even by the pleadings of Christian forgiveness: all felt it would have been far easier to overlook such an outrage against their own persons than against their gentle Helen. The widow was thankful that Malony had blundered out what was to have been kept a profound secret from her, though it added tenfold poignancy to another secret, confined in her own bosom—her total failure in seeking redress from the owners, and the consciousness that even in a case of violence like this she should fare no better. She had built too much on the supposed advantage of Mr. Stratton's introduction and countenance; she was now painfully undeceived, and obliged to admit the conviction that he was a stranger to the individuals with whose unprincipled tool, Ferris, he had co-operated, for the good of the parish, in sending her to the factories. Her position, therefore, was in no respect better than that of any other friendless poor woman in M., excepting the respectability of appearance and character which she still hoped to maintain, and the far richer distinction of having a sure, though unseen refuge in the day of calamity.

Helen's arm, which she examined when they were alone, was much swollen and discoloured; and the girl was glad to have the stiffened shoulder-joint relieved by bathing with a lotion: had it been the right arm, she confessed, it would have been impossible to

conceal it, so painful was every movement. Seeing the tears escaping from the eyes of her best friend, as she tenderly laved the place, Helen entered on the subject of poor Malony's unaccountable religion, which seemed to her to set common sense utterly at defiance, and then spoke with glowing delight of the part little James had taken. 'Did you observe, granny, how he put down every thing the other said, by setting forth the Saviour only? I thought it very beautiful. Indeed it is plain to me that Popery and Jesus Christ are two things like darkness and light—a person may have either, but he cannot have both.'

'Very true, Helen; and the way to drive darkness out is to let the light in.'

'Yes, that was what dear James was trying to do all the while; and it seemed to me as if a little glimmer did now and then fall upon poor Malony. Oh, granny, what ways Satan has of blinding people!'

Thus did the girl beguile the attention of her friend from her own sufferings; and then declaring that the operation had made her arm 'delightfully comfortable,' she went smilingly to rest.

The next few days passed on as usual, Malony dropping in occasionally for half-an-hour to see James, who never failed to interest him with some portion of scripture: till the widow, struck by the increasing attention paid by the poor man, and conscious that he must ere long be disabled from walking so far, resolved that he should, by some means, have at least a New Testament for himself. She enquired whether he would not like Katy to read such a book to him in the evenings and on Sundays.

'Troth, and I would; but Katy can't read.'

'Not read! She has been to school every day for

two hours since she entered the mill, for that at least the law compels them to allow; and how is it that she cannot yet read?'

'Sure, I'll ask her that same,' replied Malony, who seemed never before to have thought on the subject. The widow mentioned it to Mary, who said Katy certainly went to school, but not to the same that she attended. Enquiry being made of Katy, she stated that during school hours she went to a place where as many children as could stand in it were crowded in a small room; the mistress was an old woman, who kept some of the better dressed near her, and they seemed to be spelling and reading, and some had slates; but she, with many other little girls, had never yet been called up to the table, except to receive their certificate; they had a few torn Primers, into which they looked if any person chanced to come in; otherwise, they rested, talked and played among themselves, glad of the relaxation. She had been a year and one month going: in the course of that time the mistress had been changed; but Katy had not learned her alphabet.

This appeared too monstrous to be credited: the widow resolved to ascertain the fact; and on the following day she proceeded to the spot, at the hour when Katy usually attended; but had some difficulty in finding it. At length, a narrow alley brought her to the door of a low, filthy looking house, on entering which she was nearly suffocated by the effluvia exhaling from such a mass of little human beings, most squalid in appearance, and covered with the flue and stains of the mill. At the upper end sat a woman, whose attention seemed riveted on a bonnet to which she was attaching a ribbon, while half a dozen chil-

dren near her were scrawling on slates. The rest answered Katy's description; for no sooner was a visitor descried by them than a few fragments of books were hastily produced, the noise of promiscuous talking ceased, and a monotonous hum commenced, as if they were learning a lesson, though it was easy to see no two books were opened at the same places, and several of them were held upside down. The sudden sound of this simultaneous hum roused the dame's attention, who, seeing a respectably dressed person at the door, commenced the exercise of her calling. 'Now, Betty Smith, has you done your copy yet? Show up that ere sum, Sukey. Keep to your spelling down there, till I'm ready for to hear you. Stand on one side, can't ye, and let the lady come in.'

The lady, however, had no wish to advance farther into such an atmosphere; she begged they might not disturb themselves, and then, singling out Katy, requested to know what progress she had made in her learning.

'Let's see, let's see,' responded the school-mistress in a bustling way, 'Kitty—Kitty Malony, Oh, she's been here a precious while afore ever I comed to the school. I spose she can write and cipher. Come here, Kitty.'

Several of the children grinned, while poor Katy, with crimson cheeks, shyly approached the seat of authority.

'Come, come, none of your sulks!' said the chief, sharply, 'here, take this, and read a bit.'

Katy timidly replied that she could not yet read.

'You lazy warmint!' ejaculated the governess, shaking her by the shoulder, 'is that all, after the

perdigious pains I've bestowed on you? Lauk, ma'am,' she continued, addressing the widow, 'them factory girls is the most uncorrigible idlers and dunces you ever see. Here is a few decent childrin, wot comes to me from private families, and though I don't take half the pains with them, they've ten times more learning nor all the factory girls put together. Come Sukey, love, read you.'

Miss Sukey sidled up, carefully holding back her frock from coming into contact with Katy's soiled garments, and began to mouth out a lesson; but this being no part of the widow's business, she interrupted the performance: 'I beg pardon, but my visit was to enquire about this little girl: her friends are anxious to have her taught to read.'

'I know of nothing to hinder her,' replied the mistress, sullenly.

Again the widow looked round on the crowded group: some were laughing, some yawning, others dozing, and not a few engaged in playing off practical jokes on their neighbours, but nothing resembling the work of education was going on, save in the little circle immediately surrounding the teacher. Suddenly, an old clock in the corner struck; and such a rush to the door ensued as well nigh overset her. The factory children disappeared in a moment, leaving the others in possession of the apartment.

Having been obliged to step out to make way for the little throng, the widow felt no inclination to re-enter the dwelling. She retraced her steps homeward, and on arriving was surprised to find the rector seated in her arm-chair, James' Bible in his hand, and the boy standing before him, answering questions.

'I called in, Mrs. Green,' he said, 'because I like

to visit such of my parishioners as I know are glad to see me: and I have been pleased, much pleased and highly gratified to find your grandson so exceedingly well taught in the most important branch of learning.' He spoke with a warmth that touched the poor widow's heart,—she replied,

'I humbly trust, sir, he is taught of God.'

'I believe it, indeed: you have a gracious Master, my boy; go on in the good path, and may He strengthen, stablish, settle you!'

Tears stood in the eyes of James, as he turned them on his grandmother, well knowing what a solace she would find in this pastoral visit. The rector resumed, 'Sit down, Mrs. Green, if I am not intruding on your time. How is all with you?'

The widow replied gratefully; and then, full of the scene she had just quitted, she described it to him, lamenting the case of the poor little creatures who were so grossly cheated out of the education for which the woman was paid.

'It certainly is one of our great evils,' replied the clergyman; 'but how to remedy it we know not. The vast number of children renders many schools necessary; the act enforces the attendance of each, to be attested by a certificate, or the employer is liable to an information. Some of the mill-owners have established schools on their own ground, which are in the main pretty fairly conducted; but where this is not the case, the poorer children are obliged to find them where they can, and I am sorry to say the one you have visited is a specimen of a numerous class, where the chief, nay, the only trouble incurred by the nominal teacher is to give bits of paper, certifying the attendance of the child for two hours per

day. A few pupils obtained from the families of small tradesmen around pay well, and get what they bargain for: but with respect to our poor little factory people, standing room, or at best a few benches to sit down on, with the privilege of handling some books of the kind you saw, is all they can expect. However, as I remarked, this is only one class, frequented by the most neglected of the children: we have very respectable schools in various parts of the town.'

'But, sir, it is to the most neglected children, to those whose natural friends take no thought for them, and who are exposed to the worst examples at home, that good teaching is of the greatest importance.' The rector made no reply, and she resumed; 'I have lately heard that the mills are visited by Inspectors and Superintendents, employed by the government, are they aware, sir, of this state of things?'

'Yes; it has been discovered, reported, and much pressed upon the notice of the Legislature, by some benevolent men who are labouring hard to improve matters among us.'

'And can any Christian man possibly refuse to help in so good a work, sir?'

'Why, you see, Mrs. Green, all these things were still worse a few years ago: and the alterations made in the laws have been rather unpalateable to the majority of the mill-owners. They consider it very hard on them to have the number of hours limited, and more so to be compelled to send their infant labourers to school. We cannot expect them all at once heartily to co-operate with the plans of those whom they consider innovators; and of course a great weight of wealth and influence is brought to

bear upon the Parliamentary question as to a yet farther amelioration of the condition of the poor in their employment. But,' he added, suddenly checking himself, 'I am talking politics—a thing wholly at variance with my sacred calling.'

The widow thought otherwise; she thought that any subject in which the glory of God and the welfare of the poor in the land were concerned, was perfectly and especially suited to the interest of a minister of the gospel; but it was clear the rector had a great dread of committing himself on this point, and that he reined in many a kind and generous impulse rather than appear to do so. After a pause, he enquired for the other members of the family, particularizing Helen. James moved up to his grandmother, and in an anxious whisper said, 'Do tell him.' The widow hesitated, but after a moment acknowledged that Helen had been hurt in the mill.

'By the machinery?—not dangerously, I hope.'

'No, sir, not dangerously, nor by machinery.'

'It was by the overlooker, sir,' said James, deeply reddening; 'he struck Helen a cruel blow, and bruised her shoulder.'

'That is sad, very sad indeed,' remarked the Rector, knitting his brow. 'I should hope she did not provoke such rough usage by any misconduct?'

'Oh, sir,' replied the boy, 'Helen never did in all her life provoke any body to say a cross word to her; he beat her for crying when they taxed her with bad conduct. Oh, if you could only see Helen'—tears stopped his speech.

'Well, my boy, compose yourself. This is a matter for legal redress; and though I am the last person to

recommend extreme proceedings, yet I must remind you, Mrs. Green, that in cases of wanton cruelty the delinquent should be made to know, the magistrate beareth not the sword in vain.' He spoke this with the air of a man whose best feelings are roused; but presently resuming a more cautious manner, added, 'Nevertheless, it is far better to avoid the recurrence of such an act than to come into collision with superiors. Some who have hastily appealed to the law, have soon wished they had rather taken a wrong patiently.' After a few more kind words, he took his leave; and the widow gently remonstrated with James for indulging such strong feelings of resentment, where Helen had forcibly represented the duty of perfect forgiveness.

'It is not resentment, granny,' answered the weeping boy, 'at least, not entirely. The gentleman was very kind; and I thought if ever it happened again he would be ready to stand up for us, where we have no friend at all—except God.'

'Well, my love, I am glad it was not from an angry motive you did it. Had the clergyman been long here when I came home?'

James dried his eyes, and gave her an account of the conversation between them, which made a very favourable impression on her mind. The Rector evidently felt more than he wished to express, and she was soothed by that conviction. How prone we are to catch at any visible straw in the hour of distress, and feel more secure in grasping it than when the unseen arm of Omnipotence alone sustains us!

Notwithstanding the cautious wording of the Rector's remarks, she saw a depth of evil till then undiscovered, through his admissions respecting the

schools. Compelled by a legal enactment to allow their poor little labourers a scanty portion of the day for the purposes of education, what a noble field was opened to the mill-owners for supplying an antidote to the worst evils of their system! She thought of Amelia Z. and imagined her, with others like her, devoting two hours of their vacant morning to the sweet and sacred task of superintending the instruction of their young servants in religious and useful knowledge; shaming vice, overawing insolence, encouraging modesty, industry and cleanliness, by the mere force of their frequent presence and occasional admonitions. A clean, airy room, regular arrangements, a few minutes allowed for thoroughly cleansing their soiled skin and brushing their clothes, with easy, but distinct tasks assigned, and suitable rewards for such as excelled—all under the personal direction of the employer's family: oh, what a refreshment to body and mind would this have secured to the poor little toil-worn creatures! by what a tie of respectful affection, and consequent diligence and integrity in his service, would it have bound them to their master! But all seemed perverted, by the demon of avarice, to aggravated evil. Could it be for a moment credited that those who accumulated their wealth by this species of labour were men professing a system of belief, one of the first and most vital articles of which was the certainty that they must each and all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give account of the deeds done in the body, to Him whose whole volume of inspiration is one sustained prohibition of injustice and wrong! Did they really number themselves among His followers who emphatically reproved those who would

have hindered the approach of little children to him, and who perpetually enforced on his disciples a tender concern for their welfare? Was it not enough to make their poverty a reason for defrauding them of all that childhood demands for its expansion into active, healthful youth, to imprison them during the sunshiny hours within cheerless walls, to bid them exchange the refreshing breeze of heaven for exhalations calculated to destroy, not to nourish, their delicate frames, to cramp the limbs that should then know perfect freedom, to overstrain the sinews that should be nursed into bulk and substance, to parch up the juices of which a more abundant supply was required, and while thus effectually poisoning the springs of bodily health and vigour, to leave the mind wholly exposed to the very worst actings of corrupt nature surrounded by every element of matured depravity—was not this enough, without begrudging them a poor two hours of such ordinary culture as might tend to raise them somewhat above the level of the beasts that perish—somewhat above the insensible machinery against which their feeble limbs must toil in an agonizing race? Alas! while the beasts that perish, do indeed perish for ever—while the worn-out machinery falls to pieces and exists no more—those little despised slaves have the seal of immortality impressed upon them: they are destined to an eternity of being; and Satan joyfully uses the instrumentality of man's heartless lust of gold to rivet the links of his infernal fetter on their souls, to secure them for his present prey, and with the help of a community of CHRISTIAN ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, to plunge them finally into the gulf "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

C. E.

ON SCANDAL.

"Let evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice."—EPHESIANS IV. 31.

"Speak evil of no man."—TITUS III. 2.

THESE are the words of scripture, and as such we ought, as Christians, daily to examine ourselves by them, to see how far our conduct agrees with them; for perhaps there is no sin so common, so mournfully prevalent as that of "evil speaking," or, in other terms, that of scandal. Perhaps no sin is committed with so little thought, or remembered with less remorse. It is a sin, not like some others, chiefly committed by the open slaves of the world and the wicked one; but, alas! I am grieved to add, too frequently by those who profess to follow the benevolent Saviour, from whose lips not one word of scandal ever dropped. This sin is perpetrated in various ways. It is committed, not merely by the slanderer, who fabricates falsehoods respecting his neighbour, but by them who circulate these falsehoods. A tale-bearer comes, and brings some plausible account to another's disgrace. It may be true, it may not; the slanderer seldom takes much pains to enquire, but delights in spreading the report far and wide; and in doing so, gives publicity to the wilful lie of an abandoned liar, and makes himself a partaker of that liar's crimes. If they to whom he relates this account respect him, this adds new weight to the scan-

dal. They spread it farther still, and confirm the account by relating from whom they heard the odious tale. Thus a hundred or a thousand make themselves partakers in the guilt of the first lie, and of all the scandal that flows from the fabrication. But it is not merely when circulating falsehood, that the guilt of scandal is incurred: it is incurred to a fearful extent, by persons who circulate what may be substantially correct. The backbiter pleads in excuse for his mischievous conduct—'The account which I give is quite true.' It may be so; but it is not *all the truth*, or it is *truth misrepresented*, or it is *truth which he has no business to repeat.*

It is not all the truth. Perhaps a brother has fallen into sin. The slanderer hears of it, and away he goes, and like a trusty messenger, bears the news through the whole circle of his acquaintance.

It may be quite true that the sin has been committed; but there are perhaps circumstances connected with it which so far palliate the guilt as to call for pity to the offender rather than the severity of censure. All these circumstances, however, the slanderer takes care to omit. Perhaps the offender fell the victim of a temptation so sudden and so strong, that, thus tempted, his slanderer would have fallen into crimes ten times as great; but of this the slanderer says nothing. Perhaps he has deeply and bitterly repented of his momentary error; but of this the backbiter too is silent. He tells not half the truth.

The backbiter pleads—'The account is quite true.' Yes, but it is truth misrepresented. Perhaps a Christian, provoked and irritated, has uttered some harsh and hasty expression respecting another Christian,

whom in his cool moments he esteems and loves. The backbiter hears it, and away he goes to the person against whom these harsh words were directed, and tells him what his friend has said; but he does not tell him that these words were merely uttered in an unguarded moment, and lamented or retracted almost as soon as spoken. All this and every thing else which would shew the harsh words not deserving of a moment's notice, the backbiter omits. He sows strife and discord, and leaves the persons to whom he bears his tales, to esteem a real friend a cool and deliberate enemy.

Or if all be true, he is still a backbiter: for it is truth which he has no business to repeat; and which he dare not repeat in the hearing of the person concerned. The word of God by no means represents the guilt of scandal as consisting exclusively or principally in lying. Whether the statement be true or false, if it be calculated in any way to injure the reputation or comfort of another, he who circulates it, except only in cases where duty requires the disclosure, he is a backbiter.

There are cases, indeed, in which a disclosure of what is thus known or heard becomes a duty. Thus, to disclose to a parent the misconduct of a child may be of high importance. Regard to the honour of religion, and concern for the welfare of a fallen brother, frequently render it the duty of one member of a Christian church to disclose the criminal conduct of another: but such disclosures should not be made indiscriminately, but to some whose office it is to see that Christian discipline and order are regarded, and disorderly conduct checked by due reproof. The common practice of spreading a brother's or a sis-

ter's fault by telling it to any, or every member of a Christian society is a flagrant sin; *frequently far worse than the crime it discloses.* All the guilt of scandal and backbiting attaches to this shameful practice.

There is also another kind of scandal which I must mention, in which less is said, but where far more mischief is done. The persons guilty of it are justly denominated whisperers. By half sentences, sly insinuations, and affected silence, they disclose the malicious feelings of their hearts; and frequently convey ideas more false and unfavourable respecting the person they dislike, than would be suggested by the open slanderer. How often have I known a person reply when asked respecting another's character,—'O! she is a dear good creature, *but* ——' and the sentence finished with a significant nod, and a half suppressed sigh, as though some deep and weighty matter lay hidden beneath.

It should also be considered that they who encourage tale-bearers by listening to them, really become partakers of their sins. Were slanderers universally spurned as unworthy of notice, who would be a slanderer? But when a tale-bearer's accounts are readily received, though he who hears them may not circulate them, yet by listening to them he inspires the slanderer with fresh confidence, and prepares him more readily to go and repeat them elsewhere.

Let this short rule be well observed, it is merely this,—if you can say no good of any one, unless duty requires you to speak, say nothing. For as the old proverb wisely says, 'Least said is soonest mended.'

To impress yourself with the abhorrence of this most common, yet odious and mischievous sin, you ought to consider,

That the tattler is always a liar. They who live in the habit of tale-bearing, are sure with some truths to utter many falsehoods. Consequently, all that is odious in lying should impress you with the evils of backbiting.

Bishop Taylor, in speaking of slander, remarks—'This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs; it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship; it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vitals of charity; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and *executioner* of the innocent.'

Backbiting is as expressly forbidden by God as adultery or murder. "Let evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice." Eph. iv. 31. "Speak evil of no man." Titus iii. 2.

Backbiting is the source of innumerable evils. "A whisperer separateth chief friends." Prov. xvi. 28. "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds." Prov. xviii. 8. "Where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth." Prov. xxvi. 20. Individuals, families, and churches have been ruined by scandal. Wars have been kindled, nations desolated, and myriads murdered, through tale-bearing.

Tale-bearing and backbiting are peculiarly the sin of those who have lost the power of religion, and are perishing in their iniquity. Thus the Holy Spirit describes some backsliders as "having damnation, because they have cast off their first faith;" and adds, "and withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle but tattlers also

and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not." 1 Timothy v. 12, 13.

Backbiting is a sin which is ranked in the scriptures with the most atrocious crimes. In the first chapter of the Romans it is a conspicuous line in the dreadful picture of the wickedness of an apostate world,—"Filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; *whisperers, backbiters, haters of God.*" Rom. i. 29—31.

Backbiting is a sin of a diabolical description. A Christian, when under the influence of a religious feeling, can take no pleasure in hearing or circulating evil. Where pleasure is found in hearing of iniquity, or in publishing a brother's shame, the heart must plainly be under the influence of malice, or envy, or resentment, or some disposition akin to that —perhaps my readers may say I am using a strong term when I say—that of devils, whose greatest delight is sin. In the epistle to Titus, the second chapter, aged women are cautioned against being false accusers. Titus ii. 3. The original may be more impressive; it is μὴ διαβόλους—*not devils.* The passage may suggest, that none approach nearer the likeness of devils than backbiters; and none so like him as professors of religion that are backbiters. This infernal disposition of slanderers is frequently seen in the manner in which they attack persons most eminent for piety and usefulness. For example—Baxter was represented as a murderer, Luther as an adulterer, Doddridge as unjust and time-serving, Whitfield as all that was vile; besides many other instances. Even the Lord Jesus Christ was represented by slanderers as a glutton and drunkard.

This dreadful disposition, I am grieved to say, still exists. There are at this present moment professors of religion who will represent the principal agents in our Bible and Missionary Societies, who are sacrificing time, property, ease, and perhaps health and life to the diffusion of religion, as designing, self-interested men, whose object is to finger some of the money that passes through their hands. Do not such persons shew the disposition of him who was the accuser of Job? Is there not sufficient reason to warn them to be not devils?

In concluding, I would add that I do not think I have at all exaggerated the account of scandal, or in other words, backbiting. I have been an invalid for many years, and long been an observant of visitors, daily manners and conversation. And I am grieved to say that though I live in a town where religion is respected in the highest degree, and where the inhabitants are generally considered to be decidedly serious, yet I think there is perhaps no town where the people are so inclined to evil speaking and slandering as in this place.

And now may God of his great goodness and sovereign mercy be pleased to bless the perusal of this short paper to many persons, by making it, though humble in its production, the means of many a sincere Christian examining themselves whether they are not guilty of this despicable and unchristian act. Pray therefore, my Christian friends, that the Holy Spirit may write these words on the tablets of your hearts:—"Let evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice." "Speak evil of no man."

M. F. B.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. VI.

AMONG that vast variety of tree, and herb, and plant, which adorns the garden and the conservatory, there are some breathing fragrance all around them, and freely imparting their delicate aroma to the encircling air; while others which bear within their tiny veins a perfume no less exquisite, will not give out their spicy odours unless you first approach the plant and bruise its silken leaf or fibrous stem. When the axe is laid to the branches of the Sandal tree, then is the very instrument which has despoiled it of beauty and luxuriance, made fragrant by reason of the wounds it has caused; and when the ripe lemon-fruit is crushed, it leaves a perfume on the hand that bruises it. The herbs of the field speak a language. They have a voice which is not without its signification in the world. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,'—a poet has sweetly written: and truly it is to be feared, that the most fragrant incense which ascends to heaven from this lower earth, is that which is breathed forth from the torn and bruised hearts of the children of affliction. Sorrow is the doom, the punishment of man. In sorrow he must labour for the bread which is to support a life of sorrow, till he lie down dishonoured in the dust. But the hand

of mercy has wrung out sweetness from the curse: the peaceable fruit of righteousness is the sanctified result of that sorrow which is the heritage of fallen humanity, and the loudest hymn of thankful praise heard by the rapt Evangelist, when in spirit he beheld the throne of God, and saw the vision of the Almighty, was that which burst from the lips of the "thousands of thousands" who came out of great tribulation.

The Bible seems at first sight expressly intended for the children of sorrow; so many are the declarations of God's sympathy with those who suffer. While the prosperous and happy are addressed in words of caution, exhortation or reproof, the softest accents of pity, the whole pathos of compassion is breathed into the ears of the sons and daughters of affliction, with a fulness and tenderness of diction, that leaves no individual case uncared for in all the varied catalogue of human woe. Nor is it only (as among men) when the dignity of the sufferer and the elevated nature of the suffering gives a prominence and importance both to the events recorded and to the actors in them, that we find the interposing mercy of God employed in bringing comfort and hope to mourners. Sooner than a poor oppressed bondwoman shall want consolation and help, angelic messengers shall leave the starry chambers of the highest heaven to pour the balm of hope and promise into her fearful fainting heart. Hagar, the slave, when, worn and weary in the desert, she sought to bathe her parched lips in the cooling fountain, shall be the first of the children of Adam to whom a ministering spirit comes down with messages of mercy; the Holy Ghost thus signifying that

there is no condition so forlorn or so outcast, but that God has respect to it, and that he turneth himself to hear the cry of the poor destitute, whether male or female, whether bond or free.

It is difficult to picture a state more helpless and hopeless than that of Hagar alone in the terrible solitudes of the wilderness. Her haughty spirit, which had led her violently to break from off her neck the yoke which had become by reason of her own insubordination too heavy to bear, could not but quail before the yet greater evils of famine and thirst, and unprotected loneliness. In the first impulses of angry excitement she seems to have resolved to return to her own country, since we find her in the way to Egypt. But the journey was long and difficult, and a very little experience must have convinced Hagar that it was one thing to pass through the stony desert in company with the caravans of Abram, and another to fly like a fugitive through its arid burning wastes. Meanwhile, no messenger from the tent of Abram or of Sarai had followed the unhappy slave with offers of pardon and of home. Her mistress, her husband—both had left her to endure the hard consequences of the step she had voluntarily taken. There were none found to pity the rebellious bondwoman, none to offer one exculpatory word on her behalf. And as memory recalled to the mind the images of her past existence—her state of degradation in her native land—her adoption into the family of Abram and her initiation into the faith of the one true God—her exaltation to a share in the exceeding great and precious promises vouchsafed by Jehovah to the Patriarch, and the happy and honourable estate to which she had been chosen

in his household, forfeited by her own pride and folly alone—as these remembrances rushed upon her spirit, now calmed by solitude and oppressed by fear, how bitterly must she have repented of the evil of her doings, how ardently longed for the restoration of those privileges she had so rashly thrown away! What! though she succeed in reaching the land of Egypt, shall she return to idols who has bowed the knee before the God of heaven and earth? And where will then be her hope as mother of the heir of Canaan? But how return to Sarai, and bear the penalty of her double delinquency? How meet the eye of her husband, after her failure in conjugal duty, her wilful clandestine flight? The past, how bitter! the future, how hopeless! Comfortless, abandoned, alone, with no eye to pity, no arm to help her, it may be that the miserable Hagar, in the anguish of her heart, cried to the God of Abram: *to* that God whose miraculous interposition has saved the Patriarch and family from the perils that befel them while sojourning in Egypt—that God, who in visions of glory had many times revealed himself to his favoured worshipper: but whether it were so or not, we know to our comfort, that in her extremity the eye of the universe beheld her, the arm that upholds the world sustained her; and we can sympathize with the lost child of sorrow in that thrill of awful joy which she must have felt, when the Revealer of secrets, in angelic form, suddenly appeared before her, and addressed her at once by her name and condition—"Hagar, *Sarai's maid*, whence camest thou?"

The truth flashed upon the mind of Hagar. It was the Lord, the shield of Abram. It was the God of

the covenant and the promises, who spoke; and Hagar made her trembling but humble and truthful answer, without one word of evasion or excuse. The voice of God addressed her as the bondmaid of Sarai, not as the wife of Abram, and in the repentant humility of her soul, she acquiesced in that appellation, and confessed at the same time her failure in duty—"I flee from the face of my mistress Sarai."

When shall the ground which the Lord has cursed be fit to receive within its bosom the fructifying grain? Is it not after the rain-drops have watered it, the soft dews descended upon it, and the plough broke up its stubborn depths? And when shall the heart be fitted to receive instruction, when shall the word of God, the counsel of the Holy One sink deepest into its sterile soil? Is it not when softened by affliction, humbled by self-sought and self-inflicted sorrow, and brought into so great misery that there seems no way of escape. Conscience might vainly testify to Hagar, while in the tent of Sarai, of the duty of submission to her mistress,—of the reasonableness of being patient when buffeted for her faults; but after that her headstrong spirit has been permitted to break loose from the thraldom that was so odious to her and to feel the yet greater evils of the freedom for which it pined; then the still small voice of God appeals with convincing power to her soul, and points to the way of duty as the only door of hope,—"Return, and submit thyself."

"Return, and submit thyself." Such is the tenor of the voice from heaven to every wanderer in the wilderness. If the servants of Jehovah, purchased at a costly price, and adopted to become members of the household of faith, refuse to bear the yoke He

calls them to sustain,—if, dissatisfied with the divine dispensations concerning them, they rebel against the appointments of Providence, refusing to conform to the requirements of the station in which He has placed them; aspiring beyond it, despising its obligations, and wearying of its restraints,—if they will madly take into their own hands the helm of their destiny, can they marvel that peril and shipwreck should ensue?

"Return, and submit thyself." It is the voice of God calling to his rebel children, and the angel of the covenant is he who leaves the bosom of the Father to bring the message down. He opens the door of hope to the hopeless; he calls the wanderers home; he tells of pardon and restoration; he takes away the slavish dread of punishment, and enables the soul that has tasted the bitterness of exile from duty and from home, to rejoice in its liberty to serve; he is El Roi, the visible God, for here in the wilderness have we "looked after him that liveth and seeth" us. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and whatever of present hope or future promise we enjoy comes from the Father through him. "Return, and submit thyself." There is no more penalty for past transgressions, no condemnation of avenging judgment. The will subdued—the light yoke taken up, and present peace, and future promise are ours!

From the time that Hagar, in obedience to the command of God, retraced her steps to the tent of Sarai, we hear no more of rebellion on the one side or oppression on the other, until the day when, speaking by the voice of inspiration, the wife of Abram required that the bondwoman should be cast

out, and that not for her own but for her offspring's sin. It is but reasonable therefore to conclude that Hagar was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, that she did submit herself, and *that* as unto the Lord. And God was faithful to his promise, made to her in the hour of her submission. In the twelve princely sons of Ishmael, she beheld an earnest of the seed that should not be numbered for multitude; and if there was something of judgment in the declaration that the child that should be born of her who had exhibited in her own conduct so much of self-will and indocility, should be himself like the wild ass of the desert—intractable and ungovernable; there was also the most soothing memorial of mercy in the name divinely appointed for the child. It was the first time that Deity had condescended to bestow a designation of significant import upon any of the sons of men; and from that hour to this, the very name of Ishmael—"God shall hear"—for ever testifies to every child of sorrow, that God is not a God afar off, heedless of the groans that ascend from this sinful suffering world, but that the desert is as much his dwelling place as the starry heights of heaven, and that his ears are open not only to the harmonies of angelic choirs, breathing out anthems of exalted praise; but, equally so, to the feeblest cry of affliction. It testifies to the sympathy of a holy God with sorrow, even when that sorrow is the consequence of sin. It testifies also the hopeless state of those who, being by nature bound to fulfil the law's extreme enactments, and failing to fulfil them, would have had no way of escape, no refuge to flee unto, had not God heard the cry of the outcast, and sent the angel of the covenant to make restoration easy and pardon

title-page the words 'Millennium,' or 'First Resurrection,' or 'Second Advent,' it is too often placed on an *Index Expurgatorius*, and so laid on the shelf uncut and unread. Should this letter be instrumental in leading but one inquiring Christian to *search the scriptures*, in quest of evidence for or against the correctness of the statements it contains, the writer will be deeply thankful.

We have all seen those fanciful delineations of a tree or a flower, in which the leaves are so artfully disposed as to give the outline of some well-known profile or portrait. At first we look and we see nothing but the tree or the flower; we are told that the profile is there, that it is plain and visible, but we see it not. When, however, a friendly hand succeeds in pointing out to us but one feature, instantly it starts into life, and in whatever aspect we view it, the portrait meets our eye. We are astonished at our blindness in not having before observed it; and the difficulty now becomes how to avoid seeing what is so evident and well defined.

This is precisely what occurs in the mind, when it is awakened to see the great truth of the personal coming of the Lord. In the leaves and petals of the rose of Sharon we then discern the outline of the white horse and of Him that sitteth thereon, whose name is the King of kings and Lord of lords. The proofs of it are to be found in texts and passages of scripture which are familiar to our ears as household words, and when once we are aware of the fact which they announce, when we find that the very name* of Christ is THE COMING ONE (ὁ ἐρχόμενος), we are only

* Matthew xi. 3.

surprised that we could ever have doubted a truth so often and so plainly revealed, and which affords a comfort so sweet, a consolation so strong; and at once we openly enroll ourselves among those *who are looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.**

21*st June*, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

In our recent discussion of certain passages of scripture, which I adduced to you, as plainly announcing that the Lord Jesus Christ will come again to reign on this earth, together with his raised and glorified saints, you brought forward the parable of the sheep and the goats, which seemed to you wholly incompatible with such a view, as you considered that it must inevitably refer to the period of the general resurrection. I am not satisfied with the answers I then gave you, for although I knew that I had myself at one time experienced the same difficulty, and also that I had satisfactorily solved that difficulty yet at the moment I could not clearly state to you what that solution had been. I am sure you will acquit me of any wish to dogmatize, if I now venture to lay before you my opinions on the subject in general. It is only by such discussions that we can arrive at an understanding of the whole truth, and when undertaken in a humble spirit, and with a single desire to understand as much as we can of the manifold wisdom of God, such discussions are profitable and ought not to be shunned.

In reading the parables of our Lord, a general prin-

* Titus ii. 13.

ciple of application is always premised. One man reads them as a *Millennarian*, another as an *Anti-Millennarian*, because in themselves they prove nothing on this point decidedly; they only explain details. I will therefore commence by saying a few words on the fundamental truth of the personal reign of our Lord with his glorified saints upon earth, and I will then proceed to show you how perfectly these parables harmonize with such a view. I will refer to no books but the Bible, and, for convenience, to a Harmony of the Gospels, in which the narrations of the four evangelists are collected in parallel columns.*

Let us first turn to the 19th chapter of the Apocalypse, and read with me as we go on.

The chapter opens with an anthem of triumph over the fall and destruction of the great whore, which, in the 17th chapter is stated to be *that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth* (ver. 18), and that *the seven heads of the scarlet coloured beast* (ver. 3), *are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth* (ver. 9.)

Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen (xiv. 8), and therefore *Allelulia* is uttered by *a great voice of much people in heaven.* (xix. 1—3.)

In verse 6, *Allelulia* is again sung—*Alleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth;* and in verse 7, there is a call *to be glad and to rejoice,* because *the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.* In verse 11, heaven opens, *and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.* The description of this glorious being

* Harmony of the Gospels; being a Comparative View of the Statements of the four Evangelists. Dedicated to the Rev. T. Snow, by one of his Parishioners. 8vo. London, 1836. A very useful book.

is continued in terms which can apply to none but Christ. He is *clothed with a vesture dipped in blood* (v. 13.) Turn to Isaiah lxiii. *Who is this that cometh from Edom,* with died garments from Bozrah.*

The armies which are in heaven follow him; and here I beg you will turn to Matt. xxv. 31, where the parable of the sheep and the goats has the period of its occurrence fixed by these words—*When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him,* THEN, &c.

In verse 15, he smites the nations, and treads the wine-press of the wrath of God. Again turn with me to Isaiah lxiii. 3. *I have trodden the wine-press alone*—I will *tread them in mine anger—and their blood shall be sprinkled on my garments.*—For the DAY OF VENGEANCE *is in mine heart, and the* YEAR OF MY REDEEMED *is come.*

In verses 17, 18. (and pray notice the order of occurrence of these events), we have the invitation to the fowls of heaven to *gather themselves together unto the supper of the great God, to eat the flesh of kings, of captains, and of mighty men,* &c.

In verses 19, 20, we see Antichrist supported by the kings of the earth gathering together against the KING OF KINGS; and in verse 20, they are cast *alive* into the lake of fire burning with brimstone—BEFORE the MILLENNIUM.

Chapter xx. Satan is bound for a thousand years to deceive the nations no more TILL the thousand years should be fulfilled. At the same time the FIRST RESURRECTION takes place, when *they that are Christ's*

* EDOM, *Hebrew,* Red, bloody. A careful investigation of the Prophecies against Edom will show that they have their final accomplishment in the downfal of Rome.

are raised *at his coming*.* (1 Cor. xv. 23.) They live and reign with him a thousand years (and chap. v. 10. tells us that it is *on earth* that they reign), but the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years are finished.

With regard to what will then take place, I do not wish to inquire at present. It is unwise to attempt to be wise above what is written. The second loosening of Satan *for a little season*, is no where else revealed but in this chapter: this is indeed quite sufficient to establish the fact, but it concerns us little practically. When the LORD himself has come, we shall doubtless receive guidance as to the events of that awful period. At present let us confine our attention to the plain consecutive prophecy before us, and let me request you, without looking to any commentators, simply to read the plain word of God. Lay aside every pre-conceived notion *for the moment*, and every prejudice *for ever*, and I do not doubt that you will come to the conclusion that GOD means what he says, and not what man says He means.

We are often told that the *dead in Christ rise first*, and here we are told that after their resurrection, a thousand years, triumphant years, are to elapse ere the rising of the rest of the dead.

We may now turn to the parables, and see whether they harmonize with the above scheme of interpretation, or rather scheme of no-interpretation, but of plain reading, for I interpret nothing. Let us first, however, look at the preceding great prophecy delivered by our Lord, to which these parables are appended as corollaries and explanations.

* COMING, *Greek*, Παρουσια, *parousia*, PRESENCE, from the verb παρειμι, compounded of παρα, *near, with*, and ειμι, *to be*.

Matt. xxiv. 3. The disciples here ask two questions—1st. *When shall these things be?* viz. the destruction of the temple which Jesus had just announced to them. 2nd. *And what shall be the sign of thy coming* (παρουσια, *parousia*) *and of the end of the world?* *

Our Lord accordingly gives them a double answer. He utters a magnificent prophecy, part of which applies to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and the whole of which applies to his own second coming: the desolating judgments which fell on Jerusalem, and the preservation of the Christians, being a shadow or type of the awful judgments on unbelievers and the perfect safety of his own people at that great and glorious event.

That this prophecy was not fulfilled entirely at the siege must be evident after a careful perusal of its majestic language, but this circumstance can be proved by referring to the parallel passage in St. Luke xxi. 24. *Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles* UNTIL *the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled* (vide Rev. xi. 2.) Moreover in the 17th chapter of St. Luke, in a prophecy relating to the coming of the kingdom of God, we have a prophecy parallel to this, but which can in no way relate to the destruction of Jerusalem.

In verse 27, we are told that the coming (or presence of the Son of Man shall be like the lightning shining from the east to the west—evidently something more than any events which befel Jerusalem.

* End of the world, Συντελεια του αιωνος, *sunteleia tou aionos*—literally, Completion of the age. The distinction between κοσμος, *kosmos*, and αιων, *aion*, both translated *world*, is very remarkable, in Matt. xiii. 38, 39, where, in explaining the parable of the tares and the wheat, our Lord says, "The field is the world," *kosmos*, or the physical globe; but the harvest is the end of the *aion*, age, not of the *kosmos*, although the same word is used in the English translation.

In verse 28. *The eagles are gathered together where the carcase is.* This is primarily typical of the Roman standards, but finally synchronizes with the gathering together of the fowls of the air, to eat the flesh of kings, captains, &c. Rev. xix. 17, 18; and with the parallel passage in Ezekiel xxxix. 17, 18.* See also Luke xvii. 37.

Then comes the Son of Man *in the clouds of heaven, with great power and glory* (ver. 30.) He sends his angels *with a great sound of a trumpet, to gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other* (ver. 51.) This synchronizes with the first resurrection; but the rising of the wicked is not here adverted to.

Next follows the short admonitory parable of the fig-tree putting forth her leaves (ver. 32.) to which St. Luke adds (xxi. 28.) *And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.*

Verse 36. tells us that *of that day and hour knoweth no man*, but that it shall come like the days of Noah, —men eating and drinking—marrying and giving in marriage, and they are suddenly overtaken—*so shall also the coming* (parousia) *of the Son of Man be.*

St. Mark compares it to *a man taking a far journey* (xiii. 34), and leaving his servants in charge, cautioning them to WATCH, as they *know not when the Master of the house cometh;* and the three evangelists conclude with strong admonitions to WATCH, lest coming suddenly he find them sleeping.

* I do not remember to have seen this remarkable parallelism alluded to. The three prophecies above noticed in Ezekiel, the evangelists, and the Apocalypse, will bear the closest collation, and will be found to harmonize in the details in a wonderful manner.

What I say unto you, I say unto you ALL, WATCH. Some of the servants, however, will say that the Lord *delayeth his coming* (Matt. xxiv. 48); * but *the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.*

Now for the parables. The first is that of the ten virgins (xxv): and I wish you to mark the copulative THEN, which fixes the period of its occurrence, and is the key to the whole. THEN, when the Master cometh suddenly, and findeth some of his servants careless, *then*, at that time shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins.

Ver. 10. The Bridegroom comes to the marriage; (Rev. xix. 7.) *The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his bride hath made herself ready.* The wise virgins are admitted, the foolish are excluded. And how does our Lord apply this? He again repeats his admonition, WATCH *therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh* (ver. 13.)

The next parable is that of the talents (v. 14.) The zealous servants are rewarded according to their zeal. They are made *rulers over many things, and enter into the joy* of their *Lord*, but the unprofitable servant is again sent into outer darkness (verse 30; compare with xxiv. 51.)

And now for the parable which induced me to write this letter—the sheep and the goats.

The period of its occurrence is unequivocally marked by its preface (ver. 31), *When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him,* THEN *shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and be-*

* Compare 2 Peter iii. 3—5.

fore him shall be gathered, &c. Here especially observe Rev. xix. 11, 14, already quoted, and St. Mark viii. 38; and also turn to Matt. xix. 28. where it is said that *when the Son of Man*—God in manhood—*shall sit on the throne of his glory*—the throne of his father David—*ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.* This proves Israel to be then a nation, and that *a king reigns over them in righteousness*, and the name of that king is JEHOVAH TZIDKENU, Jehovah *our* righteousness (*our* appertaining to the Jews). Jer. xxiii. 6. The whole of this chapter here claims attention as well as Jer. xxxi. and many parallel chapters in the Hebrew prophets.

But to return to the parable: those on the right hand are told (ver. 34.) to *inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.*

Those on the left hand (ver. 41.) are sent *into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels*—the very fire in which the devil, and the beast, and the false prophet are bound DURING the MILLENNIUM.

So in Matt. xiii. 40. *As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of the world* (completion of the age). *The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom* (proved to be this physical material world, κοσμος, by ver. 38 of this chapter) *all things that offend, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.*

Verse 46, winds up the whole: *And these shall go away into everlasting punishment* (they will be re-united to their bodies at the general resurrection, to be partakers of the SECOND DEATH, but this is only additional torment); *but the righteous into life eternal.*

Of which life eternal, the enjoyment of the millennial kingdom, and the first resurrection which they are accounted worthy to attain,* is the first stage—the infancy of that blessed life. Some enjoyment of it is felt even in this life by the regenerated believer, who has been quickened by the Spirit of God; but this parallel holds good. Now he is but an embryo in the womb; at the first resurrection the infancy of his endless life commences, and it will go on increasing in successive stages of glory. From that period, however, he sees face to face, he is for ever with his Lord.

I have said enough for one letter. It is easy to raise difficulties in the views I have stated; but faith surmounts and triumphs over them, nor stops, like Nicodemus, to ask, *How can these things be?* The Bible tells me that the redeemed are to reign with Christ upon earth, before the general resurrection. I simply believe it as I find it, and then I proceed to examine other parts of scripture, laying this truth as a foundation stone to the inquiry; and I find the symmetry and beauty of the whole superstructure matchless. I am perfectly satisfied!

Ever yours faithfully,

L. H. J. T.

NOTE—Two days after writing the preceding, the writer, by a remarkable coincidence, had the pleasure of hearing a lucid comment on the parallel invitations to the "fowls of the air," in Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, from the lips of the esteemed pastor whose ministry he has the privilege of attending.

* The EXαναστασις, *exanastasis*, which St. Paul so earnestly strove by any means to attain—the *resurrection* OUT FROM AMONGST *the dead*.

NOTES ON GENESIS.

CHAPTER VI.

6. We cannot suppose that God can repent of His actions in the sense of being sorry for them. He sees all things in their results as well as in their commencements, and cannot therefore be grieved by any unforeseen consequences; but when he sees fit to change the plan or course of conduct he had apparently, and as far as man's perception of his dealings goes, had really adopted, this language is used as being conformable to the sentiment which would induce a reasonable man to change his plan or course of conduct.

8. That Noah sought favour from God before he obtained it we are not informed, neither how nor why it was granted him. The cause rests in the unsearchable, sovereign will of God; the effect or consequence we find in the next verse, "He was a just man and perfect," and "Noah walked with God."

15. Some have raised a cavil against the truth of this account, by asserting that the size of the ark, as here given, could not possibly contain the number of animals, together with their food, required to be brought into it. This cavil is evidently intended to strike, through Moses, at the scriptures, insinuating that they are not the word of God, since falsehood

can be found in them. But even granting (which however is very questionable) that the ark could not contain seven pair of some, and one pair of every other species of animals *now* existing, this would by no means shake the credulity of the account given by Moses; since the number of kinds of animals must have immensely multiplied during the long period between that time and the present. Consider the differences which change of climate, change of food, intermixture of breeds, casualties and the arts of man produce in animals, even in the space of a few years, and we shall see that we can make no accurate calculation on the subject. The facts of the deluge and the preservation of some individuals in the ark want not evidence. The Deucalion's flood of the Poets is manifestly a wild, traditionary account of the deluge; and vestiges of that event are still visible to naturalists in the main substances which are found in places, into which they could not have been brought by any other means that we are acquainted with. On the subject of the ark, Josephus has the two following quotations: the first is from Brotius, the Chaldean, 'They say there are some remains of this vessel still to be seen upon the mountains of the Condyæaus in Armenia, and that the inhabitants of the adjacent country scrape the pitch from the planks, prizing it as a rarity, and carrying it about them as an amulet or charm against the accidents of life.' The other is from Nicholaus of Damascus: 'In the province of Mynia, in Armenia, there is a high mountain called Bares, whither, as tradition relates, great numbers of people fled for refuge at the time of the general deluge. There is also a tradition that a vessel with a man in it struck

upon the mountain, and that a part of the timber remained there a long time. Probably this is the man whom Moses has mentioned.' Josephus, vol. i. p. 14. Another cavil against the veracity of the Bible I cannot forbear mentioning here, as it is improbable I should live long enough to carry the notes down to the part of scripture where it might be more properly introduced. I have heard it urged by men of sense and learning sufficient to preserve them from such shallow reasoning in any case wherein they did not wish to deceive themselves, that the miracle of the sun standing still for a day, as recorded Joshua x. 13, is absolutely impossible, and is totally unsupported by history. To argue against the possibility of a miracle is idle. That the God who framed every thing in existence and regulated the course of their joint and separate movements can, at his pleasure, control and vary that course, is evident to the feeblest light of unperverted reason. In fact nothing is a miracle that is not contrary to the ordinary, established course of nature. Whether this fact is noticed in history I cannot say; neither do I know if there be any history of so early date, except that of Moses; but it has all the support which tradition can give it in the fable of Phaeton, which is evidently an account of this event, handed down by those who were sensible of the fact without being acquainted with the cause.

17. This threat, we have reason to think, would not have been executed if they had believed it and acted accordingly; (See Jonah iii. 5 to the end.) and *in* case of a general, but not universal unbelief, such individuals as believed would probably have been "hid from the anger of the Lord," and been saved

with Noah and his family. That they did not believe we find, Matt. xxiv. 37—40, and 1 Peter iii. 19, 20. They were preached to and warned by Noah while the ark was preparing. 2 Pet. v.

18. A covenant between men is a mutual engagement, in which each has a part to perform. Not so a covenant between the Creator and his creatures; his covenant is that he bestows mercy freely and unconditionally, and they receive it through faith in the proffer, which faith is his gift also. Eph. ii. 8.

This covenant with Noah is simply the command that he should retire with his family, &c. into the place of safety provided for them. Noah believed the word of God, (Heb. xi. 7.) and "according to all that he commanded so did he." The mercy and guiding providence of God are strikingly manifested in the saving of Noah's family with him; the few "that should be saved" having been previously given him in the closest and dearest bonds of connection.

CHAPTER VII.

23. Let us not read these awful events only as the tales of times that are past. Great and wonderful as they are, they are but as the types and shadows of events more great, more wonderful, which are daily passing around us. The world still lieth in wickedness and still the heart of man, with "all its thoughts and imaginations, are only evil continually." Man still disregards the warning voice of God, preached to him in his word and by his ministers, and still falls into perdition, forewarned yet unbelieving. The ark of safety still remains, and is open to all who

choose to enter in. This ark is Christ, who is the way, the only way of salvation from impending ruin, John xiv. 8.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. An ingenious friend gave me what struck me as a very beautiful idea on this verse. He informed me that near the Poles the mountains of ice are of such immense magnitude that if the whole were dissolved it would furnish more than sufficient water to overflow the earth in a second deluge. The wind here mentioned, he conceives to have blown the waters to the Poles, where they have ever since remained, confined in bonds of ice; and thus has the Lord "shut up the water in bounds they cannot pass," and said to the ocean "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," in a sense more grand and sublime than a mere reference to their ordinary course, to which the words are usually applied.

3. This returning of the waters continually appears to be the tides. Whether the tides only now began to flow and to retire, or whether, on the subsiding of the flood, they but resumed their former course I am not able to inform you.

11. Hence the dove and the olive-tree have been regarded as emblems of peace. The latter, even in nations where the scriptures are not known, probably from tradition. The Holy Spirit appears (Matt. iii. 16.) in the likeness of a dove; and the olive-tree is given as a type of him. Zech. iv. 11. Rev. xi. 4.

21. The nature of a covenant between the Creator and his creature, as before explained, Note on vi. 18,

is here made plain; so far from the gracious promise here given being conditional of any good thing in man, it is expressly stated that it is *because* the imagination of his heart is evil that God will no more disturb the course of nature on account of his sins. Those sins being interwoven in his nature, (See note on ii. 17.) and therefore continual, if they were to be punished in this manner, the course of nature would be so frequently interrupted that the benefits of a regular course would be utterly lost. Why this is not to be we may gather from Matt. xxiv. 22.

FEMALE DRESS.

THE following letter appeared in that valuable newspaper 'The Record,' a short time since. We transfer it, with the Editor's remarks, to our pages, as being peculiarly suited for the consideration of Christian ladies.

SIR,

It is a great pity we have not a Spectator, as our ancestors had, to expose the folly of the age. Your valuable journal has done more than any other publication of the present day to purify professors of religion from the dross of the world; but I do not recollect that you have ever aimed a blow at the indelicacy of the evening dresses of ladies. Independently of the absurdity of suffering themselves to be deprived, for the sake of fashion, of that most useful part of a garment, the shoulder-strap, and looking as if they were pinioned for execution, the exposure this makes of their persons is sinful and disgraceful in every female, but especially in those who are professors of godliness, and sometimes are the wives and daughters of ministers of the gospel. What would such ladies think of their female servants, if they were in any degree to follow their example in this respect? Would they not discharge them for it? And are not mistresses, as well as servants, required to abstain from all appearance of evil, and not to be conformed to the vain and sinful customs of this evil world? Ladies thus attired often lose in a party the conversation of well-disposed men, who will not willingly approach them. This is the

feeling of the writer, who invariably avoids them. Thus the object many of them may have in view by such exposure is defeated. It is recorded of Buonaparte, that, on one occasion, at an entertainment he gave at court, being displeased with the impropriety of the ladies, he rang the bell and ordered their shawls. Well would it be, if this were sometimes done in what are called our religious parties. We are often referred to the pictures of our great-aunts and grandmothers, as an excuse for this indelicacy. We may as well return to the *double-entendres* and loose conversation of our great-grandfathers. Is not the age of our virtuous Victoria to be purer than that of the profligate Charles? And is the great increase of religious knowledge and profession to have no effect on our conduct? When a minister or master is closing the evening with family prayer, and perhaps entreating at the throne of grace, to be preserved from every thing that is inconsistent with the gospel, what must his servants think, when they see his wife and daughters thus conforming to a world from which they ought to be separated?—T. H.

[We very cordially concur in these remarks of our reverend and estimable correspondent. The sinful indelicacy ought assuredly to be checked in every family professing godliness. In our younger days, that loose thing Fashion commanded the exposure before instead of behind, and the bosoms of females used to be shamelessly exposed. We are expecting to see a revival of this greater enormity: but whether we have the one or the other to participate in, the indecency is *sin*, while it is utterly disgusting to every man of just feeling and correct taste.—EDITOR.]

Record, May 21, 1840.

THREE USES OF TRADITION.

We have heard, within the last two or three years, much of the revival in the Church of England and Ireland of a reverence for tradition. We are told by numbers, that the Bible is not, and was not intended to be, a sufficient guide for the church, and that therefore it is our duty, as Protestant churchmen, to exercise our acumen in separating those traditions which are genuine and catholic, from the novel and sectarian traditions of the intrusive and ambitious church of Rome. Others accustomed to regard tradition as the property of Rome alone, and a reverence for it as one of the marks of the apostacy, start back astounded at the very name pronounced by Protestant lips, and regard the propounders of such an opinion as the secret emissaries of Rome, and denounce men, respectable for their learning, devotion, amiability, and uprightness, as hypocrites, who having crept into the sanctuary of our church, are labouring to undermine her bulwarks, and to betray her to the tyranny of her bitterest enemy. Now such is evidently not the fact. Character is, alas! no guarantee against heresy of any kind; but character such as that maintained by some of the modern upholders of tradition, does afford evidence that nothing dishonest or dishonourable is mixed with their purposes. What then, it may be asked, can have induced Protestant men of learning and piety thus to en-

danger the very foundations of their Protestant faith, and in the teeth of the Articles * of their beloved 'mother,' assert the insufficiency of scripture, and eagerly turn to the guidance of other 'mothers,' even of those whom their own pronounces to have 'erred.'†

I am not now about to inquire into the possibility of our obtaining an accurate and accordant view of the opinions and practices of the ancient church, or the value of such a view if obtained. I merely desire to point out what is the place which tradition is calculated to fill, and what it is that makes it attractive. I shall not stop to inquire into the value of the history of the church or the world, as the record of God's dealings with mankind, or the value of ancient literature, as opening the history of mind; or the value of exposition, as assisting to elucidate the sacred text: for none of these include what is meant by tradition; for we may profess the most profound respect for the fathers, as historians, observers, or expositors, without placing them, however they may be preferred, in a higher class than Thucydides, Horace, or Henry. Tradition is a very different thing from this—the one is a credible statement of facts, opinions, or views of scripture which may be incorrect; the other an authoritative handing down of practices, doctrines, and decisive interpretations. And it is most necessary, in any consideration of tradition, that we bear in mind this distinction, because there has been a frequent confounding of historic evidence with traditional authority. What then are the uses of tradi-

* 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation.'—Art. vi.

† 'As the church of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith.'—Art. xix.

tion? It appears to me they are these three. First, to clear up points on which scripture is not sufficiently explicit. Second, To elucidate points in which scripture appears to contradict the first principles of our theology. And, Third, To supply the want the church feels from the absence of the Author of the Bible.

First, then, there are many subjects respecting which the notices of scripture are confessedly obscure, while on others it is absolutely silent; and these are precisely the points on which, in religious matters, we are inclined to lay the greatest stress, and which occupy the foremost place in every system of theology, except that of the New Testament,—namely, those things which constitute the externals of religion. No one, for instance, can compare the institution of the Jewish priesthood with that of the Christian ministry, without being struck by the fact that the office of the stewards of the higher dispensation is by no means put forward with the same distinctness as that of the stewards of the lower; while he who, after reading the minute directions for the splendid ministering robes of the one, turns to seek for similar directions for the other, will find his most diligent search unrewarded. Some think this very obscurity clear as the light, and this silence more eloquent than words; and conceive that God having very plainly constituted a ministry, and almost as plainly charged those thus appointed to "ordain others also," has left other things connected with that ministry, as their precise powers, classes, mode of succession, &c., to be collected rather from scattered hints in his word (aided, perhaps, by the lights of secular, i. e. extra-scriptural and uninspired history),

for the precise purpose of curbing that spirit in the clergy, which would lead them to make themselves lords over Christ's heritage; and that spirit in the laity which leads them to put the messenger and his authority in the place of the message and its awful sanction. And while they thankfully collect from scripture the scattered notices which open to them the divine will respecting the ministerial character, successive powers, and duties, and bless God for what he has revealed on that subject,—as thankfully do they acknowledge, while they look at the usurpations of the Roman and Eastern clergy, that, from the mode in which the revelation has been made, there is not left in his word a peg, or a notch wherein to insert a peg, to hang these usurpations upon. They bless God alike that his word gives them a ministry, and that his word gives no sanction to any attempt to place that ministry between them and the Saviour it preaches. And so with respect to every other partially or obscurely revealed direction; they see as much wisdom and as much love in the mode and measure of the announcement as in the announcement itself.

Again, when scripture is silent, as on the subject of garments, &c., they believe that God has thus marked the thing to be matter of perfect indifference, or one to be safely left to the good sense and good taste of a scripturally enlightened people, and therefore they from their hearts subscribe to the declaration that 'It is *not* necessary that traditions and ceremonies be in all places one, and utterly alike;' and that 'every particular or national church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the church, ordained only of men's autho-

rity;' (Art. xxxiv.) satisfied that the church will never decree in ceremonies any thing contrary to sense or decency, till she has in graver matters erred from the faith.

But while some have thus given their minds to be cast in scripture mould, to see that important which it marks important, and that indifferent which it marks indifferent, it is not so with all; but with multitudes things hold their relative position, not according to the place assigned them in scripture, but according to the place they have once obtained in the mind of the individual. And the more theology such persons read, the more they are confirmed in this relative view; for in this manufacture of difficulties, as in the manufacture of idols, the carpenter encourages the goldsmith, and he that smooths with the hammer him that smites on the anvil; since in nothing are men so united to disregard scripture as in its standard of relative importance; so that doctrines and practice are valued rather according to the lynx-eyed sagacity required to discover them, than by the fulness and distinctness with which they are revealed. When, therefore, a mind has thus brought itself to believe in the vast and almost essential importance of something lightly touched on in scripture, as, for example, episcopal succession, how must the soul thirst after further revelation on the subject; and while the Bible, searched and re-searched, obstinately refuses more than one drop or two of comfort, can we wonder if traditon, after a slight exhibition of Protestant repugnance, is swallowed greedily, and found a most refreshing draught? The soul must exult in delight at the full, decisive, and overwhelming testimony of tradition, compared with the narrow

and reserved evidence of a book which a Presbyterian may read without a blush, and from which, as regards the point in question, an Independent must subtract but a few scattered passages.

But if tradition be thus agreeable, on a matter respecting which scripture does give us guidance, though not so much as some might desire,—to find tradition supply all that could be wished, how much more gratifying must its testimony be, when scripture is absolutely silent! Suppose a person to have once brought his mind, comparing the Lord's supper with the passover, and dropping the typical character of the prophetic act, and the majestic simplicity essential to the commended memorial of unutterable love, to contemplate with sorrow the minute directions for the one ceremonial, and the slight reference to all but one act in the other,—must he not necessarily wish for more light? Suppose then, the question solemnly asked, and the mind wrought up to feel it one of interest, What are we to do with the bread before we place it on the table? How strangely silent is scripture on this subject!—no mention of a second table; no hint where the bread came from; no information as to how it was dressed; whether eaten standing or sitting, with the loins girded, or the garments flowing; no staff directed to be in the hand; no command as to the disposal of the residue. But let a mind think these things of importance; let him persuade himself that the Deity is pleased or displeased, according as a certain ceremonial is gone through or neglected; that the spiritual blessing waits upon the correct performance of certain manipulations and genuflexions attending the outward ordinance; let him, in short imagine himself a Jew,

and not a Christian, and he must at once feel that the New Testament is no book for him; or, if a manual of pure morals, and inward devotion, it at least requires an expositor as to the mode of performing the duties commanded, hinted at, or passed over in its pages. To him, then, tradition comes as an unknown friend; and it is only to be wondered at, that Protestantism has lived out three centuries, without some of its formalist votaries discovering that they wanted such a guide.

But obscurity or silence on the externals of Christianity is not the only difficulty scripture presents to some minds. It contains not only a few startling assertions, but long and argumentative passages contradictory to what they have assumed to be orthodox Christianity, and not only so but its general tenor seems to accord rather with those assertions and arguments than with the standard of orthodoxy, while on the other side there are whole chapters, and almost whole books that give as full a testimony in favour of approved theology as any could desire. Now, here are two difficulties—first, many passages in scripture contradict the conclusions of men's wisdom; and, secondly, they appear to contradict equally plain declarations of scripture itself. Some might be disposed to say, When the conclusions of reason, however certain they may appear, contradict one sentence which reason knows to be from God, they must be silent in the dust; and if one passage of scripture appear to contradict another, it must be seeming only, and the whole difficulty must arise from our ignorance, which we may confidently hope the study of the word itself shall dispel. But there are many who do not feel either this sense of their

own weakness or this assurance of the sufficiency of scripture, and therefore they gladly take that which seems to support their own views, while the other scriptures remain a thorn in their side. For example,—the apparent meaning of the 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th of Romans is directly at variance with their standard of orthodoxy, and is generally regarded as dangerous to morals, tending to puff up with vain imaginations and vain hopes, degrading to man and injurious to the character of the divine government, or at least rending the veil that should hang over the Holy of holies. But not only are these passages opposed to the declarations, as we are given to understand, of sound reason and natural theology, but they are flatly contradictory to other parts of scripture, so much so that what is called rational, mild and Christian divinity could not frame language in which to put forward its views more fully than the language of the 18th of Ezekiel. Here then is a clear case where further light is necessary, scripture contradicts scripture and reason, therefore we must have an authoritative expositor. If it be suggested that the 18th of Ezekiel and kindred passages are but a fuller and simpler setting forth of the law which is expressly stated to be weak, unprofitable, put away, contradictory to the gospel, the bringer in only of a curse, dead, and that therefore the promises under the law which were not and are not accepted, cannot save, but that its only office is to point the sinner whom it condemns to the precious salvation which the cross has purchased, and to make his proud heart rejoice in the freeness and sovereignty of divine grace; this as making the case harder against rational Christianity—I do not mean the absurdities

of Socinianism, but the decencies of modern Pelagianism—only proves more strongly the value of tradition as a powerful and necessary auxiliary. It is, in fact, since these doctrines have pressed upon its citadel that that form of Pelagian heresy, which calls itself modern orthoxy, which had sat still in its strength, has been forced to fly to the remoter fastnesses of tradition.

To those, therefore, who love the Christian name, while they hate the humbling doctrines of the gospel, tradition offers its welcome aid, and the apostolic epistles are made to look small indeed among the meritorious alms—deeds and fastings, the offerings of pure hearts and the prayers from unsullied lips which are lauded in the volumes of the apostolic fathers. The second use then of tradition is to explain away or neutralize the offensive statements of the Bible.

But there is another want, more deeply felt than either of these. The Author of Christianity, the Head of the church has died; blessed were they who heard the word at his lips and received the Spirit from his hands! But ages have rolled between, Christianity has grown old, she has been in the world, she has contracted its spirit, she has rationalized, she has scrutinized,—and every year that has passed has brought us further from primitive truth. When John leaned on the Master's breast at supper, when Mary sat at his feet, when Peter girt on his fisher's coat and swam to meet his Lord, felt they as we poor sinners feel, or were they sent to drink in consolation from the pages of a book? No, surely no; how does their joy, their peculiar joy shine forth in the simple and touching words—"That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have

looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life." And were those not privileged, though in an infinitely less degree, who could learn from their lips every minute circumstance respecting the Son of Man, and thus almost hold personal communion with him, while the truth of their living narration was attested by the powers they exercised, and by the sufferings they endured; if women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. But what are we, or whom? We cannot touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, nor can the shadow of Peter overshadow us. Eighteen hundred years ago the fountain rose pure and bright and health-giving, but its waters have flowed down to us through many an age of a defiling world, and we can but drink of streams turbid and mingled with many a current which has added to their volume, but stained their purity. Shall we then be satisfied to drink only of the waters which have thus reached us, or shall we not rather ascend the stream of time, and in spirit hold communion with those who drink of the living waters that burst from the stable of Bethlehem. All this sounds well and piously, but is the assumption on which it rests true? Our Head indeed is departed and we see him no more, but did he not say—"It is expedient for you that I go away," and was not the Comforter sent to comfort the people of Christ, to receive of his and shew it unto us; and has not Christ said to his people—"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,"—the limit of his corporal absence; and is not the body of every individual believer a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, and while we

are talking of long flowing streams and polluting influences, has not God said—"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." In each individual believer, the fountain of life is living and bubbling up, and whatever of greenness is found in our land, arises from the overflowing of these living wells. Yes! Christianity is old, but the Author of Christianity waxeth not old: the church may have fallen from her original purity, but her Refiner and Purifier is a God at hand: Jesus is dead, but of him it is witnessed that he liveth; his voice no longer sounds in our ears to answer every inquiry at the moment, but he changeth not, and the promise is not forgotten that he will guide us into all truth: the revelation is closed, but why? Because enough has been revealed for our present wants, and though no dead bodies now are raised, nor tongues of fire descend from heaven, the Spirit of him that liveth and was dead still magnifies his power in saying to dead souls—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead." And, taking the written word, applies it with living, quickening efficacy, and brings in, not perhaps three thousand souls in one day, but as many as are ordained to eternal life.

No, blessed be God, God has not forsaken his church—now, now is he God with us as he was in Bethlehem, at Tabor, or on Calvary; we need not look back when it is given us to look up; and if amid all our privileges and all our blessings we lack wisdom, we will not ask of those who went before us, but will ask of him who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not. It is a fearful thing when a church professes that, like Elymas, she must go

about seeking some one to guide her. Blessed be God, it is but a few individuals in our church who use this language; the church herself, as far as her formularies testify, seeks other means whereby she may "worthily magnify his holy name," even "the inspiration of his Holy Spirit." The third use of tradition then is to supply the place of the Holy Spirit's presence to a church that has lost its quickening, life-giving and life-preserving power.

We must not forget that the spirit of formality, of opposition to gospel truth, and consequent deadness, which had for nearly two centuries reigned in our church undisturbed, which had entrenched itself in negatives and was able to overwhelm sound doctrine with the crushing hand of power, or neutralize its influence by an appeal to the natural ungodliness of man, has been of late years assailed on all sides, and the spirit of the age, which is that of movement, pleased with the activity of the upholders of gospel truth, forgave their doctrines for the sake of their energy, so that the "good Dr. Dolittles" were either vanishing from the scene or falling into contempt. The doctrine of Dr. D. was much more palatable than that of Mr. B., but when men came to die, or even when they sought for spiritual benefit in a religious season, for themselves or their families, the contrast between the devoted, laborious minister and the companion of the card table or the race-course was too striking to be overlooked, and the names evangelical and religious came to be almost synonymous. It was manifest that Satan must yield his place within the church or raise up a movement. There must be piety apart from truth, there must be apparent holiness of life, and that holiness must be opposed to,

and yet of a more striking character than the holiness of the gospel. Hence arose Puseyism; hence, from the attractive appearance the old doctrines have put on, the effect they have produced on the public generally, and even on some good men; and hence, of necessary consequence, the tendency towards Popery which the old party disliked as too religious and as encroaching too much on liberty of every kind, but which alone is able to present any thing like a compact front in favour of formality, heresy, and spiritual lifelessness, when opposed by the truth as in Jesus. That the supporters of these things have been driven to take shelter under the battlements of Rome is not to be wondered at; that they should seek yet nearer alliance with her is to be dreaded. But those who desire to regard that only as important which God reveals to be important, to receive that as true which he declares to be true, and who worship Jesus, not as a dead man, but as the living God—may safely turn from tradition and from Rome,—they can bring them nought.

H. B. M.

THINGS OF OLD.

No. VI.

AMERICA.

It has been usual, with Biblical geographers, to allot the three grand portions of the old world to the three sons of Noah. And this with good reason; for although a few portions may have been possessed by some one of the families, in the territory of another, (as the Canaanites possessed Palestine,) yet the principal divisions still remain essentially the same. Shem and his sons colonized Asia,—Ham, Africa,—and Japhet, Europe; and their respective descendants occupy these three quarters of the earth at this day.

The question then arises,—to whom was America alloted? and why were those vast continents raised from the ocean bed, whence we have already seen that our habitable world was elevated, at the deluge; if they were not apportioned to some one of the main branches of mankind?

The object of the present paper is to answer this two-fold question; and I would sum up the reply in these few words—America was formed to be the stage whereon the destinies of the three sons of Noah should be acted out, in all their fulness of accomplishment.

Such, at least, is the idea which presents itself to

my own mind, and if it be drawn from any writer on antiquity, I beg pardon for the plagiarism; but, to the best of my belief, it is not borrowed from any one.

The first reflection which here forces itself on our notice concerns the immeasurable consequences which spring from trifling actions; or rather from actions which appear to us trifling, but which are really unspeakably important, from the obedience or disobedience to the divine will involved in them. Many writers have moralized upon the great results to the eastern world, arising out of Mahomet's preservation in a cave, from whose entrance a bird flew forth on the approach of his pursuers: all the religion, and nearly all the wars and politics of the Oriental nations having sprung from a system which would have been crushed at one blow, had Mahomet then been seized. But what is this, vast as it may seem, to the fates and fortunes of all mankind, flowing apparently from one act of profane, filial impiety on the part of Ham, and one of respectful filial *love* performed by Shem and Japhet?

Let us now see how these destinies of the human family,—the curse of abject slavery, the enlargement of territory, the occupation of foreign lands,—have all been fulfilled upon the vast platform of the Americas.

Many have been the conjectures as to the first occupants of the new world; but I have no wish to weary my readers with the learned names and long arguments employed on all sides of this question. Nearly all writers on the subject have agreed that the first migration into America was performed by way of Behring's Straits, and was a very easy transit, from the abundance of small islands which form

almost a bridge from one continent to the other; while, in winter, the whole opening is frozen over, and affords a free passage on the ice.

Now it is an established fact that the successive colonizing of the earth's different regions has been effected by the method of "the pressure from without." The first dwellers of the world were all Nomades or wandering tribes, and as fresh colonies pressed upon the rear of those who had pitched their tents in some fertile or pleasant spot, they gradually moved onwards, farther and farther into the uninhabited portions; and thus the process went on, like the progression of rays from a centre, until, by degrees, the whole world became peopled.

By carrying out this theory to its full extent, we shall see that the earliest inhabitants of North America must now be sought in the southern regions of the other continent, and the immense length of time which has passed since their first entrance upon American ground has probably effaced all traces of their origin; so that it would be vain to dogmatise upon the probable stock whence they sprang. They are most likely some of the early settlers in Siberia; driven onwards by later waves of population, from the grand patriarchal centre, Armenia.

We now come to more historical periods. The learned Calmet, in treating of the Canaanites, proves, from ancient authorities, that some of the Hivites, whom he identifies with the Avites, (Deut. ii. 23. Jos. xiii. 3.) dwelt on the shores of the Mediterranean, and were driven thence by the Philistines or Caphtorim. These must have come from Caphtor, or Lower Egypt, by way of Suez. Now, it is very remarkable that among the Mexican records, preserved

by the Spaniards, and quoted by Dr. Cabrera, (in his *Teatro Critico Americano*,) there is one concerning Votan, "the third Gentile of the Calendar," who styles himself the grandson of Noe, and saw "the great house, which was built from earth to heaven," (Babel) and who declares himself to be a Chivim or *Hivim*, and that his race came from Syria; at least, so his hieroglyphic book is considered to signify.

In support of this, let us remember what the unhappy Montezuma related to Cortes—'Neither my ancestors, nor myself, nor any of the people now dwelling in this country, are the (aboriginal) natives of it: we are strangers, and came hither from very distant parts.' 'We are not (aboriginal) natives of this country: our predecessors came from a far distant land: they were brought hither by a great Lord, who left them here, and to whom all were subject.' He added that they came from the east. The Peruvians have a similar tradition.

The accounts given by the earliest Norwegian and Welsh emigrants to these countries, always represent them as already inhabited, and Montezuma also said that his ancestors found people in the land. These were, no doubt, the tribes now found to the south of Peru; driven onwards by the progress of these mighty nations.

Another Spanish author describes a Mexican hieroglyphic record, which the natives interpreted to signify the 104 years which their forefathers spent in as many different encampments, or dwellings, before they reached the lake of Mexico, with their adventures, abodes, &c. All the Mexican traditions agree that a long and very gradual journey brought the nation to their settlements in that country.

Now if we compare all these statements with the enormous remains of cities, burying-places and camps, found to have been formed and abandoned, throughout the great valley of the Mississippi, from north to south,—and which have always been considered as indicating the march of a nation, rather than of an army,—I think we shall be at no loss to discover the origin of the Mexican nation; and probably that of the Peruvian also.

I ought to mention that Dr. Cabrera, (to whom I have above referred, and who treats the subject at great length,) is of opinion that Montezuma's statement, of his nation's having come from the east, shews the first entrance of the Syrian Hivites into America to have been by sea from Africa; but he appears to me to confound this people with the Girgashites, who are said by the Jews to have fled from Josbua and the victorious Israelites, into Africa. If that country were first occupied by the Mexicans from the eastern shore, who formed the tumuli, cities, &c. leading to it from the northern territories? The most southerly of these curious remains is, I believe, in Florida, which lies north-east of Mexico; and the nation might therefore be said to have come last from the east. It must be observed that Montezuma makes no mention of ships, nor of a voyage. Another striking, though incidental proof of the Asiatic origin of this nation, is the Phœnician T and oriental cross, which figure in many parts of the reliefs and other ornaments found among the ruins of the famous old Palencian city in Quatemala. The prints of these carvings are now before me, and though they are but few, I find no less than nine of these mystical and truly eastern symbols.

The Mexicans, then, and probably the Peruvians also, are not only of the race of Ham, but of the line of Canaan himself; need I refer my readers to the oppressions, the atrocities, the barbarous slavery of the mines, the unutterable cruelties of the Spaniards, in order to shew the fulfilment of that awful prediction—"Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren?"

The succeeding prophecy—"Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant,"—had been fulfilled three thousand years before, in Palestine, when the Israelites slew and enslaved the Canaanites who remained in the land; those who had previously fled from other oppressors, though they had escaped the hands of the Philistines, had not outrun the curse of slavery; and, after ages of prosperity in a new world, the blood-thirsty Spaniard crossed the ocean to fulfil it.

The question now arises, Who are the North American Indians? One party replies, They are the Girgashites, and other fugitives from Canaan, who escaped from Joshua; if so, their almost extinction, by the French and British powers, fulfils again the curse upon Canaan.

They are the ten tribes of Israel, replies another party. I think the text of Deut. xxviii. 64, is sufficient to contradict this idea; for it is vain to look for them all in one place, if they were to be scattered in all lands; and as it is plainly foretold that they shall worship "wood and stone," these Indians, who adore only an invisible 'Great Spirit,' cannot be they. Be this as it may, if they are the Jews, then we see Japhet indeed dwelling "in the tents of Shem," when we behold the French and English inhabiting the Indian territories.

But a third party will reply that this noble and oppressed race are Asiatic emigrants; if so, then the same prediction is fulfilled, for the Asiatics are of the race of Shem.

Shall we now turn to the West Indies, and there see the most dismal spectacle of all? Those beautiful islands were once inhabited by the Caribs, probably a colony from Mexico; a mild and gentle people, exterminated be the unwearying cruelty of the Spaniards.

> Down to the dust the Carib people past,
> Like autumn foliage withering in the blast:
> The whole race sank beneath th' oppressor's rod,
> And left a blank among the works of God.
>
> *James Montgomery's 'West Indies.'*

Thus the deadly effects of Spanish atrocity are described, in one of the finest of modern English poems. 'A blank,' was indeed 'left;' but how was it filled up? The 'servant of servants' was summoned to supply the place of the annihilated Carib nation. Africa was laid under a hideous tribute of slavery; not of gold but of blood. Race after race have toiled away their miserable existence beneath the horrors of West Indian bondage, and still, as they have sunk unpitied into their foreign graves, new supplies have been drained from the shores of the land of Ham, successors to the groans, the miseries, and the death of those who had passed away.

Hapless Africa! not on her own soil was the dread doom to be finally worked out. Not the mutual wars of her sons—the oppressions of Asiatics over her ancient Egypt—the ravages of Saracens on her northern coasts—nor the usurping colonies of Europeans around her shores, could fulfil her awful destiny; but her wretched children were dragged to the slave-

ship, and traded for, like "the beasts that perish," to gratify the avarice of nearly every nation of Europe, and to be indeed servant *of servants*, in nearly every part of the Americas.

After even this hasty sketch, will my readers deny the position that these noble continents have been the platform whereon the earliest foretold destinies of mankind have been wrought out, and are still in progress of developement; the theatre where these vast events have been exhibited, as it were, before the gaze of a world?

Do we look for the servitude of Ham? Behold Mexico, Peru, the Caribs, the slavery of the United States and the West Indies! Do we seek for the enlargement of Japhet? See the immense colonies of Europe on the shores, nay, even in the very heart of the Americas. Let Brazil, Peru, New Spain, the Guyanas, the West Indies, the United States, the Canadas, all answer the inquiry. Japhet is enlarged indeed, he dwells "in the tents of Shem," not only in India, in Syria, in Siberia, but perhaps in the vast northern extent of America also.

Let us behold all this and wonder. "What shall we say then? Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance? I speak as a man. God forbid; for how then shall God judge the world?" And verily he is "the judge; he taketh down one and setteth up another."

Well may our own favoured land be addressed in the apostle's emphatic language, "Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God; on them which fell severity; but towards thee goodness, if thou continue in his goodness, otherwise thou also shalt be cut off." X. Q.

LUCUBRATIONS ABROAD.

No. II.

THE rich hues of advanced autumn varied the woodland landscape all around, and a bright October sun shed its brilliancy on hill and dale. The clear air, redolent with health and vigour, seemed calculated to speak to every heart of the benevolence of nature's Creator, who amid the perverse corruptions of the moral world, still continues to spread before the meanest of his creatures so many sources of innocent enjoyment. The heavy roll of cart-wheels, the tread of busy passengers, the din of the blacksmith's forge, and the distant murmur of continued traffic, were sounds which the wind occasionally wafted within hearing, on the steep hill that descends from the village of Mont Cassel along the road to Lille. No hallowed stillness marked the Sabbath morning. The inmates of the cottages continued their usual occupations, women plied the needle or the spinning-wheel, or shared with the men in the labours of the field and shop; peasants passed to and fro, laden with the burdens of every-day life. One stout boy, who had climbed the narrow footpath that shortens the steep ascent, stopped where it joins the highway, to place his huge basket on the ground, and breathe for a few moments the rest his vigorous toil de-

manded. His clothes were ragged and coarse in the extreme, and the primeval curse of man might be read in the big drops that stood in his unwashed features, as with ignorant wonder he stared at the stranger who regarded him. Alas! what a contrast did that stranger find in him to many of a similar class in his own native England, who walking tranquilly, or it may be joyously, to the village church, clad in their tidy Sunday clothes, regard the day that bids them put them on, as one of holiday and pleasure, if in no higher light. He soon passed on, regardless of the reflections he had awakened, and these soon yielded to higher; as he marked, just above the turn of the road where the footpath emerges from the thicket, and a rough bench is placed as a resting-place for the tired traveller, a small rude chapel dedicated to the Virgin. Within it is her image, with that of the infant Saviour in her arms, and a number of those tawdry offerings of superstition generally found in such places. Above the grating, through which the whole is seen, is an inscription in Flemish, apparently setting forth the peculiar piety and advantages of the prayers here offered. A small wooden projection serves to screen the devotee from the inclemencies of the weather, as he kneels before the shrine.

The generality of that morning's passengers had passed it by unheeding, but one approached who did not do so. An aged man bending under the weight of more than ninety years, now tottered feebly down the hill, supported by a strong staff. His appearance, independent of his great age, was such as to attract attention and awaken conjecture; the brown cloth coat, of most antique cut, the grey stockings drawn tightly

up his spindle shanks, as if to proclaim how little besides bone they covered; the large silver buckles that threatened to crush the long thin feet they ornamented: and above all the powdered hair and three-cornered cocked-hat seemed to tell of times when Mirabeau and Camille Desmoulins agitated the world. Imagination pictured him a humble sharer in those troublous scenes. The energy that sought fame or fortune in that fearful ocean of excitement, is now wholly spent, and its possessor driven into obscurity by the current of time; like some neglected shell that the tide of mighty waters has hidden in a dark cavern. But no—it was not so: no legend of historic interest clung to the fate of this humble individual, whose regret for more prosperous times solaced itself by a pertinacious adherence to the fashions of his youth. As he drew near the chapel he slowly turned aside into the little dip that marked its immediate precincts. The well-worn hat was venerably taken off, and laid down to form a kneeling cushion before the altar; the staff was as deliberately placed against the wall; his stiffened limbs reluctantly obeyed his will, and a full minute elapsed before they could be brought in contact with the ground; he then devoutly crossed himself, and clasping his withered hands together, remained some time in prayer, a touching picture of the helplessness of man, and of that innate conviction of immortality, which unsatisfied by any earthly hopes, leads him to seek communion with the unseen world!

In prayer! doubtless his prayer was sincere, it might be fervent—but—"there is but one Mediator between God and man," and alas! it was not to *that* Mediator he prayed!

Almost a century has passed since life was given him; and now, trembling on the verge of eternity, he seeks "the rod and staff" which should bear him through "the valley of the shadow of death." The faith that should direct him is so dimmed by superstition, that scarce a ray of divine light pierces its way through the traditions of an unscriptural church, to kindle his hopes or comfort his heart. Oh, you whose happy lot is cast where the simple truths of vital Christianity are taught, and where you may have learnt the affecting power of a Saviour's love, aid with your purses and your prayers those who now labour to spread the knowledge of the gospel in that darkened land. Aid them to give the written word of God to that old man, and such as he. It may be his years have been so unusually prolonged that at this late hour his piety may be enlightened, and you may be the honoured instrument of leading him to Christ.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to souls benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Review of Books.

NARRATIVE OF HENRY JOHN MARKS, *a Jew; now a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ: written by himself. With a Preface by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., Rector of St. Peter's, Chester. Second Edition.*

No Publisher's name appears: the book is printed for private circulation, and is to be had of the Author, at No. 7, Southampton-street, Euston-square. Trusting that the giving of this address will send many a Christian lady to the spot, to purchase the book, we must so far forestal its contents as to give a sketch of the writer's history.

Mr. Marks is a son of Abraham, who, like his great progenitor, has left his all in obedience to the command of Jehovah. Born and educated a Jew, surrounded in his father's house by all that could most powerfully strengthen his deep prejudices against Christianity, he was yet, by a casual perusal of the

New Testament led into the path of enquiry which, while for a long time it left him in spiritual darkness, yet revealed to him so much as wholly to loosen the bonds of that perverted and debased form of worship to which, alas! the glory of Israel has sank. In order to rivet anew these fetters, his family, who saw the state of his mind, united him in marriage to a young lady whose strict regard for the Jewish religion promised to form a barrier between him and the point to which they found he was tending. God overruled it to the furtherance of his own gracious purposes: after living in much worldly abundance and gratification for some years, these dear children of Abraham were enabled, with one consent, to brave the inevitable ruin of their earthly prospects, to become outcasts, and a reproach, and a curse in the sight of all their connexions, by embracing the faith of Christ crucified, and taking up their Master's cross.

It is impossible here to follow them through the heart-rending scenes of the poverty, sickness, and extreme suffering into which they were brought. The writer has pourtrayed them with most touching simplicity and effect. That he, his wife, and their little ones should have outlived it all, is little less than miraculous. Hunger, even to the agonies of starvation, cold, nakedness, and exposure to the most inclement weather—these, and more than these, have been the lot of a family brought up in the lap of abundance, in the pride of high respectability. The recital is deeply affecting, and great are the patience and the faith wherewith God has endued these "children of the covenant," for the encouragement, no doubt, of many among us. Settled at last

in the place above-named, and carrying on a trade in the tea line, our elder brother the Jew now rejoices in the blessed privilege of ruling his household and bringing up his children in the fear of the Lord—in the faith of their glorious Messiah—who, taking on him the seed of Abraham, was a Jew, is a Jew, and now hastens on the day when he will gather his people again, and bring them back from all lands into which they have been driven away, and restore the kingdom to Israel, and verify all that his prophets have foreshewn of the great glory of his own beautiful Zion.

There is much of an interesting nature in this volume, besides what we have touched on. Mr. Marks was drawn into the net of Irvingism, was a believer in 'utterances,' and all the other vain, foolish, mischievous devices that so troubled the church a few years since. Out of this the Lord brought him, and his remarks on it are very useful. He has lately had the inexpressible joy of seeing his aged father depart with good ground to hope that he had laid hold on the Saviour. We earnestly bespeak the warm Christian interest of our readers on behalf of Mr. Marks: and we rejoice with the beloved and estimable editor, Mr. Tayler, to think how many have, through their kindness to him, obtained a share in the promise, "Blessed is he that blesseth thee."

LECTURES, *Expository and Practical, on the Book of the prophet Daniel, with copious Notes. First Series, comprising the first six Historical Chapters. By the Rev. Charles Popham Miles, B.A., Joint-Curate, St. Luke's, Chelsea.* Nisbet and Co.

THE time is nearly arrived for the unsealing of Daniel's book! We write it with solemn joy and trembling, but glad expectation of what is even now coming upon the earth. The study of unfulfilled prophecy has of late years forced itself on the minds of God's people in a very remarkable way; and although Satan has often transformed himself into an angel of light, using arguments seemingly of great spiritual import to dissuade them from what he would fain represent as uncertain, unprofitable speculation, and a vain intrusion into things not seen, our Lord has enforced his own command to "Watch," and has led his servants more and more to regard the signs of the times with a view to his speedy coming.

These Lectures may be considered as an introduction to what are to follow, and which will, of course, contain more original matter than their precursors, interesting as they are, can be expected to do, being chiefly historical. We trust the author will be directed and assisted from above, in the farther prosecution of his very important and well-timed undertaking. Many false interpretations are abroad, tending to obscure the prophecies that they profess to elucidate; but from our knowledge of Mr. Miles we are well assured that he brings to the task a mind deeply imbued with the spirit that animated his revered kinswoman, Hannah More; of which indeed

we have sufficient proof in the volume now before us. The notes contain much information, and we have only one cavil to raise. The old fable, that Christianity was first planted in Britain by Augustine receives countenance from one of these notes, by the repetition of that anecdote wherein is immortalised the felicitous punning of the bishop of Rome, on seeing some of our ancestors exposed for sale in the great city which numbers among her merchandizes the "souls of men." On this occasion their bodies only were put up to sale: they had a pure scriptural church in their own country; so pure and so scriptural that it must needs be a heathen religion in the eyes of the Pope, who finding so goodly a heritage wholly independent of his lordly sway, lost no time in despatching Augustine to bring it within the papal rule. How toughly he was opposed by the British and Irish bishops at Iona, the venerable Bede, and other historians have recorded; but Popery, when ascendant here, got 'a good grip' of the historic pen, and through the ignorance or indolence of those who have since wielded it, many of her most impudent lies have been allowed to pass current as solemn facts. To the apostles, or to their immediate successors, do we owe the planting of that church which the royal vassal of Rome, Augustine's boasted convert, succeeded in hunting into the mountainous retreats of Wales, and there in one day exemplified his holy Catholic spirit by barbarously massacreing at Bangor 1000 ministers of that early independent church. Those truths cannot be too often or too strongly brought forward: half the advantages that Popery obtains and enjoys among us result from her uncontradicted perversions of historical fact, and unexposed fabrication of things that never occurred.

THE TYPES UNVEILED; *or the Gospel picked out of the Legal Ceremonies; whereby we may compare the Substance with the Shadow. By Thomas Worden, Minister. Abridged and corrected from the Second Edition.* Religious Tract Society.

THESE reprints from old books, issued by the Tract Society, would be rendered still more interesting and valuable by prefixing to each a short notice of the writer, or at least the date of his original publication. We have here a most instructive book, on the most important of all subjects, because it is that whereby we generally find the natural descendants of Abraham most readily brought to receive Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write. The Old Testament is unutterably precious: in fact, we never see the New detached from it without thinking of that injunction, "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." We can recommend this little treatise of Worden's, as an excellent key to unlock many of the rich treasures that lie stored in the precious casket of those very scriptures which the Lord Jesus commanded his hearers to "search."

A MEMOIR OF MRS. JOHN WEST, *who died at Chettle, Dorset, March* 23, 1839. *By John West, A. M. Rector of the contiguous parishes of Chettle and Farnham, Dorset, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Duncannon.* L. and G. Seeley.

THE principal attraction of this memoir consists in the shewing forth of the character of a very happy

child of God, by means of her own compositions. We have a very strong feeling on the subject of publishing, after the death of an individual, letters that the writer never could have wished the eyes of strangers to scan; but in this case a judicious selection appears to be made, and there is nothing of a confidential character sent forth to satiate the prying curiosity of the world. A great deal of poetry, and that of no mean order, is interspersed, proving, as does every page of the book, the beauty and sweetness of this pious lady's character. She was indeed emphatically a happy Christian: her life was lovely, her death was perfect peace.

ANNA CAMPBELL; *or a Vindication of the Equality of Intellect and Abilities in the Deaf and Dumb. By a Fellow-Sufferer.* Seeley and Burnside.

If the writer of this book be, what indeed is plainly declared, 'a fellow-sufferer' with those who, being either born deaf, or losing their hearing in very early infancy, consequently remain dumb, then the little volume is in itself a sufficient vindication of the fact stated in the title-page. We should never have suspected the circumstance from perusing the book, for we did not know to what a fluency and even elegance no less than correctness, the educated deaf mute could attain. We are well aware how little is lost when the deprivation of hearing does not occur until education has so advanced, that the substitution of a silent for an articulate language, in addressing the individual so visited, is all the difference made in his or her relative position in society; but here is a

case of one who *never* heard, writing a book, and writing it well, and ably, and energetically, to establish a point of unutterable importance to many thousands of our fellow-creatures.

The deaf and dumb are frequently met with, commiserated, much in the same way that idiots are, and left to perish in an ignorance, that a very little effort and perseverance on the part of their own family, if tolerably well informed, or of any kind neighbour or school-master, might soon dissipate. This eighteen-penny book relates a very interesting tale of a young lady in the higher rank of life, thrown by, as it were, on the assumption of her being incapable of mental culture, and rescued from that hopeless state by the intervention of more rational judges. We hope the character of Mrs. Campbell is altogether fictitious, though tempted to fear that, even among mothers, an original may be found for so painful a picture. The book will repay a perusal; and for the sake of that afflicted class whose cause it espouses, we earnestly wish it success.

MESSRS. SEELEY are publishing in numbers an exceedingly valuable and exquisitely engraved series of authentic portraits, entitled, 'Portraits of Martyrs, Reformers, and Eminent Divines, illustrative of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Moshiem's, Fuller's, and other Church Histories, &c.' Those already published are Wickliff, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Zuinglius, Œcolampadius, Luther, Buganhagen, Vadianus, Melancthon, Tyndal, Bullinger, Bucer, Calvin, Taussan, J. à Lasco, Peter Martyr. Whether as a work of art, or as an interesting memorial of men to whom, under God, we owe all our blessings, it is really precious.

THE PROTESTANT.

'I ALWAYS feared it would come to this,' said my uncle, as with a look of distress he laid down a Dublin newspaper: 'the thing, to be-sure, will not be generally adopted; but the very starting of such a subject is perilous, in the excited state of public feeling. There are hundreds upon hundreds of Irish Protestants, who would join in the cry of Repeal, and demand their domestic legislature again, rather than submit to be ruled by the Popish delegates of O'Connell's Tail, which now makes laws for the whole British empire, within the walls of St. Stephen's.'

'And has such a thing been hinted at, uncle?'

'Ay, and openly and broadly, though hypothetically propounded too, by a determined member of the Dublin corporation, which is now about to be sacrificed with the other Irish corporations, at the shrine of—of—now what shall I call it, my dear? At what shrine are we sacrificing, piece by piece, our very existence as a nation of independent freemen?'

'I think God is selling us into the hands of our enemies, as he did his rebellious people of old: but is it possible the Protestant corporations of Ireland are to be extinguished, after all that has been said, and proved too, of the inevitable consequences of the measure; and will it be acquiesced in by the Conservatives?'

'Conservatives, forsooth! conservatives of what? what have they conserved but the places of these unprincipled mis-rulers to their miserable masters? We looked to the House of Lords as a sure stay; but even there Conservatism has turned traitor, and abandoned the important post assigned. In truth, I am sick of the scene; and if I could cease to think of and to feel for the betrayed Protestants of Ireland, I should e'en say, Let things take their course; for any change we can make, though it would be from bad to better, will still be too bad to afford any rational hope of regaining our lost position as a respectable, much less as a Christian people. It is comprehensible enough why the present ministry sell Ireland to the pope and the devil; but I confess myself unable to account for the disgraceful fact that the party opposed to them stand by to ratify and attest the abominable transfer.'

I do not often see my uncle so angry; nor hear him use such rough language; but rough as it was I felt it to be true, and waited for the breeze to subside.

'Come, have you nothing to say, ma'am? Are you too turning "Conservative?" and oh, with what an accent he drawled out the last word!

'No, uncle, I found nothing in old names that was not well adapted to express old principles: nor am I one whit behind you in scorning and detesting the whole tissue of miserable sophistry whereby this iniquitous deed is mystified—justified, palliated or shaped into any thing decent, it cannot be.'

'Bravo, my child! for *my* child you are as long as you hold those sentiments; and, mark me, I am an old man, who must soon go the way of all flesh, and

whose grey hairs are hastened with sorrow to the grave by the spectacle of my country's ruin—that country so beloved of her true sons, so blessed of God, so reverenced by surrounding lands:—that country which, while bearing the invincible shield of her pure Protestantism calmly met the shock of arms, alone against a hostile world, and stood a conqueror! And rather would I have seen her the victim of brute force, chained to a warlike enemy's car of triumph, and with unblemished faith awaiting her God's good time to turn again and refresh, and deliver, and restore her—oh far rather than to see her in the midst of peace and prosperity, revolting from her heavenly King, and braving with insolent indifference the thunderbolt of his slow but sure vengeance!'

Tears stood in his eyes; he paused a moment and resumed, 'Yes, I am an old, worn-out Englishman, who has never for a moment, in act or thought, connived at his dear country's unfaithfulness or dishonour; and the principles that it has been my joyful task to instil into your mind I charge you, by every means, to implant and to foster in the bosoms of all over whom God may give you any control, or who may, by any circumstances, be placed within the reach of your influence. These principles are imperishable; the nations and people who abandon them shall be destroyed, but so long as the world stands God must have a protesting church in it, and wherever that church is planted they must be its distinguishing badges. Never heed the idle talk that good people will sometimes indulge in, as to the unsuitableness of mingling the patriotic with the spiritual mind: much less do you be influenced by the

censures cast on a female who dares to love her country and to tell the world she loves it. Oh, it is monstrous,' he continued, as if soliloquising, 'that young ladies should be placed under a sort of classical obligation to admire that in a Roman matron which in her must spring from a corrupt, because an unsanctified source, which, when it emanates from a spirit taught of God they are counselled to contemn, to shun, and to repudiate!'

'Never fear, uncle; I have stood the trial now too long, and have experienced too rich a blessing in persevering, to misdoubt the continued mercy by which alone I can be kept faithful. A snare is sometimes brought by the fear of man's displeasure, and oftener yet by the love of man's approval, but on the whole I do trust neither will prevail. If I cannot blow a trumpet, uncle, I can spring a small rattle; and the latter will rouse an honest watchman as well as the former.'

'Provided you can make him hear it,' said my uncle, smiling; 'and that he must do if he be at his proper post. But now, loving Ireland as you do, what counsel would you, at this juncture, give to the injured Protestants there?'

'Perhaps, uncle, Oliver's counsel: 'Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry.' Nay, don't elevate your eye-brows, for I mean nothing by the second clause, that is inconsistent with the first. Indeed I mean the former literally and the *latter* figuratively. I would have them look up with confidence to Him who having been with them in *six* troubles will not forsake them in the seventh; and who will assuredly succour them while "in perils among false brethren" as effectually as he did in

other perils. At the same time, I would have them avoid the least appearance of being intimidated, or even disheartened by the present triumph of their adversaries: not to thin their ranks by emigration or weaken them by intestine division or by any concession whatever of their just rights and privileges, beyond what the rule of submission to man's ordinances for the Lord's sake requires. Neither would I have them forget, nor suffer their enemies to forget, the extent of their power as a body comprising all the moral, and not a little of the physical force of the country. I know that they have talked of standing wholly aloof from every office, every transaction, connected with government in any of its branches, and leaving the Popish party to do at once their best and their worst. Such a proceeding, if generally adopted, would soon bring the government to a right use of their senses; but I fear there is a party too hostile to the Irish church to refrain from taking advantage of the opening for an attack on its temporalities thus afforded.'

'I hope not,' interrupted my uncle: 'eager as they appear in the work of unchurching one another, and proclaiming "I am of Paul, I of Apollos," and so forth, yet they would scarcely lend a hand in bringing all Ireland to shout out, 'I am of the Pope!'

'No, not with that intention, uncle; but some do not admit, cannot discern that pulling down the establishment would issue in such a catastrophe; while on the other hand some zealous opposers of dissent are so intemperate, so deficient in Christian moderation, and courtesy which is due to all men, much more to those who are of the household of faith, that it almost justifies the hostility of the other sections.

In fact, it is here that I see a need's be for the pending visitation. A wise parent who sees his children persist in quarrelling among themselves will chasten them all for correction and ultimate profit, whatever rod he may choose for the purpose. Nothing damps their powder like the foggy atmosphere of a scowling brotherhood.'

'Well, may the Lord grant to his people to be thoroughly joined in the same mind and in the same judgment, wherever that mind and judgment are according to Protestant truth, which is only another word for Christian verity. By the way, is your projected Protestant Annual of a political character?'

'No, uncle: it is of a spiritual character, and I hope too truly Catholic not to be truly Protestant. Do you think the combined names of Chalmers and Bickersteth give token of any thing else?'

'I should hope not: our Protestantism ought to be set on a candlestick in every house, so that all who enter in may see the light. From the half-penny tract or handbill suited to the poor man's cottage, to the embossed and embellished volume that may solicit admission into the drawing-room of the great, we are bound to furnish provision for every class. A blessing will most assuredly attend each effort made in faith and prayer to bring before our countrymen and countrywomen the important duties, the inestimable privileges annexed to their distinguished name as protestors against the great apostacy. Go on, and prosper.'

'Can you give me no help but your good wishes, sir?'

'Why, perhaps, among an old sailor's reminiscences (I think that is the fashionable word) I may find a

story to the point: but I can hardly venture to appear in such company.'

'Oh, never fear: you are always incog. you know. Nobody can find out the identity of 'my Protestant uncle;' and, to tell you a secret, you are rather a favourite, especially among the old Tories of our stamp.'

'Then I must consent; and perhaps record some more desperate venture than the act of recording it. But oh, the subject with which we began still presses heavily on my spirit: I cannot forgive this abandonment of the Irish Protestants—the men whose devotion to the British throne I witnessed in ninety-eight—the children of those who fell in the cause, and those who for that cause alone surrendered two years later their national independence, and thrown themselves, by the act of union, on the broken reed which has now gone into their side, and pierced them. Were I one of those men, I fear I should become a repealer.'

'No, no, uncle; you would never, in a fit of anti-English resentment, tack yourself to O'Connell's tail.'

The old gentleman shook his head.

'Come, uncle, look at my Pontefract shilling: see, the metal is silver, supplied from the family plate of a few loyal nobles; the mint where it was struck, such a die as the besieged soldiers' ingenuity could devise; the date, immediately after the bloody murder of king Charles the First: the device, a solitary castle which alone held out against the triumphant rebels; and the legend, uncle, with the name of the poor fugitive young king Charles the Second, is 'Dum Spiro Spero.' This was found on the field of

battle, when even Pontefract had fallen, and all seemed irretrievably gone: yet this same fugitive youth lived to mount the throne in bloodless triumph, and to issue many a goodly coinage from his royal mint in the Tower of London. Cannot you read the lesson, and take heart? Come, leave all evil bodings, and in the spirit of a purer faith than that of Charles Stuart, remember DUM SPIRO SPERO.'

The Editor was anxious to recommend a beautiful work just published by Mr. Bunting, 'The Ancient Music of Ireland,' but her notice being found too long for the present Number, is deferred to next month. She takes this method of announcing it, in the interim.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XIV.

THE broad shadow of a venerable oak was gradually lengthening as it lay across a field of pale stubble, beaten down to the smoothness of a grass-plat by the pressure of many feet on its rough but brittle points. The field was large, and its outline traced on three sides by lofty hedge-rows, the land-marks of untold generations, whence at intervals shot up, here the hollow stump of a patriarchal tree, with its few green shoots, the poor remains of pristine vigour, that had once flung many a branch on high, and overshadowed its native soil; there a vegetable monarch of later date, towering in the majesty of his leafy prime; and again, mantled in more tender green, the fairy aspirant to future greatness. At their base the hawthorn, the wild brier, the woodbine, and the sloe spread

their berries to the ripening ray, while that ambitious rustic vine, the bramble, forced its dark masses over all opposers, and gave promise of a plentiful crop to the children, who scanned its mellowing treasures, and then peered into the well-beaten nut-trees that formed a back ground to the picturesque hedge. Beautiful picture! Other lands may outvie us in many things; but the rich variety of an old English hedge-row, down from the topmost bough of its tall trees to the tiny flowers that laugh in the long grass below, and the cress that sucks the moisture from a coy rivulet in the scarcely perceptible channel, across which a babe may stride—this variety of form and of tint, of foliage and fruit, defies competition, and marks the hedge-row our own.

I have said that three sides of the field were thus bounded in. The fourth descended with an abrupt slope, its hedge lay too low to intercept the view, and whether by design or not, it was nearly destitute of trees, leaving a prospect open that terminated in the mighty main, which now heaved an unbroken surface of the purest, deepest blue against the horizon. It was on the opposite and higher portion of the field that the oak first mentioned stood; and the hillock, formed by an accumulation of grass-grown earth upon its enormous roots, afforded to those who reclined on it a full view of this magnificent distance.

But no pensive recluse had on that evening sought the spot for meditation: a large, and to say truth, a noisy party had made it their gathering place. There might be seen the sun-burnt peasant, bare-headed, or with handkerchief knotted round his brow, in the sweat of which he had tilled the soil, and gathered in the harvest; there was the sober matron, with

clean white cap and ample border, surrounded by a broad riband, her handkerchief neatly pinned over her gown, and confined by the fastenings of a check apron. There was the stout boy, exulting in his promotion to the stronger class of labourers, and the sprightly girl, comparing notes with her fellow-gleaners as to the handfuls of corn collected; and childhood in all its stages, revelling in the various enjoyments afforded by that annual treat:—it was harvest home.

There are districts in the land still retaining much of the primitive character of English rusticity—places where the blight has not come; where the demoralizing swarm of railway excavators has never alighted, nor the firebrand of political rancour scattered its darkening smoke, nor the hell-born reptile of Socialism trailed his venomous slime. Sin there is, and sorrow; folly and remorse; the spirit that is within us, lusting to envy, bears many a bitter fruit, and man is rebellious, and God is provoked every day. Still, as compared with the rest of the population, these villagers retain much of what may be called the virtue and simplicity of their forefathers; and like their own hedgerows, bear much that is beautiful to the sight, and good for use, while even the thorns and the poisons that lurk there appear in a less repulsive aspect than in the busier haunts of men. Such was the place whose cottages contributed their inhabitants on the present festive occasion; when the husbandman who with long patience had waited for the precious fruits of the earth, saw them safely built into the stack, or deposited to the barn.

The owner of the field was the principal landed proprietor in this place; and the spot was chosen

among many just because it had, from time immemorial, been the scene of the annual celebration. This year was one of unusual abundance, and not a day of adverse weather had thwarted the harvestmen. The 'Squire was pleased at the diligence with which they had availed themselves of the favourable season, the men were gratified by his praises, and no less by his liberality; while the women and elder children, who had found plentiful employment too upon his extensive lands, had similar causes for gladness. As for the little ones, they were delighted to gambol and exhibit their activity in the presence of the 'Squire's family, whose daughters took no small pains in disciplining the urchins at their infant school, and marshalling them for an orderly march to the church door. Each, both old and young, enjoyed that peculiar feeling, the value of which the poor are seldom aware of until they experience its absence, 'My employer knows me; I am not in his sight a mere piece of machinery, regarded only while it works in his service. There's a tie between us that he, though a rich man, would not disown. If he is every thing to me, I and mine are something to him.' It was this thought, unconsciously cherished, that lighted up every countenance with smiles as the 'Squire's family approached the happy groups; and the bow and the curtsey that respectfully welcomed them were given with greater alacrity under the sense of that individual recognition on the part of their superiors.

And did not God intend that so it should be? The Bible yields an answer in many various ways, but all in the affirmative; and man's heart cries out against a violation of what he feels to be a law of his nature's God.

A light waggon was now seen slowly winding its way from the direction of the great house, accompanied by the domestics of the family, between whom and the villagers many neighbourly greetings took place while the freight was handed out, consisting of good cheer in great variety and abundance, which was soon deposited on the long tables set out in front of the oak, and ample justice rendered to it by the guests. While enjoying themselves they were farther gratified by the approach of one who possessed a full share in their affectionate respect, the village Pastor, our old friend Mr. Barlow; for this was L——, and these were the friends, and such the scenes which the poor widow had been cheated into exchanging for the wretchedness of the factories.

'Well, Richard,' said the good man, laying his hand on the shoulder of a youth whose sunburnt features beamed with love as he looked up to the speaker, 'Well, Richard, you have had a busy time of it.'

'We have, sir, and a beautiful harvest has God sent us: a finer was never gathered in. Do you know, sir, I reckoned the ears upon one stalk, and the grains upon one ear, in different parts of the fields, and you would hardly know how to believe me if I told you the amount.'

'Yes, Richard, I should believe it, for how great is the sum of His mercies! If we would count them they are more in number than the sand. I am glad, my dear boy, that you take note of them: you seem to get on very well in your work.'

'Yes, sir; I am thankful to say I have given satisfaction, and have got my place bettered, and my wages raised. The under gardener got a hurt, and I

took his place for a few days, and owing to what the head man said of me, the 'Squire told him to employ me in the gardens to oversee some work in the improvements, and his honour was so good as to tell me he thought he should keep me near the house.'

'That is well; but don't let it draw you into any expensive habits. Servants have greater temptations in that respect than field labourers.'

'It must be a strong temptation,' said Richard, rather bluntly, 'that would make *me* throw away my earnings.'

The clergyman looked at him, and read in the half-frowning expression of his brow the thought that he well knew nerved that young arm by day, and moulded the nightly dream of the fond boy. Richard continued with a downcast look of abstraction to press the blade of his knife upon the rough table before him, until he had bent it nearly double, when Mr. Barlow, in a lower voice said, 'How long is it, exactly, since they went, Richard?'

In a moment the brow was smooth, the lip smiled again, and the eyes, softened into the expression of infancy, were once more raised to the enquirer's face, as he replied, 'A year, and two months, sir, and a week, and a few days.'

'What an accurate time-keeper is true love!' thought the minister, but he said it not. Richard continued to read his looks, and resumed, 'The last letter I got did not seem to be written in good spirits —that is, it was merry but not cheerful like. Somehow, sir, it made me laugh, but my heart did not feel warm and comfortable after reading it.' And Richard seemed puzzled how to describe what his auditor perfectly understood.

'Who was it from?

'From Mary, sir; and it seemed written at different times.' Here the boy again dropped his eyes, and tried the temper of his blade by bending it as before.

'Have a care of that knife, Richard: edged playthings are dangerous. Go on with your feast: by and by we will talk more together of the absent.'

'I'd rather talk now, if you please, Mr. Barlow; I've eaten and drank enough.'

'But others have not; and I must go round the table: afterwards we will speak together.'

This conversation passed in a low tone, the youth being seated at a corner, which enabled them to discourse with comparative privacy. He was forced to acquiesce; but more he ate not; following with frequent and rather impatient glances the slow progress of the Pastor among his flock; and between whiles contemplating in every possible point of view a bunch of honey-suckle that adorned the breast of his open jacket.

In fact, Richard had cause for uneasiness without being well able to explain even to himself what it was. The heavy cost of postage had rendered the interchange of letters very rare; and such as did pass were of that meagre, formal character generally observable when the parties, having had no practice in epistolary communication, and being accustomed to the unrestrained freedom of daily personal intercourse, feel utterly at a loss to express by the hand what would overflow rapidly enough from the lip, or even the eye. Ripening years, and being thrown upon his isolated exertions, together with the success hitherto attending his diligent progress, had insen-

sibly led Richard into new trains of thought as to the future. His present loneliness was but a probation, contentedly submitted to in the fond prospect that, at the end of a vista of toil, seemed to shine in all the sunlight beauty of a young man's dream. A cottage was there, and in that cottage was pictured a group of happy faces, for the originals of which he had only to recal the domestic party recently broken up: and those among his rustic companions who marvelled that Richard Green should be at once the most silent and the most cheerful of their laborious band knew not how the buoyancy of his animal spirits was sustained by the vivid imaginings of a mind more delicately moulded than those around him.

Mr. Barlow had touched the key-note, at the precise time when all within him was best attuned for a response. The joyous occasion, the loveliness of the landscape, the softening effect of the hour as the broad and beautiful harvest moon gradually rose from the extreme verge of that ocean belt, and mingled her cool light with the crimson dyes reflected from the western sky—all combined to render the tide of fond recollection and fonder anticipation overpowering. Mr. Barlow's course seemed interminable: Richard would wait no longer. On a sudden, he recollected that every creature belonging to his father's cottage, and its more immediate neighbours, was then present; and following the impulse of the moment he arose, stole away, and by short cuts over the now deserted fields he quickly reached the spot which of late he had rather avoided.

Little alteration had been made in it; and what little there was, the mingled effect of twilight and a

luxuriant growth of unaltered trees sufficed to veil. He drew near, not as he was wont, with half averted eyes unwilling to meet the spectacle of its alien inmates, but under the happy consciousness of being wholly alone and unobserved. Throwing his folded arms on the paling, with knee bent upon a stone where Willy used to sit to watch the manœuvres of his ducks, and with his temple pressed to the stem of a yellow broom-tree which he had himself trained to ornament the little gate, he fixed an open gaze on the beloved home of his childhood, and gave himself up to visions of the past until it seemed strange that no smiling face had yet looked through the casement, or appeared at the door, to welcome his return. A dog, which had been ranging the fields, now returning to his charge, seemed resolved to compensate for his truancy by the loudness of his menacing bark at the intruder. 'Ah,' sighed Richard, 'I am a stranger now, and any body's cur may warn me off.' There was bitterness in the thought enough to put his pleasant dream to flight. He slowly rose, and measuring himself against a rustic pole to which the linen lines were usually fastened, close by where he stood, the result struck him. 'How tall I am! The 'Squire has put me among his men, too; and I may as well take a man's heart, and set to work in good earnest to make my way in the world for them.' He turned away, but again looked round: the recollection of the parting night came full upon him—the chapter, the prayer, the stifled anguish of the hour, and the burst of lonely sorrow that had succeeded it all rose with perfect distinctness to his mind. He clasped his hands, and breathed a fervent supplication for those loved ones now so far distant; and for himself,

that he might be made a means of abiding comfort to them. It soothed his excited feelings; and as he slowly paced his homeward path the wonted evening hymn of the family in harmonious, though subdued and plaintive tones, cheered his solitary way far more effectually than the sprightliest associates could have done.

Richard was a pious youth; but, like the rest of God's children, he had a continual battle to fight with a deceitful heart, a corrupt nature, and an insidious tempter. Immorality in every form he abhorred; and shewed his abhorrence by carefully avoiding the company of such as, in that respect, differed from him: but, like Mary, he had much latent pride, a great deal of self-confidence, unknown to himself and unsuspected by others, for his manners were the reverse of forward or assuming; and a sensitiveness amounting to irascibility on points nearly connected with his family respectability or personal independence. Happily for himself and others, none breathed the air of L. who could utter a disparaging or unkind remark concerning the absentees of his household; or it is probable Richard Green would have astonished those who best knew and most loved him.

Nor was the ferveney of this attachment to be marvelled at: left, by his father's death, the eldest male inhabitant of the cottage, the boy, even in early childhood, had learned to acknowledge the claim upon his protection which no truly masculine character can fail to recognize on the part of the more helpless sex. Often had little Richard Green looked admiringly on while the monarch of their small fowl yard bent a patronizing eye upon the hens and chick-

ens, in whose favour he had relinquished some choice morsel scratched up by his persevering industry from the soil: the call that summoned his feathered protegés to enjoy it never failed to bring Richard also; and with delighted interest did the child contemplate the character which he regarded as his future model.

One day he had confided to Helen his cogitations on the subject, a broken potato being the prize under discussion among the fowls. 'Look,' said he, 'at Strut, what a good fellow he is. The old black hen, you know, is Speck's mother, and the cock was Speck's chicken; so Blackey is Strut's granny, and all the tiny chicks belong to his family. Now, you see Helen, how he goes about peeping and scratching, and hunting, and when he finds a nice thing, instead of gobbling it up all alone he calls them, and looks on better pleased to see them enjoy it than to eat it himself. And then if any body meddles with the hens or chickens, what a fuss he gets into! We are good friends; he follows me about, and pecks from my hand; but if I catch a fowl, and frighten it, bounce he flies at me, tries to strike with his spurs, and tells me as plain as he can speak he is going to tear my eyes out.'

'It is pretty to see so much love and courage in a poor bird, Richard.'

'I think, Helen, it is love makes him brave, for he will run away on his own account, though he fights on theirs. But I was going to say I will be like Strut when I am a man. I will take care of my granny as he does of his, and of the rest as he does of the chickens. To be sure I have no mother, as Strut has; but then I have you, Helen, and I will take

care of you, and give you a big share out of all I can earn.'

With these feelings strengthening and expanding daily in his bosom, Richard Green, now almost a man in age and size, exhibited a specimen of manly English character, such as it will be found where men have not herded together in pursuit of selfish ends, until all the finer touches are worn away, and 'every one for himself' becomes the heartless maxim. Would young Green have given credit to any body who had told him that thousands of delicate little girls were habitually oppressed, overworked, starved, beaten, and that by men, frequently by their own fathers, to swell the gains of their labour? Fathers and elder brothers are very often employed in the mills, as spinners, slobbers, &c., with liberty to engage and to pay the children of their department. They are themselves paid by the piece; consequently it becomes their interest to have the given work completed in the shortest possible time; and if they have young daughters, or little sisters, they of course save or rather gain considerably by employing them: and it is an awful fact, that under the hardening influence of covetousness, or the cravings of wretched want, more barbarous usage awaits the girl at the hand of a father or brother than at that of a stranger. No tyranny is so dreadful as domestic tyranny: and he who sacrifices natural affection at the shrine of mammon, becomes a monster among God's works.

But of all this Richard Green had no conception: many anxious thoughts would arise to trouble him, concerning those so fondly, so exclusively loved; but nothing resembling the reality had ever crossed his imagination. At times, he thought of the shows, the

gay shops, the fine people, the lots of company that a town must contain, and the sigh that would escape arose from no desire to share such gratifications, but rather from a half-jealous doubt whether they might not wile away from him a portion of the only thing he coveted—the love of that endeared circle. 'People in towns are very polite, and dress smart, and pay compliments,' thought Richard, 'but what is the good of that? Helen used to say she never should see a riband so fine as the rainbow, nor any crowd of people so amusing as the bustling waves of yonder sea, and the birds that dip and paddle among them. No, no, the town wont drive me out of their minds; or if it does a little by day, they will remember me when the Bible is spread open; and put my name foremost in the prayer.'

On the evening above referred to, this tide of thought had set in with more than its wonted force: it occupied him, even till midnight, haunted his dreams, and oppressed his spirit when rising with the lark to pursue his daily toil. It was, therefore, with no small degree of gladness that he received a message from Mr. Barlow, desiring to see him before noon; and with a lighter heart he repaired to the parsonage, assured of being indulged in the subject so precious to him: nor was he mistaken, for the pastor at once entered upon it, making particular inquiries as to the date and contents of his last letter from M.,' and displaying an anxiety that gradually awoke in Richard's mind a sensation of alarm.

'Have you heard any thing about them yourself, sir?' he asked.

Mr. Barlow did not give a direct reply. 'It is natural, Richard, that one who has watched over you all

from the cradle, I may say, should feel a little anxious for those who are so far removed; particularly as your dear grandmother is aged, and has passed all her life surrounded by kind neighbours and old friends, who are different from the common acquaintance she may meet with in a large town, where each is too much occupied in pursuing his own interest, amid much competition, to pay much regard to the stranger that is within their gates.'

'But you know, sir, my aunt Wright and her family are there.'

'True. Has your grandmother written much of them as being affectionate, pious relations?'

Richard was struck, for the first time, with this omission: he looked perplexed and distressed. Mr. Barlow resumed. 'I would not, my dear lad, have you alarm yourself; but from the general report I have had, and other circumstances, it would be a relief to my mind to know positively what prospects of comfort our absent friends have for the approaching winter. Our letters do not furnish this information, and I have some notion of letting you go and make inquiries. A friend of mine, some miles off, wants to send a trusty messenger to M., on business that you are very well able to transact; he will pay your expenses, and allow you for the loss of time; and last night I got your Master's leave for a week's absence before you enter upon your new employment. Of course, you are willing to go.'

'Willing! oh sir, Mr. Barlow, ever since I can remember, you have been, next to God, the best friend to me and mine; but you never, never in all my life, did me such a kindness as this, sir.' And he burst into tears.

'Well, well, my dear boy, I hope it will all be for the best; but it cost me some thought and prayer before I could make up my mind to send you even for such a purpose, into the busy, wicked world of M., and I must have your promise, Richard, your positive promise, that you will not remain there, but come back again within the time specified.'

'Surely, sir. I go on a message, and I would not deceive or disappoint my employer.'

'Right: you must also promise not to make any engagement to interfere with your service here. A stout, healthy, active young fellow like you might perhaps find ready employment, and the temptation would be great to remain with your family: but do not yield to it: you would repent when too late having cut off from them the prospect of returning to their native place, which, by God's blessing on your industry here, they may be enabled to do. Your master, the squire, is well pleased with you, and means to help you on, if you continue the sober, industrious, steady lad that he now considers you to be.'

Richard cheerfully promised; and after a few more admonitions he was directed to go to the gentleman whose messenger he was to be; and while the benevolent pastor resumed his studies, the young peasant sallied forth, glad to give vent to his exuberant joy by bounding along, and leaping over every object in his way. Whatever apprehension might momentarily have clouded his mind had now vanished in the blaze of rapturous delight at the certain, the near prospect of beholding again all that his heart loved. His fancy pictured the meeting—the delightful evening he should pass, seated round the tea-table with

every smiling face turned full towards him, listening to his budget of news. 'Of course,' thought he, 'things will be smarter, and my country jacket will look awkward among the town fashions; but they wont like me a bit the less for that certainly. I shall look down upon them; for the tallest of them must be a head shorter than me, thanks to country air and good hard work,' he added, leaping over a five-barred gate, and giving chace to a playful young colt that bounded away on his sudden appearance.

C. E.

In the church of Cosimo and Damiano at Rome, i the following curious inscription:—'The Image of the most holy Virgin on the high altar spoke thus to Saint Gregory, Pope, saying, 'Why do you not salute me as you pass? you were accustomed to salute me.' The saint asked pardon, and granted to those who should celebrate mass at this altar the liberation of a soul from purgatory—that is to say, of the soul for whom the mass is celebrated.'—*Miss Taylor's Italy*, page 185.

ERCHOMENA, OR THINGS TO COME.

LETTER THE SECOND.

(To a Friend.)

June 20, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Having myself passed through the ordeal of yielding up to the plain testimony of scripture, prejudices and notions which had "grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength," I can clearly understand the present state of your mind. You have inquired into the subject I brought before you in my last letter;—you find statements in scripture which seem plainly to assert the reign of the LORD upon earth;—taking these passages by themselves, and also in connection with each other, you are ready to admit them to be *strong* evidence, and would admit them to be *conclusive* evidence, were it not for other difficulties, which you think so important as to induce you to suspect some error, some faulty link in the chain, and you are therefore led to think that some less literal interpretation, some other meaning, must be assigned to the texts I adduced.

Now as truth can never contradict truth, this would be a lawful proceeding were the difficulties you wish to overcome, *scriptural difficulties;* but it is a highly dangerous proceeding when these difficulties arise from prejudice, education, or early-imbibed notions.

St. James says, *Was not Abraham our Father justified by works?* (James ii. 21.) Now, here he flatly contradicts St. Paul, who says that Abraham was justified by faith, *For if Abraham were justified by works, he hath whereof to glory*, (Rom. iv. 2); but we know that this flat contradiction is no contradiction at all, for the two Apostles immediately proceed to show that these assertions, apparently so opposed to each other, unite in fulfilling the same scripture; quoted *in extenso* by each of them; *Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness*, (Rom. iv. 3,) or as St. James quotes it, *was imputed to him for righteousness*, (ii. 23.)

This instance is a valuable guide to us, how to proceed when *apparent* contradictions (and there can be no real contradictions) occur in scripture. We examine the drift and tendency of the whole, and we find that they harmonize perfectly. But when our difficulties arise from mere notions or human opinions, however sanctioned by the authority of men, great and good, our duty is a far easier one. Instead of perplexing ourselves with attempts to reconcile such difficulties with scripture, or scripture with them, all that we have to do is calmly and quietly to sweep them out of our path, and go on our way rejoicing.

For instance, a moralist, unenlightened by the Spirit of God, might tell me that virtue is its own reward; that if a man be good and upright, and faithfully discharge the relative duties of life, that it will *surely bring him peace at the end;* that God is merciful, &c. Do I stop to prove to him the fallacy of his self-righteous theories? No. I merely reply, that *he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but*

that *he that believeth not shall be damned.* (Mark xvi. 16.) Or in the poet's words I answer,

> Talk they of Morals? Oh thou bleeding Lamb!
> The grand morality is love of thee!—YOUNG.

Now I pray you to act thus in considering the subject before us. Weigh well all scriptural difficulties—pray over them—and they will be made clear to you; but blow all human and carnal difficulties to the four winds of heaven, lest, like the thorns in the parable, they grow up and choke the good seed. I press this subject upon your notice, earnestly and affectionately. Far be it from me to make assent to this doctrine a thing necessary to salvation to any who have or shall have fallen asleep in Jesus before his coming, but at the same time I will not shrink from stating, that it is my firm opinion, founded on many passages of holy writ, that it will be highly dangerous for any who are alive, and remain at that great day, not to be looking for and loving his appearing. Moreover, we must observe that as soon as the servant had come to the conclusion that his master *delayed his coming*, he ceased to *watch and to be sober;* one great incentive to vigilance was taken away, and his master came in an hour when he looked not for him, and appointed him his portion with unbelievers. (Luke xii.)

In my last letter I *proved* to you from scripture that the dead in Christ rise first; I proved also that *a thousand years* (attach what signification you please to the words *a thousand years*) must elapse between their rising and that of the rest of the dead, but I only *assumed* that the personal coming of Christ was premillennial. I begged you to grant the assumption, while I showed to you the harmony of such a view

with the tenor and tendency of our Lord's parables, of the ten virgins, the committed talents, and the sheep and the goats. (Matt. xx.) I will now endeavour to *prove* what I then only *assumed.*

That Christ is to visit this earth again personally, is, I believe, admitted by all but infidels; on this head, therefore, I will refer but to one text. In Acts i. 11, two men in white apparel say to the disciples, *Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This* SAME *Jesus which is taken* UP FROM *you into heaven, shall* SO *come in* LIKE MANNER, *as ye have seen him* GO INTO *heaven;* and the manner of his going up into heaven is minutely declared in the 9th verse,—*While they beheld, He was taken* UP, *and a cloud received him out of their sight;* or, as it is stated by the same inspired writer St. Luke in his gospel, (xxiv. 50,) *He lifted up his hands and* BLESSED *them* (the disciples). *And it came to pass* WHILE *he blessed them,* (in the very act; his pierced hands stretched over them) *he was parted from them, and* CARRIED UP INTO *heaven.*

He went up bodily, visibly, palpably in the clouds of heaven, blessing his disciples—a little flock! He will descend again, bodily, visibly, palpably in the clouds of heaven, blessing his disciples,—an innumerable multitude, whom no man can number. Angels attended his departure;—angels will attend his return. His disciples looked stedfastly into the heavens to catch the last glimpse of their beloved Redeemer. Oh! that all his disciples were equally looking for the first glimpse of his return!

Let me now turn to another important point, and one on which scripture is so abundant in testimony, that to select will be my only difficulty. Frequent

and unequivocal are the promises, *that the* EARTH *shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord* (or the *knowledge of the glory of the Lord*), (Hab. ii. 14,) *as the waters cover the sea.* Isaiah xi. 9.

The promise to Abraham is that ALL *the* NATIONS *of the* EARTH *shall be blessed in him*, (Gen. xviii. 18,) and repeated *passim* to himself, to Isaac, and to Jacob.

The Lord asserts with an oath in the 14th of Numbers, *As truly as I live*, ALL *the* EARTH *shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.*

In the 2d Psalm, the LORD says unto the LORD,—Jehovah says unto his *anointed*, his CHRIST, (משיחו, *m'shichu*, his Messiah); the Father says unto the Son, *Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the* EARTH *for thy possession.*

Psalm xxii. 26, tells us that *the meek shall eat and be satisfied*, (v. 27). ALL *the ends of the* EARTH *shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and* ALL *the kindreds of the* NATIONS shall worship before thee.

In Psalm xxxvii. 22, we are told that *such as be blessed of him shall inherit the* EARTH; and in verse 29, *The righteous shall inherit the* LAND *and dwell therein for ever.*

I may here remark, parenthetically, that most of these blessings promised to the meek and righteous are connected with a rooting out of the ungodly; for instance, in the last Psalm quoted, v. 34, the believer is told to *wait on the Lord and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land;* WHEN *the wicked are* CUT OFF, *thou shalt see it.*

Again, in Isaiah lxvi. 18, after the destruction of the ungodly, the Lord says—*I will gather* ALL *nations*

and tongues; and they shall come, and see my glory. And I will set a sign among them, and I will send those that escape of them to Tarshish, to Pul, and Lud, that draw the bow, to Tubal and Javan, to the isles afar off, that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory among the GENTILES; and they shall bring *all your brethren for an offering unto the Lord out of* ALL *nations upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters, and upon swift beasts, to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord.*

In Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Dan. ii. 34, we find *that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet of iron and clay, and broke them in pieces,* and this stone afterwards *became a great mountain, and filled the* WHOLE EARTH, (v. 35.) and the *interpretation* of this is given in verse 44. *The God of heaven shall set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter.* And again, in the 7th chapter of this same prophet, verse 27. *And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom* UNDER *the* WHOLE HEAVEN *shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and* ALL *dominions shall serve him:* or, as it was still more explicitly stated in verse 13, ALL *people, and nations, and languages should serve him.*

In Micah iv. 1, and Isaiah ii. 2, we learn that *in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of*

the Lord's house shall be exalted above the hills, and PEOPLE *shall flow unto it, and* MANY NATIONS *shall come and say, Come, let us go up to the mountains of the Lord,* &c. &c. (v. 3.) *And he shall judge among* MANY PEOPLE.

In Zephaniah iii. 20, God tells the daughter of Israel,—*At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you: for I will make you a praise among* ALL PEOPLE *of the* EARTH, *when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord.*

Again, *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,* (Zech. viii. 20.) *It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come* PEOPLE, *and inhabitants of many cities: and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also. Yea,* MANY PEOPLE *and strong* NATIONS *shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts in* JERUSALEM, *and to pray before the Lord. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold out of* ALL *languages of the* NATIONS, *even shall take hold by the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you.*

Finally, I will quote our Lord's own sweet prophecy:—*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the* EARTH.

Now, in the selection I have brought before you, observe that all these prophecies refer to a blessed state of things upon *earth*. In every one of them the EARTH* is either named, or implied by the accessory details of *nations, people, Gentiles, cities, Jews, Jerusalem,* &c. I have avoided the far more glowing de-

* EARTH, *Heb.* אֶרֶץ *aretz*, whence the English word is evidently derived.

scriptions of the same period, which are contained in Prophecies more exclusively addressed to Israel, in order that there may be no frittering away their meaning, by what is called *spiritualizing* or allegorizing things which God hath declared to be so plain that he that runneth may read them. I could not, although I tried to do so, describe this glorious period without naming Israel;* I could not do it, for who shall separate what God has joined together? But you will admit that Gentiles are included in them, and distinguished from Israelites, while at the same time they are servants of Jehovah as Gentiles;† most of these promises are moreover intimately connected with a previous coming and an actual presence of the Lord, but this also I have avoided noticing, because I wished simply to prove to you that the earth, covered with a mixed population of Jews and Gentiles, preserving national distinctions, and inhabiting cities, *shall* yet be filled with the knowledge of the Lord; that at the name of Jesus, every knee *shall* yet bow.

We have then established two undoubted facts; the one is, *that the Lord Jesus Christ shall personally revisit this earth;* the other, that there is to be a period in the earth's annals when ALL *shall know the Lord.*

† Israel! poor Israel! whom Gentiles so often would strip of her precious promises, applying them with self-complacent arrogancy to themselves, and forgetting that they are but wild branches grafted in.

* I have omitted also many far more striking prophecies, because the ears of Anti-millennarians seem accustomed to, and closed against them. I have more than once been told 'Ah, that is a passage which you millennarians always quote;' but is this any proof of their want of cogency? I have however avoided many such passages, because I am convinced that by a device of Satan, they have lost their power, and, in short, people have *got accustomed* to them.

Now, in what order of time do these two events stand towards each other?

We will first examine into the results of the universal spread (and keep in mind that it is a *universal* and not an *almost* spread) of the truth, preceding the coming of the Lord. In other words, we will suppose the Lord to come at the end of the triumphant period of the church's history. And how shall we find language glowing enough to describe such an event! The earth full of the knowledge of the Lord, and the Lord returning to so blessed a planet; returning to his own, and received by them all! Every human tongue would utter forth a glad Hosanna; kings would throng to the KING OF KINGS, and casting down their regal insignia, their crowns, their diadems and sceptres, would own that by HIM they had reigned and decreed righteous judgments; captains and mighty men would hail the LORD OF HOSTS who had made strong their arm in the day of battle, and show HIM the swords they had turned into pruning hooks; rich men would crowd to HIM to whom belongeth the silver and the gold, and would tell HIM that as stewards of HIS bounties, they had honoured HIM with their substance; mothers would lift their babes on high, and bid them raise their shrill voices and tiny hands to welcome that JESUS whose name their infant lips had lisped! With a shout we know the Lord is to descend, and with a shout indeed of universal joy, would such a world receive and welcome him! *Hosannah to the Son of David!* BUT,

To the law and to the testimony, if we speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in us.

Does scripture so describe the Lord's coming? No, oh no!

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the INHABITANTS *of the* EARTH *tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness,* &c. (Joel ii. 1, 2.)

Behold HE *cometh with clouds and every eye shall see* HIM, *and they which pierced* HIM;* *and* ALL *kindreds of the* EARTH *shall wail because of* HIM; *Even so, Amen.* (Rev. i. 7.)

AS *the days of Noe were,* SO *shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage,* UNTIL *the days that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not* UNTIL the flood came and took them all away; SO *shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.* (Matt. xxiv. 37.)

Likewise also AS IT WAS *in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded, but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.* EVEN THUS SHALL IT BE *in the day when the Son of Man is revealed.* (Luke xvii. 23.

* Although foreign to the line of argument I am pursuing above, I must here step aside to point out the absolute proof contained in this verse of the rising of the redeemed taking place at the advent of the Lord. It may be proved from this very verse, which is so often adduced by those who deny the literal first resurrection, as containing an insurmountable objection. How, say they, Are not the Roman soldiers *who pierced him* here named? And are they of the blessed and holy? Yes, I fearlessly reply they are, we know they are, and we know it on the firmest, most incontestable evidence,—*Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do.* Are we to look on this prayer merely as a proof of the merciful forgiving spirit of the Lord? Doth not the Father always hear the Son? And did he not hear this prayer, offered up when *all was finished*? Oh, who shall even dare to doubt that it was heard and fully answered; and the first fruits of the answer were seen in the centurion's confession—*Truly this man was the Son of God.* (Mark xv. 39.)

When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon earth? (Luke xviii. 3.) In the 19th of Luke, the Son of man is compared to a nobleman going to a far country, to receive a kingdom, and on his return, having received the kingdom, he saith, (ver. 27.) *But those mine enemies, who would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither, and slay them before me.* Again, (in Luke xxi. 25.) *There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and* UPON THE EARTH *distress of* NATIONS, *with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken, and* THEN *shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.* And in verse 34th, *Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares; for as a snare shall it come on* ALL *them that dwell on the face of the* EARTH. *Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.*

St. Paul, in his first epistle to the church at Thessalonica (chap. v. 2—4), says, *For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.* (BEHOLD, I COME AS A THIEF, Rev. xvi. 15.) *For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail on a woman with child; and they shall not escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.*

In the first chapter of his second epistle to the same church, he says, *And to you who are troubled, rest with*

us; when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Peter, in his second epistle, chap. iii. 3, states that there shall come *in the* LAST DAYS *scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming?* (an awful text!) And in ver. 10, he adds, *But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up.**

It is not of course my intention to quote every passage in which the second advent of the Lord is described; these I request you to examine for yourself, and you will find them all of a terrific and threaten-

* While I own that this text offers difficulties at the first reading, I must also add that it is the only scriptural difficulty I meet with in the whole investigation; and this apparent difficulty is considerably diminished when we examine the whole passage. The apostle contrasts the future destruction by fire, with the past destruction by water; but the past destruction by water, was in fact only a renovation; and accordingly St. Peter adds, in the 13th verse, *Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.* Now the promise here claimed by the apostle is found in Isaiah lxv. 17, in which a blessed state of things *upon earth* is described; and reading on the chapter, to ver. 25 (which I beg my readers to do), immediately identifies the period with that described in Isaiah xi. in which the BRANCH is described (ver. 5) as having *righteousness* for *the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness for the girdle of his reins, judging the poor with righteousness.* I EARNESTLY request my readers to peruse the whole chapter, which is to my mind ABSOLUTELY conclusive, when read in connection (through the 5th chapter) with the passage in St. Peter now under consideration. I also consider the two last chapters of the Apocalypse to be recapitulatory, and to refer to this the millennial period. So important does the link between these various passages appear to me, that for the third time in this short note, I must request a careful perusal of the whole.

ing character to the EARTH, and to those who are of the earth, earthy.

But let me anticipate one objection, which you may probably raise;—you will remind me, perhaps, that *when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed again out of his prison* (Rev. xx. 7), *for a little season*, ver. 3, *and that he shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth*, and, therefore, you may suggest, that after the period of blessedness, the earth may again fall into a state similar to the days of Noah and Lot, and that these dreadful judgments, and this terrific coming of the Lord are *then* to take place.

In my previous letter, I stated to you, that of this second loosening of Satan, we know nothing but the simple fact that it shall take place. With regard to the objection I have supposed you to start, I would reply that in EVERY ONE of the glowing anticipations of terrestrial bliss, which we find in the Hebrew prophets, the rooting out of the ungodly is described as a prior event: but as one line of argument, distinctly and minutely followed out, is preferable to many arguments imperfectly glanced at, I will confine myself to one parable of our Lord's, from which we learn incontrovertibly, that bad men are to be mixed with the good, with no period of exemption, UNTIL the day of judgment. I allude to the parable of the TARES AND THE WHEAT.

Let both grow together, says the Lord (Matt. xiii. 30), UNTIL THE HARVEST; *and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn.* And, in verse 37, our Lord thus explains the parable: *He that soweth the good*

seed is the Son of man; the field is the world; (κοσμος, *kosmos*)* *the good seed are the children of the kingdom, but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world;* (end of the αιων, or age, not of the κοσμος, or physical globe, represented by the field); *and the reapers are the angels,* (here compare, Rev. xiv. 14—16.) *As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world.* (αιων.) *The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.* THEN *shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear let him hear.*

Immediately follows another parable, precisely similar, that of the NET cast into the sea. The good fish are gathered into vessels; but the bad are cast away; *So* (ver. 49) *shall it be at the end of the world* (αιων); *the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from the just, and shall cast them into* THE *furnace of fire, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.*

To sum up, in a syllogistic form, the whole argument of this letter;

There shall be a period of universal blessedness upon this earth;

And the Lord shall visit this earth personally;

But when the Lord cometh, he shall not find faith upon the earth;

And as the tares are to grow up with the wheat until the harvest, this period of blessedness can-

* For an explanation of the words *kosmos* and *aion*, see my last letter, page 139.

not have taken place, and have yielded to a fresh spread of iniquity;

Therefore, the SECOND ADVENT of the Lord will be PRE-MILLENNIAL.

Commending the above remarks to your perusal, which I do with a humble, but a most firm conviction, that they are in accordance with the truth, I will conclude by again repeating the Lord's words—

WHO HATH EARS TO HEAR LET HIM HEAR!

And I remain, my dear George,

Your very sincere friend,

L. H. J. T.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. VII.

THE present era of the Christian church is an era of profession. "Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." There is so much of sound religious belief, and so much of genuine Christian benevolence abroad in the world, that it seems as though the leaven of the gospel had penetrated through the whole mass of the community, until it had become in a great measure leavened. There are, however, in the Christian cupel other tests besides those of elevated morality and doctrinal distinctness. In natural things we learn to estimate the vast superiority of the divine workmanship over the most laboured productions of man, by that exquisite minuteness which no human skill can imitate; and so in things spiritual, the Christian character (that manifest work of God) can oftentimes be more certainly traced by the perfect finish of its minutiæ, than by those broader features which lie open to the observation of all. There are certain virtues of a humble and homely class, which, in this age of luxury and refinement, are in danger of being overlooked or forgotten; and yet it is surprizing too, considering how prominent a place they occupy in the word of God. Of this kind is the much neglected virtue of hospitality—that which

passes muster under its name being for the most part a counterfeit, and not a genuine Christian grace.

It is impossible even to glance through the apostolic writings without being struck with the reiterated injunctions contained therein to the practice of hospitality. Nor do we learn to estimate its importance in the eyes of inspired teachers by the breadth of the precept merely. St. Paul directs the attention of the Bishop of Crete to this feature, as one test among many of the qualifications befitting those whom he should ordain to the ministry. The pastor of a flock must be pre-eminent in this grace. He must not only practise it himself, but he must also encourage the practice of it in others. He must be "a lover of hospitality." Again, in writing to his "son Timothy" concerning the proper regulation of the charitable institutions of the church, the same apostle requires that the aged Christian widow who should be entitled to a maintenance out of the common fund, should be one who had "lodged strangers," and "washed the saints' feet,"—an orientalism which, if conventionally rendered into our own tongue, would signify, the doing every thing that could be done to gratify and refresh the stranger and the traveller. St. John, in his epistle to "the beloved Gaius," speaks with delight of the testimony which Christian strangers had borne before the church to the aid they had received from this hospitable elder; and the author of the epistle to the Hebrews, by way of inducing the Jewish converts to break through their prejudices against eating and drinking with men of another nation, and of persuading them to use hospitality towards all, reminds them of two incidents in the patriarchal history, in which the exercise of this virtue

towards strangers, *as such*, was followed by a great recompense of reward:—in the one case—that of Lot, by preservation from impending destruction; in the other—that of Abraham, by the promise that Sarah should have a son, "Be not therefore forgetful (says the apostle) to entertain *strangers*."

But to go on to a still higher authority, that of the Lord Jesus himself. True indeed it is (for he himself hath told us so) that while tabernacling with sinners, the Lord of Glory had not where to lay his head, much less to shelter that of others; yet even in the wilderness, he shewed himself mindful of the bodily wants of those who had come so far to see and to hear him; and he who, when he was himself an hungered, did not think meet to put forth his creative energy for the relief of his own personal need, failed not to feed thousands and thousands, whose anxiety to avail themselves of the benefits of his teaching had outrun their care for bodily sustenance. But though in accordance with the truth that he for our sakes became poor, we find him on only two occasions dispensing as a host the riches of his liberality, we may learn to estimate the importance of the duty of hospitality from the readiness with which the Lord Jesus was wont to avail himself of the exercise of it in others. We find him reclining at the table of the punctilious Pharisee; seated at the board of the degraded publican; in the house of the leper; under the roof of Lazarus; with friend and with enemy; with opponent and partizan; accepting such accommodation as each was able to offer him. Nor did he disdain, from the hands of women of every variety of rank and character, to receive that aid which his necessity required, and their love and reverence were

forward to bestow. From the wife of Chuza, who trod the court of kings, down to the penitent Magdalene, "many others ministered to him of their substance;" and from the hands of a female, a Samaritan and a sinner, he condescended to take that which he has spoken of as the smallest boon which hospitality can offer to any in his name—the cup of cold water.

In like manner, when he sent the seventy forth to preach before him the glad tidings of the gospel, he instructed them to throw themselves simply upon the hospitality of strangers, in whatsoever city they entered. "Eat such things as are set before you." In the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give; and terrible are the woes which he proceeds to denounce upon those who will neither receive into their hearts the holy doctrine they were commissioned to impart, nor give shelter and sustenance to the heralds who came to proclaim it.

Again, how constantly in his discourses and parables, directly and indirectly, does the Lord Jesus dwell upon the duty of an enlarged bountifulness in providing for the temporal wants of others. He speaks of making "a feast" for the poor and the maimed, and the halt and the blind; of giving to those who "cannot recompense" the giver; and in the scene which he has sketched of the last great act of judgment, one of the condemning clauses found recorded in the book of doom against the ungodly is, that they "fed not the hungry, nor took the stranger in."

The hospitality of the world in general, or of the professing Christian world in particular, where is it? Is it to be found in those assemblies whether com-

bined of the professor, and of the baptized member of the church who glories in the fact of making "no profession," or whether carefully selected from the ranks of "the serious," who meet duly and decorously in the homes of luxury, to "eat the fat and drink the strong;"—who come arrayed in purple to witness the glitter of their neighbour's ménage; the pomp and circumstance of his improved worldly condition, and then go back anxiously desirous that they in their turn may not be behindhand in anything which custom or fashion has made the requisites of the society to which they belong? Genuine hospitality! where is it, when the obscure and unexpected guest arrives, and puts a whole household into gloom, because, forsooth, some small sacrifice of time and plan must be endured for the short period of his sojourn? Genuine hospitality! where is it when the fatherless *do* fail of finding a home, and the widow a shelter? Some there are indeed (praised be God) whose hearts are naturally so constituted, or so moulded by divine grace to mercy and tenderness, that there needs no other claim upon their sympathies than to be destitute or afflicted. Such generous Samaritans are here and there to be met with on the highway of life, and rich indeed is the balm they know how to pour into the wounded bosom, and tender the care with which they open their stores to make provision for those who are in need. But that this spirit is by no means universal the general aspect of society abundantly testifies. The very glare and glitter which prevail in the dwellings of the higher and middle classes, testify to the fact that the hospitality of the present day consists in shewing to others how much gold and silver and crystal can be accumulated under one roof,

and so concentrated into a focus as to dazzle the eyes of all beholders. But not our houses only, our very churches bear shameful witness to the exclusive, uncourteous spirit of the age. Save in a few instances, where a powerful interest has been excited in listening to the teaching of the word, and where some regulations for securing decency and order have been entered into, it is no uncommon thing to see two or three members of a worshipping assembly occupying a space which double the number could not fill, while others are standing without, faint and weary, not daring and not invited to enter! When an epidemic prevails, it is not only in the extreme features of the case that the eye of science can trace it, but in those smaller derangements which bear its general character, though they may admit of some modification in the degree of virulence.

How beautiful! how refreshing! to turn from the meagre hospitality of modern times to the large and liberal spirit evinced by the Patriarchs, and more especially manifested in the history of Abraham. If, under any circumstances, it were lawful to cherish an exclusive spirit, the peculiar position of Abraham might have pleaded some excuse. Selected by divine interposition from a race which had preserved its genealogy unbroken from the most distinguished of the sons of Noah—with the promise of a "great name," and a splendid earthly inheritance (to say nothing of those loftier privileges which he was called to possess)—placed amidst the idolatrous and degraded Amorites, and shielded by divine promise from all possibility of harm or loss, it would but have been in keeping with the working of fallen human nature, had Abraham carried himself loftily

or arrogantly among his compeers, disdaining all the relations of social intercourse, or usages of hospitality among them. That he did not do so, however, there is ample evidence. To the divine protection he doubtless owed the safety of his household and possessions, but to his generous and courteous demeanour belonged (under God) the respect and popularity which he seems to have enjoyed among men. The repeated exemplifications of his generous and liberal spirit could not but make a great impression upon the people of the land, who, if they failed to appreciate his piety towards God, would know how to estimate his liberality towards themselves; and the very terms used by the children of Heth in their public address to Abraham,—"My Lord, thou art a mighty prince among us"—are similar to those which at the present day would be applied in the east, to that noble Emir of whom it could be testified, in the beautiful language of Job, that he had lived but to exercise all the graces of a kindly philanthropy. (Job xxxi. 16—20.)

How beautiful the exhibition of genuine hospitality, when in the hot and burning noon-tide, the patriarch rises from his place of shelter and repose, to minister to the ease and refreshment of the strangers that approach his tent. His first care is to bring them under the shadow of his own roof-tree, to unbind their sandals and to provide water to wash from the heated skin the hot and penetrating sand. His next act is to associate his wife in hospitable care for their unknown guests. Abraham hastened into the tent to Sarah, and said, "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the earth; and Abraham ran unto

the herd and fetched a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man, and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter and milk and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." It was no ordinary entertainment which Abraham provided for the "three men," whose arrival was so unexpected to him. He doubtless judged from their demeanour that they were strangers of distinction and might deem the pleasure of their converse sufficient remuneration for the accommodation bestowed. But Sarah could have no inducements of a complex and inferior order to quicken her to diligence in providing for her husband's guests. Apart in the seclusion of her tent, she sedulously prepared that portion of the entertainment which was most difficult of accomplishment, and which her own superior skill could best effect, and this in obedience simply to the command of her husband, and the impulses of her own hospitable mind. She dreamt not of any recompence, much less of receiving the cherished desire of her heart in return for her hospitable entertainment of "strangers;" but she was in the way of duty, in the exercises of a kind and liberal disposition, and in this way, as we shall afterwards see, God met and blessed her.

There is danger, in an era of extreme civilization, of that too fastidious taste which forbids to females of the wealthier classes any share in, or concern about the management and regulation of their households. Without derogating in any degree from the dignity of her position in life, and without engaging in any occupation unbecoming her station, it cannot surely be too much to expect, that a Christian lady,

although the wife of "a mighty prince," in the land, should condescend to care for the comfort of all who come under the shelter of the roof-tree; should endeavour to ascertain (always maintaining the dignified reserve which custom has prescribed) that all is order and liberality and hospitality in her household. To be carried away by the desire of "a large sphere of usefulness" in the alleys of the remote district, or in the discussions of the committee-room, while the stranger is uncared for at home, and the laws of hospitality neglected,—this is to pervert the order of things, and to substitute the lesser duty for the greater. The command is imperative—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." The motive is urgent —"thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Who would not rejoice in the opportunity of exercising so delightful a duty? Who would not perform it heartily as unto the Lord? looking unto him alone for the spiritual blessing and recompense.

LYDIA.

JUDAH'S CURSE.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! my heart o'erflows mine eyes
When, on thy sacred hills I see the Moslem's tow'rs arise;
Will nothing move thy long-lost sons to burst their captive chains,
And humbly ask of heav'n the cause, why thus their land remains?

Without a king, without a priest, the wand'ring outcasts stray,
Despised, reviled, and still oppressed, hope gleams not on their way!
And now their foes, with malice fraught, that ancient charge maintain,
Of mingling with their paschal rite a human victim slain.

O Judah weep, in anguish weep! a deeper stain imbrues
Thy uncleansed hand than all the guilt which this wide world bedews!
Thro' eighteen hundred centuries that bitter curse has sped—
"His blood" (the Lamb of Calvary's) "be on our children's head!"

Those crimson drops pursue ye still, as round the world ye roam,—
With worse than pagan rites they would pollute your much-loved home;
And never will your cruel foes from bitter taunts refrain
Until, with weeping eyes ye seek the Lord whom ye have slain!

For think ye 'twas some common deed of wilful murder done,
From age to age thus visited, from suffering sire to son?
Full many a saint, and many a sage, and royal martyrs too
Have since that period bled, yet ne'er such vengeance did ensue!

No, Judah! 'twas thy sov'reign Lord, the great Creator He,
Who bow'd his head in agony on th' accursed tree!
Then seek no more with impious aim heav'n's justice to endure,
Since what was lightly once esteem'd thy curse—is now thy cure!

He died for thee! yes! *first* for thee, that precious blood was spilt—
But ah, the thought must aggravate thy sorrow as thy guilt!
Full well he knew no other stream could e'er new life impart,
And so he oped his bleeding side, to warm thy clay-cold heart!

Oh then to cleanse, not to condemn, be now his
blood applied,
And wonder at the pow'r and love that yields th'
ensanguin'd tide—
That makes thy unbelief and sin, all hateful though
they be,
A means to bless the Gentile world—and then to
pardon thee!

J. D.

ON IDOLATRY.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM not afraid of addressing your warm heart on a subject which has long weighed heavily upon my own—the abuse and misapplication of the word 'Idolatry.' Much has been written and spoken of the unruly nature of the affections, of the danger of an overweening attachment to any creature; and far be it from me to lose sight of this acknowledged peril, or to detract one iota from the weight of the awful warning of our Saviour—"Whoso loveth father or mother *more than me* is not worthy of me;" but, as in the path of old "there was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side," so I believe it is now; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, while we have been endeavouring to steer clear of the 'Bozez' of idolatry, we have fallen foul of the no less to be dreaded 'Seneh' of coolness and indifference. Let me then, for once, take solely the other side. The most cursory glance into the word of truth supplies us with instances of devoted love, such as would be difficult to find even amongst those who are the most sternly condemned as '*creature worshippers*.' Where will you find a Jonathan and David? Follow them through the course of their friendship, from the moment that their souls were 'knit' together till their last parting, when "they strengthened each other's hands in God."

Stop for a moment, and be rivetted on the touching *fact* recorded of Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah; and *oh!* hearken to the weeping voice of Ruth, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And, to pass over the crowds of other portraits of deep love to which it would be hard to find an answering face in real life, let us lose ourselves in the unfathomable love of Jesus; let us recollect his words,—"As I have loved you, so ought ye also to love one another;" let us dwell upon his human friendships; above all, let us endeavour to dive into the deep mysteries of his prayers for his own, and then let us ask ourselves, Need we fear to overstep the bounds of lawful permitted love? Surely no! In our judgment of this as of many other things, have we not departed from "the law and the testimony," and do we not rather measure our love by the niggard ratio which is current in the world? Ah, how many a tender conscience has been wounded by the untimely warning against idolatry, from a sound-headed but cold-hearted divine, who verily thought he was doing that poor soul an essential service. I speak from experience: I had a friend who was dear to me as my own soul; my natural prop early removed, I clung to her with ardent love; to be in her presence was happiness; to think of her when absent was my greatest delight; she was blended with my every prayer and my every wish, but she ever raised me to heaven, and I always felt as though the

Holy Spirit acted upon me through her influence. I was told she was my idol. Oh, awful word! I wept over it night and day; for many weeks I was wretched, and attributed all my barrenness and slow growth in grace to this, as I supposed, sin against God. My journal can bear witness how earnestly I adjured God to cause me to suffer any thing rather than turn this blessing into a curse, any thing rather than make this my 'wealth' an occasion of 'falling.' It has pleased him in his infinite wisdom to take this precious gem to himself, when we the least looked for her removal, and when she appeared to us the most needed here; and do I love her the less? Oh no! After much probing and searching of heart I believe myself 'clear in this matter,' and I thank God from the ground of my heart for having given me to love his precious saint, and I check not the affection which kindles towards every thing and every one who was connected with her on earth; nay, every day I set apart a portion of my time sacred to dear remembrances of her, and then I strive to "come unto Mount Zion," to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to her "just spirit made perfect," and my heart burns with the desire to "sit together with her in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Shall any one say this is a sinful affection to any mere creature? Oh no! it is feelings such as these which stamp *for ever* on our loves and fellowships, and makes them the glorious pledges that they are—sweet, ineffably sweet *now*, but in reversion, blessed beyond all conceptions of blessedness! Let us not then diminish or stunt our creature love, but let us wrestle, yea, agonize for a vast increase of love to God, that our whole souls may blaze with it, then be

assured it will light up all the lesser torches of *subordinate* love, nor need we fear that he who desires our heart will ever regard this, his own gift of nature and of grace, with a jealous eye.

Dear Madam,—I am induced to ask your kind insertion of these few observations, believing, as I do, that they will meet with a response in your own breast, and also from the heartfelt desire that they may aid a weak, timid sister, who, like myself, has suffered from what appears to me an overstretching of an important truth, and a neglect of another no less so. May God bless the feeblest effort made by, or for one of his "little ones," and especially you, dear madam, in your important station of usefulness.

Your gratefully affectionate reader,

A. T. N.

We cannot be satisfied to give an unnoticed insertion to the foregoing remarks, in which we wholly and most heartily concur. It is not the first time that the subject has been introduced in our pages, nor will it, in all probability, be the last, seeing how constant, how urgent is the call for animadversion. Something more than grief and indignation, downright disgust and even horror, have been excited by the heartless language of well-meaning people, who not only bring these unwarranted charges against their neighbours, in reference to the living, but sometimes wring an additional drop of agonizing bitterness into the full cup of sorrow that laments a beloved object recently numbered with the dead. The command to "exhort one another daily," is sometimes made an excuse for a species of dictation unauthorized either by scripture or reason.

A person makes his own views, feelings, or natural temperament, the standard whereby to measure others; and in whatsoever they fall short of or exceed that presumed rule of orthodoxy and propriety, they are forthwith to be subjected to a lecture; and should their faith be weak, or their humility and self-distrust great, they are pierced through with sorrows, made sick indeed with terrors, wholly needless and unfounded; and very probably by a censor whose idolatry of self forms the secure preservative against the excess of kindly affections towards others.

We always did, and we always will maintain an uncompromising warfare against this unscriptural assumption. Our correspondent has glanced at one or two instances of unrebuked affection recorded in the Bible: to which it might be added, that Ezekiel must have been greatly attached to his wife, for God calls her "the desire of thine eyes;" yet when she was taken away "at a stroke," the dispensation is not described as having any reference to his idolatrous love, but merely that his refraining from outward lamentation over so terrible a bereavement, may lead the rebellious Israelite to inquire of him concerning a sign so portentously unnatural. If the prophet was privileged as we are, in regard to pious friends, we may conclude that he received abundance of admonitions on his supposed sin, and its presumed punishment. Job was stoutly accused of idolizing his possessions, and their withdrawal was characterized as an indubitable mark of divine vengeance; yet Job's accusers were covered with shame, and the Lord restored to him double what he took away.

A striking remark once made b an eminent living

clergymen may here be cited. In a private party, he heard some of the accustomed common-places uttered in reference to a gentleman who was pronounced guilty of idolatry, in that he exceedingly loved his wife. Our friend immediately put in a plea in behalf of the unhappy delinquent. 'The word of God,' said he, 'exhorts that every man should love his wife *even as Christ loved the church.* Does the person in question love his wife BETTER than Christ loves the church?'

A Christian husband may be found guilty of idolatry, who suffers his wife to lead him back into the pollutions of the world which he had escaped: who gives up his bible, his church, his private devotions, his acknowledged duties among men, to her persuasions or influence. This Solomon did, even to the worshipping of strange gods. A Christian parent may be similarly denounced, who sanctions his children in that which he knows to be contrary to God's will, through the weakness of indulgence, condemning them, if not himself, in that which he alloweth. We have known mothers professing godliness, sending, and even accompanying their daughters to a ball-room; fathers making a like profession, interposing no authority to keep their sons from the theatre; and both consenting to open their houses to an influx of worldly society, because their children wished it. We offer no extenuation for this: it is manifestly loving the creature more than the Creator, and that too with an earthly, cruel, destroying love. A believer, male or female, may also be fairly charged with the sin, who, to gratify a personal predilection, or indeed from any motive, marries an unbeliever. But to condemn as idolatrous the outgoings

of parental, fraternal, conjugal, or social affection, towards those whom God has given us in these sweet relationships, together with his blessing on the tie, is a miserable fragment of monasticism that cannot be too promptly or too effectually swept from among us.

It is singular that a friend, whom it is our privilege to love with all the natural warmth of a heart that we trust will never be chilled by any of these frost-bitten theories, had requested a paper on this very subject in the present number of our Magazine; having been deeply pained by beholding a Christian mother labouring to rein in the fondness of her affection for the babes of her bosom, lest, as she expressed it, she might offend God by making idols of them. We, however, took up the letter of A. T. N., and found it so much to the point as to leave us only the office of appending these remarks. There is something very serious in presuming so to judge our fellow sinners in a matter where God has made no revelation of his will, and where, even if he had denounced an excess of natural affection as criminal, it is for him, the Searcher of hearts, ALONE to decide when it becomes excessive.

But this favourite common-place is frequently applied to other matters, where, in the sight of all rational people it becomes scarcely less ludicrous than it is unjustifiable. We could name a person to whom God has graciously given an exquisite perception of the beauties of his visible works: she delights, of course, in flowers. One day, fatigued by long application to the pen, she strolled, for a moment's refreshment, into the garden; and stooping to remove a weed from the vicinity of a dwarf rose-bush, struck her face against a dead twig of the plant, which

weakness of sight, induced by close literary application, prevented her distinguishing from the paling against which it grew. A thorn pierced her eye-ball, and for some time great apprehensions were entertained of the consequences. This was actually seized upon by more than one zealous person, as a striking illustration of the PUNISHMENT OF IDOLATRY! She was too fond of flowers, it was said, and this was a rebuke from above. If so, it was ordered that the injury should accrue through the failure of an organ that had been devoted for twenty years to the work of the pen, wholly and exclusively, as she humbly trusts, in the cause of truth. No:—away with such unhallowed perversions! It was a marvellous instance of her Heavenly Father's watchful care, under circumstances which, but for his gracious interposition, would indeed have proved most fearfully perilous. The incident would have accrued had she stooped to pick up a Bible instead of a weed: it was a natural effect from a natural cause—the preservation of that tender organ from permanent injury, after a sharp thorn had been lodged in it—yea, within the dark part of the eye, for upwards of seven hours before it was extracted—proved the very reverse of the proposition advanced; and the rescued eye dwells with fonder delight than ever upon the lovely forms and enchanting tints that diversify this beautiful earth.

In fact, God's people feel that they must adopt a language dissimilar as are, by divine grace, their habits and feelings from those of the world lying in wickedness. Hence have sprung up a set of conventional phrases, the adoption of which is considered as a sort of badge—an outward sign whereby

they claim fellowship one with another. Among them is this pet word, Idolatry, as applied to objects of affection or taste, and many adopt it without duly bringing to the test of scripture and common sense its applicability to the purpose assigned. We have been rebuked for idolatrous regard to a hen and chickens, by some who stood aghast at our presumptuous lack of charity in applying the same epithet to the stock-and-stone worship of Popery! In real seriousness of spirit we say, These things ought not to be. Some may, as we thankfully confess we have ever done, wholly disregard the idle breath of such mistaken notions; but many a weak mind is staggered, many a warm spirit chilled, many a sphere of usefulness wofully contracted, by the concession of this privilege of dictation to our brethren. Each one who knows the plague of his own heart will find abundance to occupy him in controlling its evil motions, without waiting upon his neighbour, to clap an extinguisher on the cheerful spark of his permitted affections, or inviting him to perform the same office for himself. St. John's concluding injunction to his "little children" has been grievously perverted and misapplied. St. Paul's admonition to the Romans and to the Corinthians on the subject of meats offered to idols, &c. bears too direct a reference to the decree promulgated at Jerusalem, for the guidance of the Gentile churches, to admit of a similar distortion; and we shall do well to refrain from hooking in texts of the inspired word to support even the most favourite of our adopted theories.—ED.

NOTES ON GENESIS.

CHAPTER IX.

3. This is the first grant of animal food. Probably the change wrought on the earth and its atmosphere by the deluge, required for man, in order to preserve him in health, a more stimulant diet than he had before needed. God could, no doubt, preserve him in such health and strength as he saw fit under every change, without any means, but simply willing it so to be. But we see it is his will to do all things through the medium of means or instruments, and usually through the means of nature or the natural course of things. By the nature of any thing is meant the mode of existence and action bestowed on that thing; and by the term nature in a general sense is meant the regular course of things working according to their several natures.

5, 6. While these words expressly command the death of the murderer, in terms so clear and strong as lead one to question if it is not criminal to shelter one, they set a sacred value on the life of man that seems to prohibit taking it for any lesser offence. I have often thought the penal laws of England stretch their power over human life beyond what the word of God authorizes; and as every deviation from the word, whether national or individual, invariably produces evil, we see a fatal result from this sin in the

frequency of murder, as attendant upon robbery; the punishment being equally severe for both crimes, the robber is tempted to lessen the probability of detection by murder. Besides which, persons of tender consciences are afraid to prosecute for lesser offences, since it must be unto death; and thus the criminal, who might have been reformed by timely chastisement, is often suffered to go on, and become hardened in the ways of iniquity.

13. This beautiful token of a promised mercy appears to have been now, for the first time, set in the cloud. The atmosphere was probably, before the deluge, too dry for its appearance. Thus at once springing from the wrath of God against sin, and given as a pledge of mercy to the sinner, it seems a suitable emblem of Christ, in whom "Justice and mercy have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." In Ezek. i. 26 to end, and Rev. iv. 3, the rainbow is represented as entirely surrounding the throne of God, consequently forming the only way of access to it. Christ is the way, the only way of access to God. Joshua xiv. 6.

21. It is very possible, and from the whole character of Noah it seems highly probable, that he was not aware that the juice of the grape, a fruit he had been accustomed to eat at will, without injury, could produce such a distressing effect. It is however a warning to those who would live as the children of God, to be very cautious and moderate in the use of any indulgence with the nature and consequences of which they are unacquainted. They should be wise and wary against any surprises from sin,

> 'Quick as the apple of the eye
> The smallest touch of sin to feel.'

22. This unfilial action naturally suggests the question, Could Ham be really a child of God? I rather think, from 1 Peter iii. 20, 21, that all the persons saved in the ark were such. The sin here committed by Ham is no decided proof to the contrary, since we have many painful and humiliating instances of even grosser sins committed by true believers and recorded as awful warnings to us to attend to the caution of our Lord—"Watch you therefore, and what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch: Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation." The believer who does not closely watch every inlet to sin, every wandering of his heart from God will assuredly fall into sin, inward at least, if not outward also. While such instances warn the believer to watch for himself, they also call on him to forbear harsh judgment and the cruel rashness of branding as a hypocrite the professor of godliness who has sinned. Let us rather, as the apostle directs, "endeavour to restore such a one in the spirit of meekness."

25. The fulfilment of this curse shows that it came from God, and marks his abhorrence of filial undutifulness.

NIGHT ON CALVARY.

From the Rev. R. Montgomery's Poem of 'Messiah.'

A TRAGEDY which made the sun expire
And earth to throb, is ended! and the night
O'er Palestine her dewy wing unfolds;
On Calvary the solemn moon-beams lie
All chill and lovely, like the tranced smiles
Which light the features, when the pangs of death
Have ceased to flutter, and the face is still.
The stars are trooping, and the wintry air
Is mellowed with a soft mysterious glow
Caught from their beauty; not a vapour mars
The stainless welkin, where the moon aloft
One blue immensity of sky commands,—
Save where the fringe of some minutest cloud
Hangs like an eye-lid on a brilliant orb,
Then withers, in pervading lustre lost.
Few hours have fleeted, and yon trampled hill
Was shaken with a multitude, who foamed
And raged beneath the agonizing God!
But nature hath her claim resumed; and night,
As if to spread oblivion o'er the day,
And give creation a Sabbatic rest,
In balm and beauty on the world descends!
The crowds have vanished, like the waves that die
And leave a shore to quietude again:
Some in their dreams, perchance, the day renew,

The darkness, earthquake, and that loud farewell!
But thou! upon a kingly couch reposed,
The judge of Jesus, could thy soul conceive
That, long as times recorded truths endure,
Thy name, united to this awful day,
Would live,—when all the Cæsars are forgot.

The hum and murmur of a distant town,
How faintly on the breeze they roll, and die
In soft confusion!—turn thy gaze, and see
Encircled with a huge Titanian wall,
Where tower and turret, and Herodian piles,
And battlements of dusky gloom, uprear
Their vastness,—there the Holy City stands!
Augustly beautiful, in moonlight bathed,
Jehovah's palace awes the midnight air
Around it; while her mountain Genii, veiled
With dimmer lustre, far and near preside,
Like guardians planted by almighty hands,
To watch the city, where a million breathe.

From plain and desert, isles and regions called
Wherever son of Abram was,—they thronged
To worship, and the rite eternal * keep:
And there, in some unnoticed chamber lurk
The panic-struck apostles!—when the gloom
Of earthquake on the hill of Calv'ry hung,
That God was coming from the cross to take
Messiah; or, that Christ himself would free,
And shake the universe, to shew the God,—
Ambition blindly dreamt;—He could not die,
The Lord of Life, and Potentate of Worlds!

* The Passover.

A veil was on them; though prophetic Christ
His future resurrection oft declared,
'Twas unremembered, while the sudden pangs
Of terror crucified the faith of all!

But, north of Zion, on a mountain slope,
The garden where the tomb of Jesus lies
Behold; how solemnly beneath a haze
Of moonlight, the sepulchral rock appears!
Before it, with a frequent play, the flash
Of steely armour, as the Roman watch
Doth move and change in circular array,
Is seen; yet, save the night's uncertain sound,
The wizard motion of a rambling breeze
That stirs the olive, or the towering palm,
And timid murmur of a garden brook,
The scene is voiceless; while on high enthroned,
Yon firmamental orbs are fixed and bright,
As though in wonder, that their glory falls
Upon the grave where buried Godhead lies!

THE STORY OF A STRANGER IN LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FELIX DE LISLE."

I FEAR that in narrating the following story I shall be accused of pirating its leading ideas from a late very beautiful and popular tale. Such an accusation, however, would be groundless, as I have not stolen from any other writer.

That the main points of my story are pirated I do not deny; but they are taken from that only place whence stealing is no robbery—the inexhaustible storehouse of real fact.

To be brief, then, my hero is a real person, his adventures are real events, and the only alterations made in the details are such as are requisite, in delicacy to the feelings of the parties concerned.

* * * *

The scene was a small room in a lowly cottage, situated in the suburbs of a large Irish city, the time was evening, and the persons present were a widow and her only son. There was an elegance in the bearing of these individuals which well accorded with the aspect of their apartment; however humble were its dimensions, it was furnished with a grace that shewed a superior mind had been at work in its arrangements.

The lady was of a commanding and matronly appearance, yet with a countenance mild and subdued

in its expression. Her widow's cap shaded a pensive brow and a pallid cheek, and her eyes were filled with tears as she looked upon her son.

He was a tall and slender youth, of noble mien and manners; not handsome, in the usual sense of that term, but possessing fine, well-marked features, and that peculiar cast of countenance familiarly called *aristocratic*. Unsubdued pride, and a fiery quickness of feeling, were the predominant expressions of his pale and lofty brow, and flashed in rapid alternation from his keen dark eyes.

'And so he has refused to perform his promise, Horace?' said the lady.

'He has,' was the reply, 'and he leaves me to the cold world and its kindness, without one single breath of assistance, except the good character he dare not refuse me.'

'Then all our hopes in that quarter are dashed to the dust. Will you go to your uncle in Dublin, and try for him to make you his head-clerk or partner, or something of that kind?'

'To my uncle in Dublin?' cried the young man, starting from his chair, 'Is it to my uncle in Dublin you say, mother! May our lady never bless me if I set my foot under his roof, though he is an O'Meara, (and its little he deserves the name,)—under *his* roof that said my father was a fool to marry a Desmond, and that Desmond *yourself*, mother!'

The lady flushed and turned pale again during this impassioned burst; and, after a moment's silence, she replied,

'But, then, what will I do with you at all, my Horace, if you will not try any means for getting yourself on in the world?'

'I'll tell you what, mother darling,' said he, sitting down by her, and looking anxiously in her face as he spoke, 'I 'll tell you what it is,—I 'll go to London, and then I 'll be sure to get on well, and the very first letter I 'll write you will have in it that I 'm made head clerk to one of the great crown lawyers there.'

'Oh, not to London, my love,' said the mother, 'don't go to London, where you have not a friend to smile upon you and bid you welcome; and where the people are all Protestants too, and hate your religion and your country—don't go to London, my darling, and so far from your mother, too!'

The lady wept as she spoke, and Horace was much moved by her distress; but he had formed the plan in his own mind some hours before; and whoever attempts to turn an enthusiastic young Irishman from a new and promising plan will find that he or she has undertaken a task it were easier (though not, perhaps, kinder) to relinquish than to perform.

Horace O'Meara was a young lawyer, just out of his time with an attorney, who had more than once promised to take him as his partner, when his clerkship should have expired; but now, when the time came, the capricious man denied that he had ever made any such engagement, and received into the promised post a relative of his own, far less fit for it than O'Meara.

Disgusted and indignant, the fiery youth resolved to set out for London, a place of which he entertained the highest ideas, and where he supposed wealth and preferment waited on the steps of all who were so fortunate as to enter its magic boundaries.

Many were the entreaties and forebodings of Mrs.

O'Meara, but all were vain; Horace was neither to be persuaded nor frightened out of his design. He felt that he was doing a wise thing, and a thing sure to succeed; he promised to keep his religion out of jeopardy and himself out of mischief, and with his mother's blessing, a high heart, and a slender purse Horace O'Meara went to England.

* * * *

I cannot trace out before my readers all the varied scenes of disappointment, weariness, and mortification through which O'Meara passed, in his search for a situation to his taste. In some places his inquiries were met with civility, in some with contemptuous pity, in others with rudeness, and even insult.

'If that salary does not suit you, sir,' said a fat, vulgar man, before whom the refined Horace was standing, at the boiling-point of indignation, 'if it does not suit, I can *reduce* it; but as to *raising* the offer, I should not think of such a thing—especially to an Irishman,' he added, with a sneer, 'who, as al the world knows, can live for nothing at home, and a great deal cheaper elsewhere!'

Horace never knew how he happened to quit that room without kicking the insulting rascal down stairs before him; however, so it was that he left the chambers without doing anything worthy the notice of the police.

Overflowing with rage, pride, and mortification, he sought his lonely lodging. He reached it weary and disgusted, with a sickened heart and throbbing head. He threw himself on his bed, and began to meditate on his forlorn prospects. He surveyed a solitary half-crown, the sole remains of the money he had brought with him; his watch had been pledged during

the previous week, to satisfy his landlady. He had not written to his mother for a fresh remittance; alas! he well knew that she had none to send him. His temples burned and throbbed more rapidly as he thought of her, and all her auguries of evil; he was friendless and alone, and a kind of bewildered insensibility crept over him as the feeling of helplessness grew stronger.

At length he awoke, as from a trance, and found himself in extreme pain; dizzy and sick, scarcely able to move, he crawled to the bell and rang it. His landlady herself answered the summons. Never abundant in amenity nor kindness, she now stood sullenly silent, and Horace felt obliged to break silence by telling her what most female eyes would have discovered untold.

'I am very ill, Mrs. Jones,' he faintly said.

'Well, what do you want, sir?' was the heartless reply.

'I do not know. I am very ill.'

'Shall I send for the doctor?' said she.

'No,' said Horace, more firmly. 'I can't pay him.'

'Then you must do without him,' was the laconic truth replied by Mrs. Jones.

Alas for poor Horace! his malady increased, and he soon became unconscious of all that passed around him. Mrs. Jones declared that she could not have people ill and delirious in her house. A removal therefore took place, and Horace O'Meara at length recovered his scattered senses, in the fever ward of St. ——'s Hospital.

* * * *

Six weeks afterwards the passers-by saw a tall, emaciated young man sitting upon the steps in front

of that stately hospital. His dress was mean, his countenance pale and haggard, and an expression of helpless despair dwelt on his squalid yet fine features. He had been discharged that morning, cured, after a malignant fever, from which his recovery had been little less than a miracle; but he was houseless, friendless, and penniless, and as he sat, leaning his head against one of the pillars, the stupefaction of mingled hopelessness and exhaustion was rapidly coming over him.

Several persons in passing by had been struck with the wretched appearance of the young man; but no one knew him, and no one spoke to him. Is there any solitude so dreary as loneliness amid the crowds of London?

Suddenly an old basket-woman, who was going by, fixed her eyes on the stranger; and dropping her basket, she clasped her hands together, and broke forth with a loud—'Och hone! och hone! och cuishla ma chree!—and is it myself that's lived to see a rale O'Meara, and that one the young masther himself, sitting all alone on the streets, and niver á sowl to spake to him?'

It was indeed Horace O'Meara, and the sound of the well-known voice made him raise his heavy eyes; he looked up, and saw before him old Kate Lanigan, once a 'follower of the family,' and for many years the nurse of his childhood. The faithful creature had recognised him in a moment, through all his ghastly misery, and before he could utter a reply, she had fallen on her knees beside him, and clasped him fervently in her arms.

'There, Masther Horace, *avourneen*, lay down yer poor darlint head on me showlder agin, as ye used to

be doing, and meself carryin ye about, a babby at the ould house in the kingdom.'

Long before this exhortation was concluded, the languid head of Horace had fallen upon its old resting-place, and the tears which flowed rapidly down his hollow cheeks gave proof that his desolate heart vibrated to the sound of old and long-lost affection.

'And how did ye come here, *avourneen*, at all, at all?' asked Kate; but Horace could not reply. 'What in the wide world are ye doin' here, darlint?'

'Oh, nurse,' he said, or rather gasped, 'I have been ill in the hospital.'

'And where's the misthress, yer mother?'

'At home in Ireland.'

'And where are ye goin' wid yerself, me dhuel?'

'I do not—know,' sobbed Horace, 'I—I have no—home—to go—to!'

'Niver a home to go to?' cried old Kate, and she rested him back from her hold against the pillar, and started up, and stood before him. 'Niver a home to shelther yer blessed head in? and you the O'Meara itself? Och thin, by his holiness Shaint *Phadrig* and all the holy saints, it's meself that will carry ye to me own little weeny house, bird of me bosom; though it's a hole little fit for the likes of yerself to be coming into! Come away, thin, *a cuishla!*'

Horace rose up with some difficulty, but soon sank back against the pillar, and a deep flush spread over his wan countenance, as he faintly said—'I can't walk, nurse.'

'*Och hone! och hone!*' cried old Kate, 'to think that iver the child of me heart should came to the likes of this! but, *ma vourneen*, if ye can't walk, sure

ye can ride. Arrah now,' she added, turning to the crowd who had gathered round them, attracted by the novelty of the scene, 'Is there none of ye wid the heart of a Christian in yer bosoms, that will get me a coach or a consarn, for the love of heaven, to be carryin' home the young masther wid?'

The appeal was answered by a little girl who had watched the whole proceeding with the deepest interest; off she ran, and soon returned with a cab from a neighbouring stand, for which kindness old Kate rewarded her with a volley of the richest blessings, some in English and some in Irish. Into this vehicle the old woman half led, half lifted her exhausted charge, then seated herself beside him, and giving her basket to the driver to be carried on the box, she directed him to proceed to a certain lane leading from one of the seven streets which meet at that classic point called Seven Dials.

* * * *

Kate Lanigan dwelt with her son Terence, in a semi-subterraneous room of a small house situated in a court within court-upon-court, in the aforesaid lane appertaining to that worse than Cretan labyrinth —Seven Dials. Kate followed the vocation of a basket-woman, by which she picked up a scanty living, and had on this day earned the solitary shilling which paid for the removal of Horace O'Meara to her squalid dwelling. Terence followed more varied occupations. He was a day labourer at brickwork, vulgarly termed a *hod-man;* but he was also what is more elegantly called a *hullibaloo-boy*, that is, one whose strength of lungs made him peculiarly acceptable at wakes, rows and merry-makings. If a family fight took place among the Cumminses of

the neighbourhood, or an attack was made by the Bradys, or the Kellys, upon others of their compatriots, Terence was always in requisition, to shout the war-cry with a voice remarkable even among Irishmen; and the frequency with which the young man was entangled in these awkward amusements made a change of name sometimes requisite. So he adopted a few *aliases*, by one of which he led the *patthern*, waked the dead by another, and so on; being, as he ought to be, Terence Lanigan when he went to work in the morning, and then, in the evening, Jem Terence or Jem Flanigan, or any thing else, just as it happened, or as the nature of his employment seemed to require.

Amid such companions and such scenes the once proud and still elegant Horace passed many long and weary months. He had at first determined to seek employment in even the lowest capacity, if he could thereby obtain the means of paying for his own support. He knew that the misery of his appearance and the raggedness of his clothing quite precluded him from obtaining the gentlemanly situation he had originally desired; and his pride would not bear an application to his mother, for what little she could possibly have spared him. He had not written to her for many weeks; he felt that she must think him dead, and he would rather that she should mourn his loss than know that he was subsisting on charity in the lowest purlieus of St. Giles's.

A short time after he had joined this family, it was farther augmented by two orphan children, whom the kind-hearted Kate took in.

'These children are not yours, Mrs. Lanigan?'

said Mrs. Waterton, a dear aged friend of mine, who visits the poor in that miserable neighbourhood.

'Yes, me lady,' replied Kate, 'sure they are mine; but they were *borrn to me shisther.*'

Horace saw the hard struggle made by both Terence and his mother to support this addition to their household; he felt himself a burden to them, and could not bear the thought of 'taking the bread out of the children's mouths.' He therefore took but half his former quantity of food, while he renewed his efforts to gain employment, but the one plan completely defeated the other; for his strength, never duly recruited after his illness, failed entirely under the starving system, and he soon became unable not only to have worked, but even to walk.

Mrs. Waterton had often seen him in her visits to Kate, and had been struck by his appearance,—gentlemanlike even in his rags,—and with the aristocratic cast of his almost skeleton countenance. He always turned away from her, and crouched moodily over the fire, evidently wishing to avoid observation; and considering him to be a lodger, she had taken no notice of him.

She had a pleasure in visiting the Lanigans' room, for, whatever might be their other qualities, both Kate and her son were honest and kind-hearted; and though Terence was seldom to be seen without a black eye or a plastered face, and very often in a state far from sober, yet he was always civil to 'her ladyship's riverince.'

The poor children also excited her compassion. Her great object was to introduce them into a Protestant school, and thus to let in a little light upon the family; for they were all bigotted Romanists,

and not one of them was able to read a word, excepting Horace, who had the best possible chance of forgetting how to practise that accomplishment; for the only book-like thing they possessed was a piece of a Latin breviary, which was devoutly kissed by the whole family every night, as a kind of preservative charm.

* * * *

One day Mrs. Waterton found old Kate at home alone. Horace had crawled out, to catch a breath of the soft spring air, such as it can be procured in the smoky atmosphere of Seven Dials. The old lady took this favourable opportunity of asking whether the person she had so often seen were indeed a lodger.

Kate drew herself up with an air of offended dignity, and putting her hands on her sides, replied, 'A lodger, faith! no, and that's what it isn't at all, at all! Sure isn't it the young masther that's in it, and he the rale O'Meara itself?'

Mrs. Waterton was astonished, and Kate Lanigan proceeded to inform her of his adventures, as far as she was acquainted with them.

'And, indeed,' said she, 'it's the weary sight it is to me heart to see him so sickly and white; with just as much strength as a babby, and that's all, barring the cough that is upon him.'

Just at this moment the door slowly opened, and Horace entered; he was evidently discomposed at seeing Mrs. Waterton, and after making her a bow that might have graced her drawing-room, he silently crept to his accustomed corner. He was no longer, however, to avoid observation; she accosted him, condoled with him upon his illness, promised that her husband, who was a medical man, should call

upon him, and concluded her visit by leaving with him a little tract addressed to the sick.

The sight of a book, be it what it might, was delightful to Horace; and though at one time he would have turned away with contempt from a Protestant tract, he now received it thankfully.

Mrs. Waterton hastened home, to consult her husband as to the proper mode of treating so strange and interesting a case; and it was not long before the humane surgeon had found his way to old Kate's room, and was in full possession of Horace's story as well as his symptoms. His first prescriptions were proper food and proper clothing; and these medicines were not only ordered but supplied. A corresponding improvement was soon visible, and Horace was able to walk as far as his benefactor's house, where he now became a constant visitor.

The next step was to enable him to seek *for* that suitable employment which he had so long been unable to procure. Money was supplied by a few benevolent friends, a suit of gentlemanlike apparel purchased, and 'the rale O'Meara' once more felt and looked 'himself again.'

* * * *

Meanwhile, Mrs. Waterton had not neglected her special province of instructing her protégé's mind. The first tract, gratefully received and diligently read, proved so congenial to his depressed and despairing state of feeling, that a second was *gladly* welcomed; and after that a third and fourth, and so on, until at length a Bible was placed in his hands. He rather drew back from this book, for it had always been a forbidden one to him, while under the eye of his priest at home; but now, that he had been

so long without any books, even Protestant ones were willingly read. Having a curiosity, moreover, to know what the prohibited book contained, he perused it at length very eagerly.

Mrs. Waterton had never alluded to the difference between his religion and her own; but had treated him as she would have treated a Protestant, and judiciously selected the tracts she gave him, so as to avoid controversial subjects. His was a peculiar case, and she acted accordingly.

The light of truth now began to break in upon his desponding and bewildered mind, which had been humbled to a point at which the consolations of scripture found a ready way to his heart. At length he openly asked his friend's opinion on several points of difference between the Protestant church and the system of Rome. The conversation was long and interesting, and when Horace took his leave that evening, he said, 'Well, madam, after what I have read in your Bible, I don't think I'll ever pray to the Virgin and the saints again.'

* * * *

At length, an eligible situation offered itself—a head clerkship in the office of Mr. R——, an estimable lawyer, residing at the west end of the town; who had most kindly offered to receive the young man into his house, and to treat him as a member of his own family.

Mrs. O'Meara had been some time since informed of her son's improved prospects; for his first impulse, on finding himself restored to something like his natural station in society, was to write to her, to tell her that he was still alive, and after long sickness and trouble, was in hopes of better days. His bene-

volent friends, the Watertons, figured prominently in his letters, as did also poor Kate and Terence. When Horace took a kind leave of Mrs. Waterton, on departing to his fresh residence, he asked her if she had said any thing to Mr. R. concerning his religion.

'No,' said she, 'he did not ask me any questions on the subject; he only inquired whether I considered you to be a moral and well-disposed character, and I conscientiously replied in the affirmative.'

'I am glad he did not ask you the exact question,' said O'Meara, 'for I am afraid you would not have given him a correct reply.'

'What would you wish me to have replied?' she asked.

'That I am a PROTESTANT,' answered Horace firmly. 'After all the new and blessed light I have received during the last few weeks, I can no longer profess myself a Roman Catholic. I shall go to church with the family, and when I have once got into your church, I don't suppose I will ever have to leave it again.'

The delight of Mrs. Waterton will be better imagined than I can describe it. The good seed she had been privileged to sow in his humbled mind had indeed taken root, and brought forth fruit in abundance. A long conversation ensued, and the young convert exhibited the depth and reality of his conscientious convictions. The friends parted in silence. Mrs. Waterton could not express the joy she felt, and Horace was equally unable (as well as reluctant, from the native reserve of his character,) to tell forth all the gratitude of his full and bounding heart.

* * * *

I have little more to add to my story. Horace O'Meara, snatched from positive starvation and death by one kind female friend, and from misery and fatal errors by another,—continues happy and thankful in his new position; and blesses the day when he first saw his invaluable friend at Kate's little room in St. Giles's.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

VIII.

IT is my intention, in this letter, to give you an account of the celebrated council of Tara, whether fabulous or not, I cannot ascertain: as the detail is given by many historians, I do not wish to omit it, particularly as it serves to corroborate that which is generally asserted, i. e. that Ireland was in former times a much more enlightened nation than we are inclined to believe. From whence had they letters? you will ask. It is well known that the ancient Irish had a secret mode of writing, such as was used for sacred purposes among the hierarchies of the east. Their materials, we are told, were tablets formed of beech-wood, upon which they wrote with an iron pencil or stylus. The letters were called Feadha, or woods.

It is with much probability conjectured, that they acquired their knowledge of letters from the Phœnicians: and from the same source proceeded their creed, their ritual, the names of their gods and festivals, of their sacred hills and promontories, &c. 'As they had commercial intercourse with their neighbours the Phœnicians, they probably had the knowledge of letters,' is an observation of an eminent antiquary.*

* Astle.

'In those parts of Spain with which the Irish were most acquainted, the Phœnicians had, from the time of Moses, established themselves; and accordingly, letters are known to have flourished in those regions before the Romans were even in existence, as Romans themselves have acknowledged. Yet to Rome the introduction of letters into Ireland has been attributed; there were, however, monuments of stone inscribed before the arrival of St. Patrick. This interesting discovery was made by the same learned antiquary quoted above.

'It has been falsely asserted, by some writers, that the Romans visited, and even conquered Ireland.'

There is not the least trace or record of any communication between Ireland and Rome in the early annals.

'At the time when the Irish first broke forth, as scholars and missionaries upon Europe, they were found in possession of modes of writing peculiar to themselves, of elements acknowledged to have no prototypes in any known language, and differing in name, number, and order from those of every other existing alphabet.' *

'It follows, therefore, that as there was no prototype to copy the Irish alphabets from, they must be original.' †

This was their own ancient Bethluisnon, from which they could not be prevailed upon to depart, though they were induced to attempt those rude imitations of the Roman characters, which their present alphabet exhibits, and which the Saxons afterwards adopted from them.

* Moore's History of Ireland. † Harrison Ware.

As far as we can trace, the oldest inhabitants are descended from the most humane and learned nation of all the old Celts, by whom the elements of letters and arts were early imported into Ireland, where they were cultivated undisturbed by foreign interference or ambition through a long succession of ages. Their philosophical researches rendered them a wise people; their religion, partly that of nature, and partly deduced from the clearest fountains of the old patriarchal worship, influencing their manners, rendered them a benevolent people.

The Irish never were, at any period of time, the savages that Mr. Hume represents them to have been. 'Their barbarism, in later ages, was owing to a civil state, the worst that can possibly exist; but the force of manners did, in some degree, remedy the evil; nor were they greater barbarians than some of their neighbour nations.'

We shall now pass from national facts to the legendary lore which I promised you. In order to give you the history of the first founder of the triennial assembly at Tara, I think it requisite to introduce three of his progenitors.

In the year 3673, Mogha Corb reigned. He was a descendant of Heberus Fioun, and is spoken of in history as the restorer of the gentry of Ireland to their hereditary rights and privileges. He also delivered them from the heavy impositions laid on by Ugaine More and his successors; he restored the ancient laws and customs of the nation, and being a warlike monarch, he received tribute from the Picts and Britons.

His successor, Aongas Ollamh, was remarkable for his love of learning, as his surname denotes. He

caused a revision to be made of the histories and records of Ireland, and munificently remunerated those who excelled in science. Aldergoid reigned next. 3703. He was also a lover of literature, and was the first who caused gold rings to be made in Ireland, which he bestowed on all those who excelled in arts and sciences, as a peculiar mark of his favour. These three seem to have paved the way for their renowned successor, Ollamh Fodhla, a man of excellent knowledge and learning; and by these qualifications he reigned with wisdom and authority. He took a lively interest in the welfare of the youth, for whom he laid down a new system of education; and being himself a man of deep research in philosophical attainments, he was much accounted of, and acquired a great ascendancy over the minds of all the people. The nation was, in a manner new-modelled by him.

His great work was the college of Teamor: this he planned, regulated, and endowed, and it afterwards became the model of several provincial schools, in which the arts, intellectual and military, were cultivated. He instituted good laws, and gained much celebrity by his written compositions, which comprehended a full history of his ancestors, their travels, adventures, and warlike achievements.

By Ollamh Fodhla the great council, or Parliament, at Teamhair, now Tara, was instituted. Here the monarchs of Ireland had kept their court, consequently it was the place of the greatest importance in the kingdom. This then was the chief theatre of his exertions. He convened a general assembly of all the estates of the kingdom, for the purpose of making laws, reforming abuses, revising antiquities, genealogies, and chronicles, and also for consulting

on measures how to restore and preserve peace among themselves. Furthermore, he enacted the triennial observance of this meeting, in the same place and time of the year (now called *All-saints*), according to the good pleasure of the reigning monarch, from thenceforward in ages to come to be observed. And that the members thus convened might assemble without fear of molestation, a law was passed, that whosoever should be found guilty of assaulting, wounding, robbing, or stealing from any person forming that assembly during its sessions, should receive the irrevocable sentence of death.

The apartment prepared for the assembly was long and narrow, furnished with seats on either side, and a table which reached from the top to the bottom, leaving room for seats at the head and foot. Before business commenced dinner was served. The greatest order was observed in the admission of the members to the table. No person was permitted to enter until duly summoned. The marshall, chief chronicler, and a trumpeter first went in. The trumpeter three times blew his trumpet. The first sound was to call the shield-bearers to the princes and nobility, who advanced to the door and delivered up to the marshal all the shields, and he, according to the direction of the herald, or chronicler, hung them over the places appointed on the right side.

At the second sound of the trumpet all the target-bearers to the commanders and chief officers of the militia came forward, and delivered up their targets, which were also placed in the order appointed on the opposite side.

The third sound of the trumpet was long and loud. Then the kings, the princes, estates, military men,

and the gentry entered, and filing off at each side of the tables, took their seats under their several * coat of arms blazoned on their shield or target, without the least confusion about precedency. None but the assembly convened (their attendants only excepted) were admitted, who placed themselves behind their masters. The antiquaries and officers occupied the upper and lower ends of the tables. The strictest secrecy was enjoined in all which concerned the meeting.

As soon as dinner was over, they applied themselves to business. The first thing brought forward was the monuments of antiquity, which were carefully examined, in order to detect any erroneous statement, and whatsoever was permitted to remain on record was approved of by a special committee of the most learned men in these matters, who were appointed to search and examine into them.

All such records as were deemed authentic were written in the monarch's book of royal records, which was called, The Psalter of Tara, and anything not found in it was instantly erased, not being thought worthy of credit. In this manner did the Milesians preserve their antiquity in those early times.

* The Milesians, after the conquest of Ireland, had no other change or device in the banners but the dead serpent and the rod of Moses, in imitation of the Gadelians; but when the triennial assembly was instituted it was there enacted that the chief men should have a particular coat of arms, according to their particular merits, whereby they might be known to their antiquaries, and other learned men, wherever they appeared in foreign countries or at home; in peace or in war.

(To be continued.)

Review of Books.

SHORT NOTES ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW. *By the Rev. H. Macartney, Rector of Creagh, Diocese of Ross.* Burns.

'My object,' says the author in his Introduction, 'has been, not to enlarge the text, but to endeavour to explain it where it appeared difficult: not to think for my reader, but to assiist him, according to my power, to think correctly for himself.' This is the best of all possible plans for interpreting or expounding scripture; and we must say that Mr. Macartney has been highly successful in producing a little volume of solid value. There is an originality, a freshness, a plain-speaking distinctness in his remarks, that once engage the attention and convince the judgment. Decision is one principal feature in this book: he teaches as one commissioned to blow a trumpet which gives no uncertain sound, and this is a great gift when the views of the teacher are clear

and scripturally orthodox. Our own pages have frequently been indebted to this excellent clergyman for valuable communications, and we can assure the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine that they will find abundant gratification, no less than solid instruction, in these 'Notes on St. Matthew.' There is not a superfluous word; and the light let in upon some passages is very striking.

A GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF SCRIPTURE PROPER NAMES, *with Explanations of the most significant. By the Rev. J. Thompson, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, and Second Master of the Blackheath Proprietary School.* Houlston and Stoneman.

A very useful pocket companion, chiefly compiled from Cruden and others, but more comprehensive than any we have seen. Correct pronunciation of scripture names is a most desirable attainment, and no one possessing this nice modest little book need be destitute of it.

THE HOME MISSION: *an Irish Story founded on Fact. By the Author of 'The Curate's Grave,' 'The Jew and his Daughter,' &c. &c.* Robertson.

To the Institution of the Home Mission, Ireland owes a measure of 'revival' not the less real, and certainly not less permanent, because unaccompanied by any remarkable external excitement. A pretty and natural story shews us the progress of an Irish clergy-

man on one of his circuits, and exhibits in a very quiet unstrained way, the opportunities of usefulness brought before him. One of the incidents—Mr. Hartley's adventure with Ribbonmen in Connaught —would seem to an English reader highly romantic and improbable; it is nevertheless within the bounds of sober probability in that country, and among those people. We wish the book an extensive sale, and the Home Mission every blessing that God has in store for his dear faithful servants.

THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND, *arranged for the Piano-Forte. To which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harp and Harpers, including an account of the Old Melodies of Ireland. By Edward Bunting.* Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

'THE man who hath not music in his soul,' or the woman either, is a sort of *lusus naturæ;* and the national taste that corresponds with that of the individual aforesaid bespeaks a degree of barbarism much to be deplored. Musical taste, however, is one thing, and musical genius is another: where both are found united—where exquisite skill in composition attends a genuine and heartfelt appreciation of 'the concord of sweet sounds,' we must concede the palm of superiority in one of the most, if not altogether the most delightful of human sciences. Indeed it is more divine than human. The natural world is full of music, even to the deaf; and the inspired word, in its loftiest passages, calls upon the dumb inanimate creation to "sing unto the Lord." There is an audible music in the ocean, from the lull-

ing murmur of its little rippling waves on the summer sands, to the deep diapason of its tremendous roar. There is music, awful music, in the thunder's roll, and music, sweetest music, in the sky-lark's throat: nay, the person is to be pitied who cannot find a silent but delicious visible music in the gliding of the clouds, the waving of the trees, and the exquisite movements of a swan upon the river, or a ship upon the main. To crown all, and to point all, and as it were to consecrate all, we are told that in heaven itself all is music: the throne of the Eternal, wrapped in mysterious clouds, over-canopied with the rainbow, is described as resting in an atmosphere of song. "Harpers harping with their harps," and such a rush of overpowering melody that the enraptured apostle compares it to "the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunderings," fill the mansion of perfect bliss, and fill it for ever.

Now, this being the case, may we not claim somewhat of respect for a nation who, from a date commensurate with their existence as a people have, like God's dear Israel, marvellously excelled in this rich gift of musical genius? We, in this later time, when the science, as cherished among us, breathes of every thing foreign, every thing adventitious, every thing that the uncertain whimsies of fashion can introduce, scarcely know what national music means. The sweet, simple airs of Scotland, and the majestic melodies of the noble British principality of Wales, do indeed exist, and are carefully guarded from deterioration by the jealous surveillance of their respective proprietors: but poor Erin's harp, like every thing else belonging to her, has been taken away, and unstrung, and awkwardly re-strung by other

hands, or thrown into the bogs, there to rest until dug up as an antique, to be stared at, rather than listened to. Her exquisite strains of original music live but in the safe keeping of her warm-hearted peasantry—live in their hearts and breathe from their lips, but would scarcely be found scored down any where, only for the persevering efforts of the editor of this every way beautiful work, Mr. Bunting; who has devoted fifty years of his life to the task of collecting, arranging, and carefully committing to the press what otherwise we should know little or nothing of—the real, genuine, unspoiled ancient music of Ireland.

Moore's Melodies are universally known, and their musical accompaniments universally admired: but the fact cannot be disputed that Sir John Stevenson took most unbounded liberties with the music, and in marrying them 'to immortal verse' he transformed the obligation to 'obey' from the inferior to the superior party. In fact, he chained the harp to the chariot wheels of Mr. Moore's flighty muse, and damaged it not a little in the process. Mr. Bunting has not given us, however, the same airs in this work, but a series of pure unsophisticated ancient Irish melodies, unaccompanied with words, except here and there a literal translation from the original, and to these he has prefixed a most interesting account of the Irish harp and harpers, with illustrations beautifully engraved, and a mass of curious information. The airs are arranged for the piano-forte; and the work, we rejoice to say, is dedicated by permission to Her Majesty the Queen; in whom we may hope to find once more a royal patron for the dear neglected harp of poor Erin. The music is excellently well printed, in a fine clear type; and the gen-

eral appearance of the book elegant in the extreme. The title page is quite a *morçeau* in the eye of taste: being after the fashion of an ancient illuminated manuscript on vellum, surmounted by the royal arms in splendid blazonry, and surrounded with designs, in gold, of the various forms of antique harps peculiar to Ireland, with two little medallion portraits of Hempson and O'Neill, the last of the harpers, each seated at his instrument, and performing in his peculiar fashion; the whole exhibited on a profuse scattering of the little graceful shamrock, in its own delicate but vivid green. Many other embellishments adorn the book, not the least of which is its splendid and most appropriate cover.

It must also be noticed that out of the 157 pieces of music regularly arranged and carefully printed, considerably more than 120 are now for the first time published. We cannot too highly appreciate the indefatigable perseverance of Mr. Bunting, who, in order to rescue from oblivion one of the sweetest of his country's early gifts has accomplished such a task; and purposes to do yet more, should this enterprizing publication prove successful.

We hope it will be patronized; we trust it will be so extensively; and that the editor will thereby be encouraged to complete the work, by re-publishing his former collections, under all the advantages of much recent research. It is a frequent complaint among pious people that they cannot enjoy the music of Moore's best melodies, because of the inevitable association with words that, in their thoughtless days, they committed to memory, but which now they feel to be objectionable. The present collection includes no such drawback; many of the more solemn and

plaintive airs are exquisitely adapted to devotional words; and such may be supplied at will, without any disagreeable associations to clash with them. Ireland was not only the land of song but the land of saints; and doubtless many of these strains were originally composed to accompany the language of prayer and praise. Indeed the author of the Dissertation suggests this, with regard in particular to one very popular air; and the perusal of this uncommonly interesting, well-written, and entertaining portion, which occupies, with its musical and other illustrations, the first hundred pages of the book, will naturally lead to such a conclusion. We promise the musical readers of this introductory essay a rich treat; and we venture to predict that they will rise from it with a disposition to render, in the department of this enchanting science, an increased measure of 'Justice to Ireland.'

THE SWORD; *an American Tale, advocating the principles of Peace. By Philanthropos.*
HOWARD AND NAPOLEON CONTRASTED; *in Eight Dialogues between two young Americans. By the Author of 'The Sword.'* Houlston and Stoneman.

Two excellent little books to put into the hands of boys; and not a whit less worthy the attention of their parents. The time is not yet arrived when wars shall cease in all the world; but every individual who repeats the Lord's Prayer implores the coming of that period. It is well to examine how far

our inward feelings correspond with that avowed desire. These volumes, small and unpretending as they are, and written for young people, furnish an excellent test.

Our readers may recollect some beautiful stanzas, entitled "No Surrender," in a former number of this Magazine. We were not then at liberty to say that they were a kind contribution from that truly excellent Prelate the Lord Bishop of Killaloe. They have now been set to a very spirited air, by Miss Maria Frances Dickson, arranged for the pianoforte, and published by Marcus Moses, Dublin. The music partakes largely of the energetic sentiment of the words, and will be acceptable to those who do not consider it necessary to sing every thing of a spiritual character after the manner of a dirge; but rather agree with John Wesley in marvelling why the Devil should be allowed to have all the best tunes to himself.

The Sunday School Union are republishing their Union Tune Book, in a very superior style, corresponding with their Union Harmonist. No. I. contains 38 tunes, beautifully set and printed, with words to each.

We have just seen a beautiful little book of Scriptural Poems for Children, by Miss Stodart, published for the Infant School Society by Roake and Varty. We hope to notice them more at length in our next number. They are of extraordinary merit.

THE PROTESTANT.

It was to witness a beautiful sight that my uncle and I leaned over the side of a small vessel in which we were enjoying that long-coveted luxury—a fresh breeze on the salt water. This spectacle was the departure of a splendid new steamer, the Oriental, for her destination in the Turkish seas. She had already excited our admiration, while calmly lying at anchor in the noble Sloyne, by the rare beauty of her form; and now she moved on, at a speed so moderate, that had her sails been set we should scarcely have remarked the operation of steam. To say truth, she was the first specimen of a graceful steamer that it has been my lot to fall in with. As she held on her majestic course, repeated salutes from the shipping in the Sloyne, and from the different piers on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, drew forth a response from her own guns; and my uncle seemed to revel in an enjoyment from which he has long been excluded. After a space passed in silent contemplation, he gave vent to his feelings.

'What a crowd of ideas press on the mind at such a moment, and in such a scene as this! Yonder lies the great mart of British commerce, for so it has become; and those thousands of masts display, no doubt, the ensigns of every nation under heaven that can float a bark upon the ocean. 'Ships, colonies,

and commerce,'—how often have those memorable words of Napoleon recurred to my mind this day! 'Give me but ships, colonies and commerce;' and then he would sweep the navies of England from the seas, and her island of shopkeepers from the world's map. Ships, colonies and commerce were withheld from him, for he was the being of a day, raised up to smite the nations, and to give to the dynasties of Europe that preliminary shock which made them first totter to their coming fall. But England, my glorious country, had a different commission: it is true her marine thunders have echoed far and near; and she has been very terrible in the putting forth of her warlike powers; but it was her blessed destiny to make known among many people the word of life, and to this end ships, colonies and commerce were bestowed on her, in the richest profusion: and there she stands,' he added, rising, and proudly surveying the magnificent scene before him, 'there she stands, untouched and fearless, freighting her gallant ships for every port in the known world, and opening her stately warehouses to the produce alike of the torrid, the frigid and the temperate zone. Yes; my country does indeed sit a queen; and, oh, that her heart may not be so lifted up within her as to provoke His anger who alone can bring her low.'

'What a forest of masts, uncle, rises yonder! One would think those docks contained shipping enough to carry on all the commerce of Europe.'

'They, however, contain but a small portion of the mercantile navy of England; and when to them you add her ships of war, the product will surprise you.'

'That was a warlike note,' I remarked, as the Oriental again saluted; 'and, oh, to what a station

the beautiful messenger is commencing her course! Uncle, will the echo of those guns be heard upon the shores of Palestine? Will that vessel bear a part in the mighty deeds about to be enacted where the waning crescent must shortly set, despite the efforts of an unbelieving world to hinder the fulfilment of God's decrees?'

'If preserved to reach her destination, and permitted to escape the dangers of the seas, there can be little doubt of it. That great events are soon to happen in that quarter we have never doubted; but now the very form in which they are to commence is shaped out and exhibited to us. We are scarcely left to conjecture any thing: the great powers of Europe are divided, and that land is the avowed object of contention. To me it appears as though the summons was even now going forth to gather the kings of the earth to the great battle that shall ultimately be fought, and in all likelihood on that same territory.'

I could not but rise to take another look at the stately vessel as she ploughed her way, ever and anon giving utterance to the thunder that so appropriately forms the language even of courteous salutation between those towering bulwarks

> 'Whose march is o'er the mountain waves,
> Whose home is on the deep.'

And I know not whether I did not almost wish to transfer myself to her spacious deck, and seek with her the inspiring scenes to which she was bound. My uncle abruptly exclaimed,

'Oh that she may prove to be one of the "swift messengers" that shall bring again to their own land the scattered children of Zion!'

'"Ho! land of the perpetual shadow of sails,"' I repeated, pointing to the crowded docks.

'Ay, that is the best rendering of what our translators have so unaccountably expressed, "Woe to the land shadowing with wings."* I trust it is to England, with all her sins, and rebellious provocations, that the mandate is addressed, to bring unto the Lord of Hosts the acceptable present of his returning Israel. If so, we cannot marvel that a mighty city has here risen up, pre-eminent for wealth and commercial prosperity; or that upon it the Lord should have caused his light to shine with a splendor unequalled, we may safely say, in any similar extent of habitation throughout the world. This Liverpool is a place to awaken thoughts of no ordinary interest and solemnity; and if her privileges be not to the extremest condemnation of the city and people, they are vouchsafed to prepare both for a work, the contemplation of which must thrill the Christian's bosom with holy joy.'

'What a delightful hope that holds out in the midst of appearances which I cannot but think are decidedly warlike, even when viewed apart from all these anticipations which we found upon our understanding of the prophetic word.'

'Warlike they are indeed; and do you know how we have been taunted by that wretched man for whom it is difficult to find a fitting name, unless we borrow the terms used by Paul in designating the sorcerer Elymas—that great maligner of our country, and worst traitor against his own?'

'What has he been saying now?'

* Isaiah xviii. 1.

'You shall hear; but it is a hard thing for an old sailor to repeat, riding too upon his own element, and within hail of such a place.' He drew out a newspaper, and read as follows, after remarking that the speech was made in Tuam, amid an immense body of Popish priests, headed by the notorious M'Hale, and two hundred other Repealers—"Perhaps I ought to say that I should be sorry for the misfortunes of England—it might be more prudent in me at least to conceal my pleasure; but I am not prudent; candour is my forte, and therefore it is that I declare I am not sorry that the king of the French is collecting an armament of 130,000 men and a numerous fleet in the Mediterranean. Let but one shot be fired in anger, and justice must be done to Ireland." 'He then goes on,' added my uncle, 'to shew the impossibility, in his opinion, of England maintaining a contest unless she has fully satisfied him by repealing the union; and proceeds thus, "Oh, where is the proud position that England has ever borne, since the conquering days of Poictiers, Cressy, and Agincourt? When were the days since then that France ever threatened England when her threat was not met by a louder, a higher, and a haughtier menace; and a more triumphant shout met her tone of defiance? But now for the first time England has descended to use the language of entreaty; the tone of her public writers has dwindled into the experiment of reasoning France into the continuance of peace. With 'bated breath, and humble 'haviour,' England sues her rival, begging her not to strike." My uncle paused here, his eye flashed, his lip quivered, and the struggle with natural and national pride was severe, though short. He skipped a few

words, and read on:—"What never happened before to England, that a nation threatened her with war, and the threat was not laughed to scorn, now happens because she has dared to continue injustice and iniquity to the Irish people. And heaven forbid that England ever should be safe in her iniquity!" What say you to that?'

'It is all true; true, uncle, to the letter; true from first to last. England does stand before the world in the degraded situation described by this bold bad man. She has fallen from the height he speaks of to the depths he displays; and the degradation is a judgment from above, called down by the iniquity of her cruel injustice to the Irish people by confirming them in their bondage to this very man and his wily employers. To purchase peace with Rome, to avert the menaced outbreak of rebellion, to strengthen herself in the shadow of Egypt, England forsook her own mercies: she trusted in the deceitful professions of those whose very faith is a lie, and their doctrine a tissue of deceits, and preferred their hollow friendship to the tried mercy and faithfulness of God. She stayed the work of improvement, the progress of the blessed gospel among the poor people of the land, by arming with tenfold power and influence its deadliest opponents, and for this we now suffer, exposed to the taunting insults of such a wretch as he whose words you have quoted, and who has, of all persons, the best right to scoff and to scorn us, for being such miserable dupes to him. It is a bitter aggravation; but it is the fact.'

'I know it is; and if we fall no lower, if we be not wholly given for a prey into their hands to whom we have sold ourselves, the praise must be to God's

unmerited mercy, for we are become vile, and an offence. Yet how horrible is the aspect of Popery as displayed in this man! You see, the drift of his speech, which he knows will be widely circulated by the press at this time of comparative lack of matter, is to encourage France by the intimation that our empire is divided, and the great bulk of the Irish people devoted to our enemy. At the same time, and through the same inference, he seeks to paralyze us, and to increase the national perplexity in which he exults.'

'Is it not also intended to afford the ministry a pretext for granting his demand by repealing the union?'

'The ministers who should dare to sanction that proposition would be impeachable for high treason: besides, as we have before agreed, O'Connell desires nothing less than repeal. What his real object *is*, I know not: but this I know, that his prolonged existence and unchecked career are an awful instance of the sure, swift witness that the Lord bears against the deadly sin of national apostacy.'

'Uncle, as not being irrelevant to this subject, I would fain know how the solemn obligations of a sponsor can be discharged by a Protestant towards the child of a Romanist baptised into, and brought up according to the Popish communion.'

'What a question! and oh, what a fearful event is that which obviously suggested it! I am unable to answer you; unable almost to convince myself of the fact that the reigning monarch of Protestant England has placed herself in this awfully anomalous situation to confer a court favour on a Popish subject. It is a sign of the time: a token among many

others of the wrathful dispensation under which we are brought: a call for humiliation and prayer, and a proof that the edifice from which we tore away the bulwarks now totters to its foundation. It is in keeping with the assurance put into the mouth of our young Queen, when addressing the Parliament the other day, that she had GLADLY given her royal assent to the vile bill for transferring all municipal power and privilege in Ireland into the hands of that traitor who spoke what I have been reading. Gladly! it was enough, one might think, to perpetrate the deed without openly exulting in it. But so let it be: the evil is done, and must work its own remedy. Far removed from gladness will be the sensation of our dear young Sovereign when she finds that the act thus vaunted of has caused the blood of her best, her truest subjects to crimson the land of their birth.'

'Do you anticipate that?'

'Indeed I do, though earnestly deprecating it. The indignation of those who are betrayed, and the exulting insolence of those who have triumphed over them, will lead to collisions of less or greater extent, even though the ancient grand panacea of a general massacre of the Protestants should not be carried into effect by the now dominant party in Ireland.'

'Happily, uncle, there is no dominant party, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and not a hair of the head of any that belong to Him can perish, unless he gives commandment that so it should be. Rulers of the earth may take counsel, and set themselves against Him, but he who sitteth in the heavens shall laugh their puny efforts to scorn. Through many a terrible crisis he has brought this country, often scourging, but never destroying it; and there is

much among our population that affords sweet encouragement yet. Every praying Christian is a warrior fighting his country's battle with weapons that God has appointed and blessed. We have many such, in all ranks, and each of us may do something towards increasing the number. I fear nothing so much as the failing of our hearts through lack of faith: if we suffer ourselves to be terrified by man's vain breath, we shall provoke the Lord to deal with us according to our unbelief. The wrath of man has often been made to praise him, when raging against his church; and the louder the enemy boasts himself against us, the greater may our confidence be that God will interpose with a rebuke to silence the blasphemer, and speak comfort to the hearts of his trusting servants.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XV.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Richard Green, after thirty-six hours' hard travelling, sprang from the roof of the coach in M., and having shouldered his basket, set off at a rapid pace in quest of the abode on which his thoughts had so long dwelt. To find the street was not difficult; by dint of inquiry he also discovered the obscure lane; but when, after threading for some time the filthy maze, he had forced himself and his basket through the narrow entrance of the court, he felt provoked at having lost so much time, for certainly this could not be the place. However, he mechanically asked if the Widow Green lived there; and was answered by a gesture—a dirty woman, with a pipe in her mouth, pointing up a staircase in a comparatively large but ruinous

building. He mounted the stairs, more to get away from the disagreeable-looking people who gathered round, than with any expectation of finding what he sought; and entering a miserable room, the floor of which was clean though broken, and seeing nothing but two heaps of bedding, one half concealed by a curtain, a small table and two or three chairs, he would have withdrawn, had not a faint voice inquired, 'Who is there?' and at the same moment his eye fell upon a wooden box familiar to his recollection. He stood for a moment in stupid amaze, then let the basket hastily down, which began to feel too heavy, as a faintness came over him, for a death-like face, raised from a mattress in the corner, met his gaze, and the next instant his name, in a scream of wild joy, broke the stillness of the apartment. He rushed across the room, and sinking on his knees beside the bed, had in a moment the thin arms of James clasped round his neck, while many an endearing expression strove to win a reply, but in vain. Richard could only drop his face upon his brother's pillow, and sob with an anguish of which his heart had never till that moment conceived the existence.

'Now, Richard, darling Richard, do be calm,' cried James, as he stroked back the curls from his brother's burning forehead; 'You will hurt yourself, and you will hurt me,' he added in a tone so plaintive that it recalled Richard to a sense of the injury he was doing the dying boy. He drew back, seated himself on the bed's edge, and holding in his the shrunken hands of his brother, gazed at them and in his face, with the looks of one who has in this world no ray of comfort left.

'You see I am in a weak way,' said James, 'and

indeed nobody expected me to hold out so long. I had only one wish left, and that was to see your dear face again, and even that was to be granted to me, a wicked sinful boy, by the great mercy of my own blessed Lord. O, Richard, you don't know how happy I am: my sins are forgiven, my pardon's sealed, and I am going to God. What king upon a throne would not change with me? He must give up his crown before long; but I shall receive mine, and once I get it, I can never never lose it again. I shall wear it always, Richard, day and night, except when I take it off to cast it down before the throne of the Lamb who was slain, and has redeemed me to God by his blood.'

The solemn, yet joyous fervour of the boy's voice and manner, went to his brother's heart. Again Richard kissed his brow, stroked his skeleton hands, and at last said, 'My darling James, I did not expect this. But oh, where are the rest?' and he seemed to dread the reply.

'They are all out: Willy is at the mill, and granny is gone with Helen and Mary to ——' he stopped abruptly.

'To where, Jemmy?'

'Give me some of that drink, Richard.' A little toast and water stood on the table, and while James eagerly swallowed some, Richard cried, 'Stop,' ran to his hamper, and drew forth a little basket of ripe fruit. 'Oh, how nice, how sweet, how delicious!' exclaimed the boy, as the juice refreshed his parched mouth: 'it is worth a guinea a drop.' 'And you might have it for the gathering, if you had only been left to stay at home,' thought his brother, but he said it not: he only repeated his inquiry for the rest of the party.

'I will tell you,' said James: 'but first, Richard, we must lift up our hearts to God, for some of the comfortable words of his promises. You know he has told us we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of heaven; and that before we reign with Christ we must suffer with him. All this, and a great deal more, we must remember: and also that we are not to fear them which kill the body.'

'Kill!'

'Or hurt: even if it went as far as killing, we are safe; but this is not near so bad: not at all like it. You see, Richard, the mill-people are sometimes very cruel: they don't love God, and how should they love one another? Our Mary provoked them, by taking part with a poor little orphan girl, and certainly she did it in too much anger. She was beaten ——'

'Who? Mary! who beat Mary? who dared to touch my little Mary?' and every fibre of Richard's body quivered with rage.

'Hush, hush: she was not much hurt, indeed: it was not so much a beating, as the habit of hitting and pushing her about. Granny tried every thing, but in vain: at last she got a sight of the superintendent, and told him all; and he has brought it into court. They are now before the magistrates.'

'Where is the court?' said Richard, rising with a look of stern determination.

'It is not far: but if you go, don't let them see you. The surprise of it would put every thing out of their heads; and justice would not be got, maybe, for want of proper evidence.'

There was too much reason in this to be resisted. Richard acknowledged it, and promised to keep out

of sight. Then, after settling the poor boy comfortably, with a supply of fruit and a slice of country-cake, he bent his way to the court-house.

Richard had never been present at any kind of trial: filled with a deep reverence for the majesty of English law, his imagination pictured something strikingly solemn and awful in every branch of its administration. He wondered while he admired his grandmother's resolution, in seeking public redress for an injury inflicted on the helpless orphan committed to her; and he felt as though the family was now to be made the general talk of M. Feelings wholly new to him took possession of his mind, and he scarcely knew how he arrived at the point of his destination—a shaded corner, where he could both see and hear without being exposed to much observation. Several men had chosen the same spot, seemingly more interested than they wished to appear in what was going forward.

On the bench sat some gentlemen variously occupied: one was examining a witness, another making memoranda; a third had a newspaper before him, from which he looked off to take a survey of the court through a fashionable eye-glass. Two were discussing some point that seemed to interest them greatly, and another appeared to be amusing himself with the uncouth phrases in which a poor lad was giving evidence. The witnesses were together, in such a place that Richard could not see them, except when they stepped forth; and the audience was composed of a motley assemblage, whose general characteristic seemed to be want of cleanliness; and who rendered the close room scarcely bearable.

The case then under examination was one of a

drunken squabble: it was soon disposed of, and another called on. This consisted of informations laid by the superintendent against a mill-owner for employing children very much under age. 'Now,' said a bystander to his next neighbour just beside Richard, 'now mark how many excuses will be brought forward.'

Richard was marking it all, with an intentness that needed no stimulus. He saw a movement among the gentlemen who were doing nothing, on the bench, and also saw an evident desire not to appear interested in what was going on. The first charge produced had for its subject a puny little boy, who was represented to have worked already a year in the mills, under a certificate of being fourteen, whereas he still wanted some months of that age. He had, it was stated, been concealed in various ways on the former visits of the inspectors; but this time the movement was not quick enough, the superintendent caught him; and being struck by his very childish appearance, instituted an inquiry, the result of which placed him, and several others, before the court. The book-keeper of the firm produced his volume of certificates, and shewed one in the boy's name, signed by the surgeon, and countersigned by a magistrate, declaring him to be of full age at the time of admission. 'Please, sir,' he added, holding the book towards one of the gentlemen on the bench, 'to see whether this counter-signature is not yours.' The gentleman glanced at it, and nodded. 'And here,' pursued the clerk, 'is the doctor, who no doubt will acknowledge his hand-writing.' This was also done.

'We object,' said the attorney for the prosecution, 'that the boy's appearance is so palpably conclusive

against his being any thing like the age specified, that even if any professional man certified him to be of that age, no mill-owner was justified in receiving the testimony, and employing the child.'

'What!' replied a cunning-looking little man who was retained by the defendant, 'would my friend recommend us to give the lie to a distinct assertion, verified by a highly honourable professional gentleman, and counter-signed by a worthy, upright, administrator of the laws?'

'With regard to the latter,' resumed the adversary, 'it is well known the magistrate does not see the child: he attaches, as a matter of form, his signature to that of the professional man upon whose judgment and veracity he can rely. The magistrate is wholly free from imputation of blame.'

'There now,' said Richard's neighbour, who was no other than South, 'there's an evasion for you. The law, making allowance for possible mistakes, and so forth, on the surgeon's part, provides that a magistrate should also see the child, and if he thinks it all right, then he is to sign also. Instead of that, some dozens of the doctor's certificates are sent to his worship; and he, as his leisure may serve, scribbles his name and sends them back. And you see, so far from getting blamed, his constant neglect of a plain duty is pleaded as an excuse for itself!'

The doctor was now appealed to, and requested to look first at his signature, then at the boy. He admitted that the certificate was certainly his, and that the boy, if so old, was remarkably small of his age: but that he had some positive assurance from his friends, or he should not have passed him.

'This paper,' persisted the accuser, 'declares the

boy to be of *the ordinary strength and appearance* of fourteen years.'

'Yes; that is the form supplied by the act; we are limited to one way of expressing it. His parents certainly shewed me the baptismal register, or in some way satisfied me of the fact.'

'Where are your parents?' asked the magistrate, addressing the boy.

'I don't know, sir.'

'Did they bring you to the doctor to be certified?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And what has become of them?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'He must be sworn. Boy, do you know the nature of an oath?'

The wretched child answered by repeating some of the most common and blasphemous modes of execration, which, to Richard's great horror, drew forth a peal of laughter, some on the bench more than smiling.

'Pho!' said the presiding magistrate, angrily, 'Do you know, sir, what will become of those who take a false oath?'

'I have heard some say that it is bad to swear, sir.'

'Do you go to church, and say your prayers?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you know any thing about God and the Bible?'

'No, sir.'

'Go along. Well, gentlemen, we must dismiss this case, I fear. There is a complete break in the evidence, nobody appearing to disprove the doctor's assertion, which none of us can be inclined to doubt, as to his having had a certificate of baptism shewn him by the boy's parents. Nobody could think of

administering an oath, to such a little heathen. Call the next case.'

South, with a grin, observed, 'Calling the next case is a good way to save time. If he had said, Is any one present who can throw any light on this matter? I'd have stepped up at once. The boy is even younger than he confesses to, and the doctor at first refused to pass him: but the parents did the usual trick; they went to a parson and had him baptized, giving just what age they pleased. The parson put it down in the register, and furnished them with a copy. They went again to the doctor, and he being of course too busy to glance at the date of baptism, which would have betrayed the trick, looked only at the age, and passed the boy. I happen to know he was well thrashed at home for letting the superintendent catch him, and for owning, in his fright, that he was so young. You see what good effect the promise of a worse beating has had on him. As to his ignorance, that is no lie. More than a year he has had the *benefit* of the education clause, and he does not know to-day who made him!'

While this explanation, to which Richard could not help listening, was going on, another similar case was disposed of, some technical flaw appearing in the very outset. South remarked, he wondered the superintendents would persist in bringing them forward, seeing how many loop-holes the other party found to creep out at. No more of this class appeared: but a very long string of names was now heard, appended to an accusation of habitually overworking the young children to whom they belonged. Richard was struck with the benevolent interest manifested by the gentlemen on the bench when this

was announced: but South's bitter whisper spoiled his gratification. 'Ay, now they're all alive. Working over hours is too great an advantage to be tolerated in a neighbour; and no doubt some of them informed against him. Self-interest is a capital watchman. But let them prove what they may, the principal offender has two good friends on the bench. The presiding judge is proprietor of an establishment in another town, holding constant dealings with him in the way of trade; and that quiet-looking old gentleman, who has said nothing yet, but is now beginning to handle pen and ink, is his own father-in-law.'

'That's a great shame,' said the person addressed.

'Yes: before the amended act, as they call it, came in force, I'll be bound such a case as they're now going to prove, and which I don't think will be even defended, would have stood the accused in two or three hundred pounds. He could not then have had a connexion on the bench; and the lowest penalty was twenty pounds for each offence. Now we shall see.'

Seven children had been selected, and proof the most decisive was given, that they had all been cruelly overworked, by various devices, including that of keeping them hard at their labour during the hours allotted for schooling. No defence was set up: the witnesses gave their evidence, no questions were put, nothing elicited beyond their voluntary statements; and the magistrates having consulted together, their decision was made known with as much brevity as might be. They held the case proven, and adjudged the criminal to pay a fine—the fine of two shillings and sixpence.

South's neighbour was going to speak: 'Hush,'

said he, 'there is another charge coming on in behalf of the same complainants.'

This was a charge of having worked the aforesaid seven children without school certificates, thereby defeating the purposes of the act. This also was admitted, and the culprit was fined again to the amount of two shillings and sixpence, over and above that already imposed. The agent, with a smile, laid down two half-crowns, in the name of his employer, and so the matter ended.

'Good,' said South, with his peculiar grin: 'five shillings for seven children worked to the verge of the grave—for this is merely one date picked out from a year's overwork—and kept in the blessed state of ignorance that helped little Tommy out of his difficulty just now. We shall have a still more curious display by-and-by, when the summons for altering certificates, making false entries, keeping no time-books, and I know not what besides, comes on against the great, wealthy firm of A. But I believe the next on the paper is a charge of ill usage, not affecting the owners, and which the poor old woman Green has been put up to bringing. She will only make bad worse, I'am afraid.'

Richard's agitation, on hearing these words, may be imagined. A cold damp stood on his forehead, and for a moment he felt faint: but his frame, braced by his native sea-breeze, and healthful toil, was proof against the united effects of a long journey, excessive emotion, and the yet more trying atmosphere that oppressed his lungs. He rallied, shifted his place so as to get a more distinct view of the table, and at the same time to be equally near South, whom he now regarded as a sort of friend, from the compassionate

manner in which he had spoken of one so dear to him, and also to secure the support of a small pillar round which he twined his arm.

The case came on. John Roy, overlooker to the Messrs. Z. was summoned for various acts of unnecessary severity to Mary Green, one of the factory labourers under his charge, particularly with having, on a certain day, kicked her on the shins, so as to hurt and bruise her considerably. This charge was also brought at the instance of the superintendent: and, having been stated, Mary Green was called to substantiate the facts.

It was only by clinging with a desperate hold to his pillar, that the young brother resisted the magnetic force drawing him to place himself beside the trembling orphan-child, to make her cause his own, and to shelter her in his bosom from the rude stare of the many eyes turned upon her. He did resist it, however, and gazed with anguish on the altered being before him. Emaciated, feeble, poorly clad, and with an expression of care, mingled with something quite foreign to the artless simplicity of little Mary's former face, she stood there, the hectic crimson of her cheek and brow soon giving way to a paleness sadly contrasted with the sun-burnt hue of the village child; and the momentary tremor of her frame succeeded by an air more bold than Richard was prepared to see. He listened breathlessly for the first tones of her happy voice: they too were changed—they were become shrill, and, for her age, almost harsh.

The magistrate inquired of her concerning the nature of the oath she was about to take: Mary answered readily, emphatically, almost proudly, as to

her perfect understanding of it. She was then sworn, and deposed to a great deal of persecution, all owing, as she said, to her taking the part of a poor desolate little child, whose father was lately dead. The court abruptly interposed, telling her to confine herself to the facts of the assault recently committed, nothing that had not occurred within fourteen days of the inspector's last visit being admissible in evidence. This sadly curtailed poor Mary's story; for the circumstance took place within half an hour of the limited time, and of course she could only state the bare fact. When called on to exhibit the mark, she replied the discolouration was nearly gone, but the swelling and soreness remained: and the doctor who saw it, and ordered a lotion could bear witness that it had been a severe blow.'

'And who is this doctor?'

She named a person, who, one of the gentlemen observed was no doctor, but an obscure retail apothecary.

'We are too poor to employ a regular doctor, sir,' said Mary; 'but he promised to come and describe the hurt.'

'He knows his own interest too well for that,' muttered South.

'What witnesses have you to prove the assault?' said the magistrate to the attorney; who replied that one on whom he chiefly depended had not yet appeared: however he would put forward another in the mean time, whose childish aspect would not, he hoped, be objected to. The accused then began to cross-question Mary.

'On your oath, now, Miss, did you not give me impertinence enough to provoke much more than the push that I accidentally gave you?'

'No,' she replied, firmly, 'I gave you no impertinence; you did not push, but kicked me; and it was not by accident, but design.'

'Hey-day? don't look so fierce, or you'll injure your own cause. Have you not been constantly bullying me and everybody else about this Irish beggar whom you affect to patronize?'

'I don't know what you call bullying: I have seen poor little Katy ill-treated among you from the first; and I took her part as well as I could.'

'Oh, you did. Now please to inform the court in what manner you took her part, if not by railing and blustering?'

Mary was perplexed: she knew very well, but somehow she could not describe how she had taken Katy's part. No time was allowed her to collect her ideas. The magistrate said it was useless to go into such particulars, as it might naturally be supposed the child was saucy—she looked it—but that did not justify an assault, and he must hear the witnesses.

Mary drew aside, and a diminutive little creature, plump, but looking not more than nine years old, was put forward. She seemed overwhelmed with terror, and looked round as if for some encouraging face; trembling all over, and evidently ready to sob.

'How old are you, little one?'

'Please, sir, I don't know,' faltered Katy.

'And what do you know about an oath?'

The child seemed a little roused by this query, and answered more distinctly, 'Please your Honour, sir, I know if I tell a lie it will make my Lord God angry with me, and grieve the Holy Spirit. Jesus Christ says, "He that telleth lies is of the devil." I must speak the truth, sir.'

'One, at any rate, has been well taught in the mills,' remarked another magistrate.

'Not a bit, I warrant you,' whispered South. 'She learnt it all at the poor widow's. That child is one of a batch to whom the priest gave certificates of age, in a pious fraud, to support her father, who knew nothing about such things, and did just as the rogues in the place bade him; but listen, he added, as Katy, having been sworn, stood more erect and confident, to tell the whole truth in the love and fear of God. The very act of pressing that blessed book to her lips seemed to have revived and refreshed her.

'Well, now, as shortly as you can, what do you know of this assault?'

Katy detailed the circumstances; but the discovery of her being Mary's protegé certainly told against her. She was severely cross-examined; but, instead of flinching under it, her Irish blood seemed to be completely up, and when asked by the accused whether Mary Green was not an impudent hussey, giving bad language to her superiors, and quarrelling with all around her, she replied in great wrath, 'Its yourself that ought to be ashamed to set your two eyes on me, and you just after saying that. Och, but it's a false spaker you are!'

'Your worships see,' said the overlooker, turning to the bench, 'what meek lambs I have to tend.'

A laugh ran through the court, and Katy, to the astonishment of her judges, said something in Irish.

'Come, what was that?' cried the attorney for the defence, 'I insist on knowing what she said.'

'You must repeat it in English,' observed the bench.

'And I will, your honour. It was the verse of a

psalm that my father used to say out of the Irish Bible, when Helen Fleetwood's character was tried to be taken away. The English is, "The lying lips shall be put to silence that cruelly, disdainfully, and spitefully speak against the righteous."'

'Bravo, bravo!' murmured South. Then turning to Richard, whose quick breathing had attracted his notice, he added, 'That Helen Fleetwood is one of the best girls alive, but they mauled her reputation in the cursed mill. The child's father was a downright heathen, a wild Irishman, and in a galloping consumption, but those Greens took him in, poor as they were getting, and taught him, and got somebody to read the Irish Bible to him, and, in short, made a Christian of the poor fellow before he died. Isn't that little one a fine specimen of good teaching?'

But he got no reply, beyond a nod. Richard could not have spoken, had the world's welfare been at stake. By this time Katy had been reprimanded and sent down, and a heavy-looking lad was put in her place. He was sworn, but the testimony that he gave was so confused, so unintelligible, and even contradictory, that they would not hear it. South remarked, the overlooker's presence was enough, that the young fellow was intimidated, and dared not speak truth.

'Go along, sir,' said the magistrate. 'Are we to have no decent witness, out of the many who must have been by?'

None appeared. Some whispering went on at the side for the prosecution, and then Helen Fleetwood was called.

'There, now, look at her,' exclaimed South, pushing Richard's elbow, 'and tell me if any man with a

heart in his body could slander or ill-treat that girl.'

Look at her! Richard did look at her until his sight seemed to fail. Could it be Helen? The figure, taller and much slighter, was her's, and the features too were the same; but that deadly white never belonged to her face, nor that prominence to her eyes, nor that stoop to her shoulders. Still less was the fixed expression of sorrow any part of the Helen Fleetwood of Richard's boyish love. Yet the sweetness of her countenance was increased to something almost heavenly; and though the dimple had disappeared from her hollow cheek, a calm smile seemed to hang upon her lip, when, in reply to the usual query, she expressed her belief in the omniscience of God, and her consciousness that in taking an oath she was inviting his especial observance of what she should say. She then modestly, but clearly and distinctly, described the treatment experienced by Mary; and positively denied that she had, on that occasion, provoked it by any intemperate language or improper deportment. She added, that being herself employed in a different room, she should not have been present, but for the circumstance taking place while some machinery was mending.

'This witness has established the point,' said one of the magistrates.

By your leave, sir, I have a question or two to put, to her,' said the overlooker, with a malignant leer, 'Turn this way, ma'am, if you please.'

She turned accordingly, and afforded a fuller view to Richard.

'Now be so good as to state in what relationship you stand to the family of this Mary Green.'

'No relationship at all.'

'Oh, you quibble at a word, do you? Well, then, barring relationship, how long have you lived with them, and on what terms?'

'I have lived with them ever since I lost my parents; that is, from my infancy; and my circumstances are those of being a dependent on their bounty.'

'No, no!' exclaimed a tremulous voice, that went to Richard's heart; but the magistrate cried 'Silence, there!' and all was still.

'And if they turned you out of doors, where could you go?'

Richard clenched his fist with a movement so sudden and violent that South, who had been watching him for some time, caught his arm, and whispered, 'Be quiet.'

'Where could you go, hey?' repeated the questioner, who had succeeded in momentarily confounding his victim by a supposition so new and so monstrous.

But Helen had a great stock of that innate dignity which belongs not to birth or station, but to character. She fixed a steady look upon him, and replied, 'If by any dispensation of God I was deprived of my best and only friends on earth, I have still one to go to who has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."'

'That is to say, I suppose, you would turn preacher.'

Here a murmur of 'shame!' was distinctly heard; and one of the gentlemen on the bench said, rather warmly, 'Enough of this; it will not shake the clear testimony of the young person before us. You may

stand by, Helen Fleetwood; and now what witnesses have we for the defence?'

Helen, with a respectful curtsey to the bench, retired; but it was plain, by the flushing of her brow and struggling of her breath, that the acquired strength of the hour was passing away. Richard saw his grandmother press forward to meet and receive her; he saw the aged hands that had fondled his infancy stretched out to clasp those of its dearest companion; and as Helen's head sank on the shoulder of one to whose fond heart the bare suggestion of *turning her out of doors* had been a dagger, Richard burst away, and rushed out of the court.

It was too much like a feverish dream; and occurring after two sleepless nights of travel, it almost overset the boy's reason. He wandered on, careless where, until a name over a shop door, similar to that of the gentleman to whom he was sent, recalled the primary object of his journey. Sick at heart, but still true to the principle of duty, he seated himself for a few minutes on a low post, recalled his message, and finding on inquiry that the person lived at the opposite end of the town from the poor abode of his own family, he bent his way thither, and delivered his packet. Orders were given him to wait and refresh himself in the kitchen while it was read; and afterwards he was told to call on the morrow for further directions. This left him at liberty, and he lost not a moment in hurrying to what, since it contained all that he loved on earth, he already called his home.

Despite of all that combined to wring their hearts with sorrow, the meeting was most joyful. Apprized by James of his arrival, the delicious task of making

preparations to receive him again had animated their bosoms and their looks. James was up, wrapped in a blanket, and seated on a low stool, supported on two sides by an angle of the room, and on the third by the crazy table. The widow, Helen, Mary, Katy, were bustling to no end, and Richard's basket had been plundered without scruple to aid in the preparations. The rush that met him at the door, the exclamations of welcome and of joy, and of wonder too at his immense growth, and the caresses that even little Katy would bestow, by hugging and kissing one of his hands—all was so much a reality, that he seemed to forget the ugly dream, and laughed through his tears, and was the happiest of all.

What, indeed, is the best of this world's happiness but a temporary forgetfulness of the trouble to which man is born as the sparks fly upwards!

XVI.

SCARCELY had the family party settled down into comparative composure, when South made his appearance. Convinced of Richard's identity by what he had seen in the court, he now came to offer him a bed in his house; saying, that as he knew the visit was unexpected, it would save them some trouble. Richard would have preferred lying on the bare boards under the same roof with those so dear to him; but a glance round the miserable room that was too evidently their only apartment, convinced him of its impracticability. He therefore confirmed his grandmother's reluctant but grateful acceptance of the

neighbourly offer. She was secretly unwilling that he should go to one whose family were far from what she wished, and who would also acquaint him with many things of which she desired him to be kept ignorant; but no other alternative presented itself, except that of turning him loose to seek a lodging where no young stranger was safe.

South did not stay long: his good feelings, always alive towards this family, overcame the temptation to stop. The highly respectable though rustic appearance of the young peasant had pleased him greatly; and he longed to shew his goodwill as the world delights to shew it; that is, by communicating intelligence nearly concerning those whom he best loved, of the most painful nature, and in a way calculated at once to rouse and to wound his feelings. Not that South loved particularly to give pain, but he liked to produce a sensation, and to exhibit his acquaintance with other people's concerns. He lived in idleness, on the profits of his poor children's toil; and as he closed the early grave over the heads of successive victims, he quieted his conscience by keeping up a vehement and continued protest against the evils of which he availed himself. South spoke the truth; he did not exaggerate facts, but he very much weakened their effect on the minds of his hearers, by sharing the spoil. This rendered a new arrival the more welcome, because from a stranger he was less liable to the retort that those better acquainted with him frequently made.

When taking leave of the widow, he observed, 'You must not be too much disheartened at that fellow's acquittal. I knew how it would be all along. The inspector is getting too sharp, and he must be

checked, by shewing him how little good his interference can do. As for all the spiteful things they said, and the lies they told for the defence, never heed them: it was only to prevent your getting redress, and so encouraging others to seek it. Well, Mr. Green, don't hurry from your friends to-night: come when you like—I shall be glad to see you.'

The momentary dream of enjoyment now dissipated; the painful reality forced back upon their view, the effect was felt in a sort of restraint falling on the party. They sate, neither knowing how to break the silence, till Mary began—'So then, you were in the court, Richard.'

'Yes, I was, dear, I went directly after leaving James.'

'And did you—did you believe the things they said about us at the end?'

'I heard nothing of it: I came away directly after Helen was examined: but I saw there was a great deal of wickedness at work against you. Indeed, I went out because I could not stand it any longer without speaking my mind to them all; and I knew that must not be.'

'You did right, my dear child,' said the widow.

'But, granny, tell me two things. What has brought you so low in your circumstances; and why did you not let me and Mr. Barlow know it in time?' He looked round the room, then in their altered faces, and tears filled his eyes.

'It would be a long story, Richard, but the story of hundreds upon hundreds whom you meet at every corner in these towns. We have not been dishonest nor idle. Helen, Mary, Willy, and Katy have worked constantly in the mills; James, even now that he is

so weak, continues to make little articles for us to sell; and I'——her voice faltered, but she instantly recovered it, and in a firm, cheerful tone continued, 'I have gone out with tapes and laces, and such like things, and sometimes get a day's employment at cleaning among the mills. So Richard, we are all, by God's mercy, to this hour, independent.'

'But you seem to have so few comforts.'

'That is owing to one or another being often ill, and coals and every thing so dear last winter. When we had the fever we got help from a loan fund, and have been paying it back. Indeed, only for bad health, we should be very well off, as times go; and that, you know, is what God sees fit to send us.'

'Ah, but living in such a close, unwholesome place, how can you be well?'

'The rents are too high everywhere else; we staid as long as we could in an airy situation.'

'And you never told me you were ill!'

'It would only have made you anxious, and perhaps have tempted you to come over and see us, and take the fever too. But now, my dear child, let us speak of God's mercies to our souls and bodies, and not talk as if we reproached Him who has been so very gracious to us.'

'Tell him about father,' said Katy.

The subject seemed to animate them all; each had something to tell: and from their united story it seemed that Malony had become more and more attached to the hearing of God's word; and the widow having one day met with an Irish reader, reasoning out of the scriptures with a poor countryman of his, she brought him to Malony, and to her great joy found that he received the word, in his own tongue,

not only with gladness, but with the most cheering evidence of a true and saving faith. 'It was wonderful,' she continued, 'how he caught at passages in the Bible, and retained them in his memory, and feasted upon them, I may say. The reader only stopped two or three weeks in the place, but Malony laid up a store that lasted him to his dying breath.'

'Please, sir,' said Katy, 'father did be saying the Bible to himself all day long. I know it was the Bible, because I read the same in English: and he would make me repeat to him what I heard at church: for father sent me to church too, sir.'

'Ay,' said James; do you know, Richard, he would as soon have seen Katy's head off, as let her go to a Protestant church, till one day the priest scolded him for hearing the Bible, and forbad it him. So, directly, Malony, seeing our religion taught us to read the Bible, and his denied it, determined his child should have nothing more to do with Popery. You would not believe scarcely what a work there was when poor little Katy was seen going to church; and when, soon after, she took the fever, the priest told every body it was a judgment upon her for turning heretic, and that she would die and go to hell.'

'But I didn't die, sir,' said Katy.

'So I see, my little lass,' replied Richard, smiling; 'and I hope you will long live to stand by your friends, as you did this morning.'

Katy looked energetic, replying in a decided tone, 'And I will, sir, please God.'

'The fever,' resumed the widow, 'by laying poor Katy up, deprived Malony of his sole means of support: he was already helpless, in the last stage of decline'——she paused, then added, 'He died in

this room, rejoicing in God his Saviour; a more triumphant death I never witnessed.'

'It was you that did it,' exclaimed Katy, suddenly rushing up to the old woman, and burying her face in her lap: 'it was your own blessed self that did it all.'

'No, my child, it was the Lord who did it.'

'Ah, but he bid you do it, and you did. Sure, didn't you bring poor father here, and nurse-tered him, and me too, when never the one of us could lift up head or hand to bless you? And didn't you talk to him, and pray for him, when the heart of you was breaking with all of us sick, and give us the half of every sup of drink that was little enough for yourselves; and'——

'Well, well, Katy, whatever we were the means of doing for you, we are well repaid by the love you bear us, and far more by seeing you desirous to walk in the same way that has led your dear father to heaven. And what way is that, Katy?'

'Jesus Christ is the way, ma'am, and the truth, and the life.'

The turn thus given to the conversation was farther improved by the widow, Helen, and James, until Richard half forgot the sorrows of the road by which they were travelling in the brightness of the prospect before them. It was nothing new to hear his grandmother discourse of eternal realities until they seemed visible to herself and those around; but Helen astonished him by the quiet fervour of her spirit, and the earnestness with which she pressed on him the consideration of those things which she had formerly recommended indeed by her daily walk, but never spoken much about.

'You see, Richard,' she remarked, 'how little we really believe what God tells us; or if we do believe it, how little we desire what he says is best for us; even though the dearest of his people bear witness that they have found it so. God says, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth;" and David testifies, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and Paul says, "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him;" and the angel says of those who are before the throne, with white robes, and palms of triumph, "These are they that came out of great tribulation." And yet, with all this before us, how little we like that either ourselves or those belonging to us should bear the yoke, or see affliction!'

'I cannot deny that, Helen: if we liked it, it would not be affliction: but there are troubles everywhere, and why not meet them where we have the comfort of dear friends to feel with us, and to encourage us? Must you come into a such a dreadful place as this to look for misery?'

'We did not come here to seek misery,' said the widow with a sigh, 'and dear Richard knows that: but we have found it here, at least what you consider misery, and with such words to cheer us as our Helen has just quoted, surely we may bless the Lord for the portion he sees good to provide us with.'

'We were too happy at L——,' observed James.

'I don't know what you mean by being too happy,' said Mary. 'Your health was none of the best: we worked hard, and met with troubles enough. To be sure, we had fresh air and sunshine, and green grass to walk on, and flowers to look at, and decent people about us; and we could really walk about without

being run against by drunken men, or hearing people curse and swear at every turn. No doubt, it is much better for us to be where we have none of these indulgences to spoil us; and where I can be beaten and kicked about, and get no redress; and where Helen may be set out in public for a drunkard and every thing that is bad.'

'Mary! Mary!' cried the widow sorrowfully, 'to hear you talk in such a way is a far worse trial than all the rest.'

Richard was shocked: the expression of his sister's face had already struck him as being much altered for the worse; but the bitter scorn, the sarcastic levity that swelled in every feature while she uttered these remarks, bespoke a greater change than he was prepared for. The sorrow, too, depicted on the countenances of the rest was unmingled with surprise at what seemed so strange to him; and he felt that he must stifle his own regrets to avoid giving encouragement to what sounded too like the language of reproach against their best friend.

'Dearest granny,' he said, 'you must forgive Mary and me too, considering what we cannot help feeling when it was for us that you gave up every comfort, and left your home. We all know you could have staid, and have been better off than before, only for us. If you would have thrown us on the parish, you might have stocked a nice little shop with the money you had, and got rich by it: but you would not; you thought by giving up every thing that would have cheered your old age at home and coming yourself among strangers, and beginning, I may say, the world anew, when you should have been settling in a comfortable nest to end it in, you would have us

all independent and prosperous. You could no more foresee what would happen here, than you could foresee the loss of our lease; God has ordered it as he saw best; but don't blame us if we grieve at what you suffer for us;' and while he kissed the tear from her aged cheek, he added, 'better days may come yet; for I'll turn the world upside down, but something shall be done to bring them round.'

'You are more likely to turn your own head in the attempt,' said Mary, 'even if you use the best spade you have.'

Her brother looked sternly at her, and she returned the look with one of sulky defiance: his oblique reproof had failed to reach her heart, and only wounded her pride. She had lately indulged in a habit of indirectly reproaching her grandmother for bringing them there, and Helen for having so long lived upon what, she hinted, would, if laid by, have sufficed to provide another home for them in L. Richard had completely silenced her on the former point, and she longed to take a double revenge on Helen.

For, alas! little Mary had gradually yielded to the corrupting influence around her, so far as to stifle the pleadings of a better voice within, and to give the reins to an angry temper which when let loose would spare none within its range. She had become a tyrant; and as tyrants are generally cowards, the most helpless was sure to feel its worst effects. She loved Richard; and she might have learned to regard him now with somewhat of salutary fear, but the shortness of his stay prevented such a feeling, while the delight of vindicating her conscious power to distress others even in his presence, deadened the sense not only of affection but of common huma-

nity towards him, who must necessarily be made most unhappy by the discovery. So it is, that one evil passion allowed to prevail can overcome every thing good in the character, and spread, like a devouring fire, destruction all around it.

James was the only person who possessed any real influence over her, and he, by reminding her how very soon she must see him coffined, sometimes prevailed to calm a rising storm. He now asked her for drink, and while she held it to his lips, whispered, 'Mary, I shall never see dear Richard again: for my sake let all be quiet and happy while he stays.'

'Who wants to hinder it?' she muttered: while her countenance lost some of its bad expression.

Soon after, Willy came in; Richard had asked many times when he would arrive; for he was the pet of his eldest brother, even more than of any one else; and ardently did the youth desire once more to behold 'the little one,' as he was called. Willy entered abruptly, and stood for a moment surprised to see a stranger seated at their poor table, but his brother flew to him, and lifting him in his arms exclaimed, 'My own Willy! my little darling! how I have longed, and longed to look in your dear face again!'

The little boy, for he was not even nearly so much grown as Mary or James, stared at him in perplexity: not that he did not know him, but his head was confused, and he could not understand how Richard came there. On a sudden the latter turned pale, and set him down, but still holding him by the hand he resumed his seat, and placed Willy on his knee. At that moment he met a look of anxious observation from Helen, who, on catching his eye, hastily averted her own, but the glance, short as it was, betrayed

too much—it told him her fears that he had detected in the breath of that child the noxious fumes of ardent spirits!

Poor Richard's misery seemed now complete. Of those whom he so fondly loved one was on the very brink of the grave, another evidently beginning to sink, and the remaining two straying in childhood from the paths of peace. His grandmother became almost an object of resentment because, knowing as she must, the state of those committed to her, she looked so calm, so resigned, almost happy. Little could Richard understand of her real feelings: she had struggled until at one time the apathy of despair came over that active spirit, and then it would *in*deed have wrung his heart to have seen her ghastly looks; and to have heard the tones of her altered voice: but out of this wretched frame she had been delivered by the instrumentality of Helen and James, and now the language of her soul was once more—"It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good." Yet at times the conflict within was dreadful, and self-reproach almost overcame her confidence in God, who seemed to be giving her thus to eat of the fruit of her own way; while what had in reality been only an error in judgment, in yielding to a most artfully concerted plan of deceit, assumed the aspect of wilful, presumptuous sin.

The evening wore away; the beloved Bible was once more opened, and again their voices rose together in prayer and praise; but though the words of their hymn were joyful, the tones breathed forth were sad, and tremulous from emotion, for even Mary was overcome by the recollection of past happy hours; as she stood leaning on her brother's shoulder, the

better feelings of her nature resumed their sway, and the events that had occurred since their last parting seemed an uneasy dream that she longed to forget.

With a heavy heart Richard bestowed and received the reluctant 'Good night,' and soon found himself seated in the little close room that South called his parlour, where a bed had been made up for him, while a pot of porter, some bread and cheese, with two plates, and two tobacco pipes bespoke the design of his host to have some conversation with him before he retired to rest.

Apologies having been made for poor accommodation, and warm thanks returned for the kindness shewn, they soon entered upon the topic of the morning's meeting. Richard never smoked, and South, in compliment to him, refrained.

'Well, now, Mr. Green, it was strange enough that you should chance to place yourself in the court just beside one who could explain so much of what was going on. I saw you were a stranger, but never suspected you to be of that family till you got so warm about your sister. Then, to be sure, I saw the likeness, and began to fancy you must be the brother they were always talking about.'

'Indeed, Mr. South, I should have been sore puzzled by some of the things I heard, only for you.'

'And what, may I ask, do you think of the business?'

'I think they have perverted judgment, and wronged the fatherless, and robbed the poor, and oppressed the stranger,' replied Richard, making a strong effort to restrain his feelings.

'Ay, they have indeed. Did you hear what passed after you ran out.'

'No.'

'It's just like them, bearing it without a complaint; but nothing could equal the villainy practised. You heard the strong evidence of the little Irish girl, and the still clearer proof given by Helen; also the vile attempt to brow-beat them both, which succeeded so ill that we thought the case was established; however the other party brought up a swarm of rascally slaves to swear away the characters of your two girls, and to declare that no undue severity had been used to Mary. This, with the absence of two or three who had promised to give evidence for her, but who were kept away by easy methods, turned the balance; and the case was dismissed, with some remarks on the bad spirit of those who could get it up. I was glad you left; for your feelings would have been greatly wounded, especially with regard to that good girl Helen, who was grossly misrepresented. However, I hope you are come to rescue some at least of them from the mills?'

Richard shook his head.

'Never mind, you may do so by-and-by; and let me tell you, the very lowest employment you could find for them in the country would be better, even in point of respectability, than the best they can get here.'

'How came they—how came Helen to provoke so much ill-will?' asked Richard.

'Through the envious spite of a girl whom I could say a good deal of, only that she's your cousin. Phœbe Wright hated her for being so different from herself, and began this persecution. She is lately gone off with a regiment of soldiers, and a happy riddance we have of her!'

'But that proves her to be herself a very bad person, and it ought at least to do away with the effect her ill-word might have before she was found out.'

South looked at him compassionately. 'You know little of the wickedness of such places if you think a bad person has not more partizans here than a good one. If the worst they ever said of Helen had been true, she would have suffered no ill-will, much less persecution for it: but because her whole conduct gives the lie to her slanderers, and moreover sets them an example just the contrary to what they like to follow, she is hunted down for a hypocrite and false pretender.'

'She is not,' said Richard, sternly.

'Well, I know that; and so do they.'

Here there was a pause. South presently resumed.

'It is an ungracious part to act; but you see I have taken an interest in your family ever since they came here; and as you may do something towards mending the condition of one, at least, I can't help telling you things unpleasant to hear. That little one—Willy—is in bad hands, for all what Mrs. Green thinks, and I wish you'd see to him.' He then proceeded to tell him that Parkins, to whose care the boy was confided, took no concern in him; and that he feared he was not doing well.'

Richard frankly told him he had reason to fear so too; and mentioned the discovery that he had made, adding, 'only that I can't persuade myself it is possible.'

'It is not only too possible, but a common thing among the poor children. Consider what a faint, exhausted state they must be in when coming out of those hot crowded rooms, where they have been con-

fined so many hours, working away at the most fatiguing labour, that strains every muscle of the body without giving wholesome exercise to any: their stomachs qualmish with hunger, or with unwholesome food, made so by the filthy dust and woolly particles, that they cannot help sucking down with every breath: their minds made sickly by conversation as dirty as the place they inhabit; longing for refreshment, but too tired and lazy to seek it in the play natural to their years. I say, Green, consider all this, and then fancy the effect of a dram, warming, and righting, as it were, their uncomfortable stomachs, putting new life, not a real life, I grant you, into their whole bodies, and raising up their spirits into a frolicksome mood that they love to feel them in. Can you wonder that the halfpenny is hoarded, begged, ay, stolen, to get the smallest sup of such a luxury?'

Richard's blood mounted at the word 'stolen,' but he said nothing, and South proceeded.

'I am speaking of the present time, while 'tis yet summer; but now suppose what it is to come out in the state I have described, and moreover melted with heat, as you will see they are if you look into one of the mills, into the chilling frost of a winter evening, without a rag of additional clothing, and probably knowing there is but a small share of a very poor fire, if any, for them at home; and little enough of bedding to cover their shivering limbs. Don't you see, the gin-shop is a temptation hardly to be resisted even by the careful father of a family, much less by the poor silly child that never troubles its head for a moment about consequences?'

'Nothing but the grace of God can restrain a body

in such a case,' remarked Richard; 'and that grace is as free to my poor little Willy as to the wisest of men, if he would but seek it.'

This remark was out of South's line. He cut a piece of cheese, and then resumed, 'Your speaking reminds me of what I was first saying. The person your grandmother trusts Willy to is a man reckoned very religious; so she thinks all must needs be right. I don't understand exactly what his notions are, but he seems to say that if a man is not kept from doing wrong by a miracle, nothing else will keep him from it. However, I advise you to see Parkins, and find what sort of a look-out he keeps over your little brother.'

Richard willingly promised to do this; and South volunteered some farther information.

'I must say the conduct of your aunt Wright's family has been very unnatural; but how can you expect people to feel for their more distant relations who care nothing for their very nearest flesh and blood? I dare say you heard of Sarah?'

'Yes; they wrote me that she was much afflicted, and that God seemed to be opening her heart to receive the gospel; but lately they have not mentioned her.'

'No; 'tis a wonder she still lives, if such a state can be called living. Poor thing! her only comfort was in hearing about religion from Helen and the rest; but you may be sure such things could not be pleasant in a place where Miss Phœbe ruled, so they made the very falsehoods they themselves invented of your girls an excuse for not keeping up the acquaintance; and to gratify a wicked envious spite, they deprived the poor dying creature of the only thing that could lighten her sufferings. I am not a

religious man myself, but I can respect it in others; and I should be sorry not to look forward to the consolations of religion on my death-bed. In these places the poor live like beasts of burden, and so they must be content to die.'

Richard was inclined to ask him what death-bed consolations a man could expect from religion who took no thought about it during his years of life; but South gave him no time to speak. He entered upon the character of Charles Wright, describing him as the most culpable of all, because he had it in his power fully to contradict the gross untruths of his sister, and to check others younger than himself; 'but here,' he continued, 'is the great evil: they grow up in the mills from childhood to manhood—that is, the very few among them who live to be men or women—and all the change of character they undergo is from bad to worse; from being learners of wickedness to being teachers of it. In other situations you may say of a foolish child, "He will know better when he's older," for children as they grow up look about them and see that good conduct brings credit and profit, while the contrary leads to disgrace and ruin; whereas, in these mills, the child sees nothing of the sort; those about him are all of one class, and they may lie, they may steal, they may drink, they may make themselves no better than the beasts of the earth, so long as they work out their hours of labour, keeping time with the machinery, and don't openly wrong their employer. Indeed, where there is so much wickedness its more for their comfort to be like the rest: any one trying to withstand bad example, and to set a good one, like your poor girl Helen, must expect that if she don't choose to blacken

her mind they'll blacken her name. Such a rookery of crows can't bear a white dove among them.'

'But surely, Mr. South,' said Richard, who began to feel irritated, 'surely there must be some people, out of the thousands you are talking about, not deserving the horrid character you give them. You wouldn't wish me to think all my fellow creatures devils?'

'Not I; its only the mill-people I speak of; and if you think me uncharitable, just ask yourself what you would most likely now be if you had been taken out of your bed every day at early morn, and shut up in a close, hot, dirty, unwholesome building, where you'd never have heard a syllable of good advice, but cursing and swearing, and filthy talk from morning to night: then to go home, so tired you had no thought for any thing but to get to sleep as fast as could be, and up again for the same purpose. This to go on from Monday morning to Saturday night, and Sunday the only play-day you had—the only day when you might, by taking a stroll, satisfy yourself that the world is not made entirely of brick and stone—the only—'

'Oh, say no more?' exclaimed Richard, burying his face in his hands. This appeal had reached his heart, and too well convinced him of what he dreaded to believe. The conviction flashed upon him of how much the scenes in which he had lived and acted had contributed to form his character. Take away the sunny landscape, the broad fields, carpetted with smiling flowers, the shady banks, the towering trees, the high open canopy of heaven, and the sea—the glorious sea, which with thundering lullaby had hushed him to rest, and whose majestic roar had

blended with the skylark's morning salutation—take these away, and Richard could only regard the world as a dreary, joyless spot, compared with what he had found it. He also felt how infinitely more efficacious to his soul had been the pious precepts carefully instilled, because of their practical exemplification in the daily walk of his teachers; and with anguish unspeakable his thoughts reverted to Willy and Mary, as being actually, perhaps irrecoverably entangled in the snare so vividly depicted. South observed the conflict that flushed the youth's forehead, and oppressed his breathing; and sought a little to qualify what he had said.

'Mind, I don't deny that a well-instructed, virtuous child may even stand against all this, with the help of such a watchful friend at home as your young ones have; but I wanted to prove to you that the wickedness of the factories is not to be charged on the poor labourers so much as on the vile system that makes slaves, not servants, of them. Certainly things have been worse: but with every improvement they are still what I represent, as the scene I saw this morning may prove to you. There the inspector did all that the law allows; he searched out for cases of injustice, brought them to as fair a trial as he could obtain, and as it was impossible he should stop to superintend it, he placed the matter in most respectable, honourable hands, and gave every help in his power; yet you see the result; and I need not remind you how they baffled him, by intimidating one set of witnesses, brow-beating another, influencing a third, slandering a fourth, perplexing the silly children, quibbling about words, shifting the responsibility from party to party, as in the case of the surgeons'

and magistrates' certificates, and finally making sure of a partial decision by putting a near relation on the bench. Self-interest, Green, is a strong feeling in man; and the laws are to be blamed that leave the mill-owners at liberty to go such lengths where it leads them. Many an honourable, kind-hearted man is drawn away insensibly to do, for his own interest, what he would never think of doing if the fact of its being allowed by the laws, and being done by his neighbours, did not make him look on it as a sort of thing of course—a necessary evil—an act of injustice done by so many that his refraining from it would only ruin himself, without taking anything worth mentioning from the amount of public harm.'

'Now that's the way I like to put it, Mr. South,' said Richard. 'I can't bear to throw the blame so heavily on my fellow-creatures; and I would rather it rested on the laws that are so bad.'

'Yes, but the laws don't make themselves, you know; and we send up members to Parliament on purpose to make good laws for us, or to alter what are bad. This carries the blame beyond the mill-owners. They have, altogether, submitted very well to some alterations that bore hard upon them; and we can't expect them to throw away what they have always been in the habit of getting, unless obliged by law to do so. I'll tell you what, Green,' he added with a vehemence that surprized his hearer, 'there are those among us that went such lengths as we ought not, to frighten the government into giving us a Reform Bill, because those that were to get into Parliament by it promised the redress of our heavy grievances; and we got it; and these men took their places in the House accordingly; but now, mind me,

young one, while I say—ay, and I'll swear it on all the books that ever were printed—there never was a body of men brought together that thought so little of their pledges, or cared so little for the poor, or trifled so with the liberties that they had always in their mouths, as the reformed House of Commons. A boroughmongering Parliament passed old Sir Robert Peel's bill, which is the only real boon ever bestowed on the poor factory labourers; and a reformed Parliament, a reforming government, undid all the best clauses in that bill.'

'I know no more of politics than the babe unborn,' said Richard.

'Very likely; but the time is coming, when every man, woman, and child must know something of politics. They have given us cheap knowledge, because it is as cheap to them as to us; and because they thought if we saw a little farther we should be more willing to put our shoulder to their wheel, and help them forward; but we are looking beyond the point they marked out, and may shew them yet that we are not to be bamboozled with fine names, when we want the things themselves that those names signify.'

Richard was perplexed. A degree of excitement had taken place of South's quiet manner, generally dull and heavy, but always dissatisfied. He seemed to have thrown aside his reserve, and exhibited the restless impatience of a man who has something to divulge that he is not quite sure he may speak. He looked earnestly at the youth, and asked, 'How long do you stay here?'

'Only four days.'

South shook his head; 'I fear you'll carry back a heavy heart in your bosom.'

'So I must; I shall never be happy again, as I was before. May the Lord give me grace to cast my burden on him, for I know he can sustain it!'

'You are a good young man; but its all owing to the way and the place you were brought up in.'

'I am not good, Mr. South. God knows how evil and rebellious a creature I am; and if I have been kept from some of the open sins that others run into, it is owing to his blessing on the good teaching I have had. Do you suppose there is no wickedness in the country, or that some who are carefully reared don't turn out badly at last? We must give the glory to God, and not to man.'

'Well, I don't doubt your being right,' said South, who had resumed his cautious manner, 'but on your own principle you are bound to look after that little brother of yours, who is likely to lose what he has got.'

Richard assured him that such was his intention, and resolving to investigate the matter on the following day, he went to his bed, weary and dejected, to ponder over the occurrences of the day. The sounds that reached him were far, oh! how far, unlike those to which his ear was accustomed; carriages rattling over the stones, the song of the drunkard as he reeled along, and the shout of the brawler as he provoked a fray, church bells chiming the hour, and drowsy watchmen proclaiming it, these and other unwonted notes kept him starting from the dreamy mood that after a while stole over his senses, until they too seemed to be lost in the confused murmur of distant billows; and gradually the scenes of his childhood reappeared in visionary beauty, with the forms he so fondly loved engaged in their accustomed rural occupations. Helen and

Mary carried their milk-pail along the cliffs; but the sky darkened, the sea rolled in liquid mountains, and threatened to swallow up the coast. Richard must fly to snatch them from danger; and then followed all the wildly confused imagery of a feverish dream, from which he was awakened by the ringing of a bell, and jumped up to see the rain running down the panes of his window. A great stir was audible, and Richard concluded the factory labourers were summoned by that bell. He was dressed in a moment, and all his accustomed morning devotions being condensed, as it were, in one passionate ejaculation for mercy and help, he rushed into the wet, misty, miserable street, in quest of those whom he had just been looking on through the medium of an exciting dream.

INCONSISTENCY.

(IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH my mind has long shrunk from the attempts to put down in writing my impressions of the awful scene I have lately witnessed, yet, as I think it may have its beneficial effect, I dare no longer hesitate. It is not to a member of the world which is declared to be lying in wickedness that I address myself, but to one who I hope is a child of God, to one whom I esteem for many points of Christian excellence, but in whom I yet fancy I discern a spot, a stain, which if suffered to rest on the soul, and to spread through the character, may lead to a termination as deplorable as that which has lately made me shudder both for myself and others, lest we too should be self-deceivers, and be holding the truth in unrighteousness; like the wretched being I have lately mourned over, who believed herself, and was believed by many, to have attained to no slight degree of sanctity.

I had withdrawn from the society of this relative, whose death-bed I was now called to attend, for I had spoken plainly, and had thereby given offence; besides, I felt a repugnance any longer to countenance a self-deception which I had vainly tried to dissipate; and my mind continually recurred to that passage in the 2d Thess. iii. 6, which commands us in the name

of the Lord Jesus to "withdraw ourselves from every brother that walketh . . . not after the traditions which he had received" of the apostle; and I saw that, though in the eyes of the church, —— was a Christian sister, yet her conduct contradicted the scriptural precept, "love not the world;" and that she *did* prefer its vain adornings to the meek and quiet spirit which godly women are exhorted in the scripture to make their ornaments. I therefore felt it my duty "to withdraw" from her.

You may imagine, then, how painful was my situation when called upon to visit this relative in an illness which I was informed was dangerous, if not altogether what the world calls 'hopeless.' I knew she would feel my presence a reproach; and I also knew that *she* had expressed no wish to see me; but the summons came from one whom I could not refuse, and with very earnest prayers that I might be made of any use my Master willed, did I set out on my painful journey.

My friend, I feel how utterly powerless are human words to describe the awful impressions which the death-bed of an inconsistent believer makes! Oh! what a contrast did I feel this visit to the last—to that which had decided me to resist every after invitation. Then this poor creature sat at the head of her table, fashionably dressed, and dispensing costly luxuries to her guests, whilst at the same time she was talking of bazaars and other efforts for missionary purposes, which I felt *might* have been munificently provided for, would she, and such as she, have been contented with real Christian simplicity of fare and apparel; or she was lecturing with self-gratulatory superiority on the more glaring pomps and vanities

of the world, to a decided votary of earth, who yet in her turn considered herself a religious person, because she sometimes called at the cottages in her carriage, and had built a picturesque school-house at her gate. Now my wretched relative was laid on a bed of which no pen can describe the outward pain and restlessness, the tossings to and fro, the disordered attire, the haggard eye! I speak of the body only; I shrink from attempting to judge of the state of the soul; but there were no apparent heavenly consolations; and to almost the last a clinging to this poor life, an attempt to disbelieve the medical man's strong affirmation, that that day must evidently be her last on earth, which shewed that she could not realize the apostle's feeling, "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Even the domestics, who with most patient endurance had attended her night and day, even they saw that she who had exhorted them to fix their affections on things above, had herself been grievously bowed down and fettered to the things of earth, and was still in bondage to them, as well as to the fear of death. On passing a distant room, on the morning of that terrific dying day, I was arrested by the sound of bitter sobs, which I found were poured forth from the hearts of one of these faithful women, who in an extremity of agony had fled from the side of her dying mistress, to vent her grief in solitude. 'Oh, pray for my poor mistress's soul,' she exclaimed, as I entered, 'now whilst there is a little time left her to come to Christ's blood for pardon.' Though much engaged, I could not resist this appeal; and kneeling down by the side of this faithful and anguished mourner, I poured out my supplications with her's,

that, for Christ's sake, through the merits of that all-cleansing fount opened for sin, every stain might be washed out of that soul which was so soon to appear in the immediate presence of God.

When I returned again to her pained bed, how did my heart grieve, as I heard her who had been a teacher of babes, yea, and of men and women, exclaim, when I repeated that comforting text, "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,"—'Aye, but are we in Christ Jesus?' And yet I try to hope that she was *at last* accepted in the Beloved; but surely this is being "saved as by fire;" and not evidencing that "abundant entrance," which the Christian may and ought to seek to attain, through "faith which worketh by love."

But, my friend, I wish not to harrow up my own soul by these sad remembrances, or yours by the recital, and I will therefore hasten to a close. But I must just bid you, in imagination, view with me the multitudes of costly garments which, soon after her decease, the faithful domestic seemed really ashamed to bring before my notice; but as I was appointed to dispose of her clothes, there was no avoiding the sight, nor the fearful waste of money which her last bill at the milliner's displayed. I could not help thinking how different would now be her feelings, to those of former days, if her spirit could again re-visit earth! Would not the frivolous and useless articles of finery exhibited to allure the unwary, excite a loathing disgust, instead of the foolish desires which they formerly called forth? Could this occupation of money, which was lent for a far different purpose, be such as to bring a blessing on a death-bed? Within sight of that awful bed which I had so lately

attended, were the depositories of garments, falsely called adornments, the cost of which might have enriched missions, have fed the hungry, have clothed the naked; and could those wardrobes be a refreshing and rejoicing sight, think you, to dying eyes? Were the useless multitudes of robes for the poor fading body, soothing opiates to that racked, disfigured, fainting, dying form? Tell me not that she was benevolent, yea munificent, to the villagers around; that she had a school and many pensioners. I tell you it is sometimes rather selfish banishment than true benevolence, to load the few within your sight, with gifts, and yet forget the destitution of millions out of your immediate neighbourhood; and I tell you, that with the sum she expended annually, she might have befriended twenty villages; and that the cost of one of those magnificent robes ought to have made, and might have made, many a widow's heart leap for joy; it would have purchased many copies of the word of life, for those who are perishing for lack of knowledge, at home and abroad; and I say to you that the silver and the gold, which are indeed the Lord's, and which she squandered on mere modified selfishness, was awfully disproportioned to that which she did give back again to him, who bade her "Occupy till I come." Oh, my dear friend, with burning tears of anxiety do I say to you, 'The next time you are tempted by the world, the flesh, or the devil, to purchase an expensive garment, *beware;* through the aid of the Holy Spirit of your God, resist the snare; reflect that you would not desire that your expensive decorations should disturb, by their reproachful images, the visions of your last hours, and tell you that they had interrupted many a holy bless-

ing which might have been poured upon your head, many a fervent, grateful prayer, which might have soothed your dying pillow; not indeed as substitutes for your Saviour's only effectual merits, but as the holy fruits of that indwelling Spirit, which he died to win for you, when he "led captivity captive." Know that Christ is all in all; but I know also that in pressing to our hearts the glorious truths of *his atonement*, we must not—and if our faith and love be unfeigned, we shall not—cast away *his example*.

My friend,—I feel how weak are my powers of arguing, but I would entreat, and endeavour to persuade you to cease from the destructive, the selfish, the hardening practice of purchasing more than you really require for your stations in life, or of thinking it needful to alter some parts of your attire, because they may have become unfashionable. What! know you not that "the fashion of this world quickly passeth away?" and that the hour cometh in which you will shudder at the very name of fashion; when, perhaps, as was the case with my poor relative, the only clothing which you can endure should touch your agonized form, may be literally *rags*. Yes! you too, as she, may, in condemnation of your sin, die in rags. You may think you do give much away, and so did poor —— consider; but still neither you nor she have given in proportion to your general expenditure, your expenditure for yourselves! I say you have not given to God in any degree as much as you have given to your idols. And what have professing Christians to do with idols? If you are *in*deed a Christian, you will give not only some of your possessions, but every fraction of them to God; in accordance with the spirit of that beautiful text,

"Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." And can you truly say that all your purchases are made simply with a view to his glory? that no idolatry, the idolatry of *self*, lurks or hides in some of your rich garments? Let conscience answer, whether self-denial is mingled with your gifts to the heathen and the poor? Or do you only give to them when every other claim which fashion, or selfishness, in some of its hundred-headed forms, has been answered to satiety? Do you say that if you were to give more liberally you would encourage idleness and extravagance among your poorer neighbours? But I would ask you, who are your neighbours? In Christ's acceptation, the poor of every land are neighbours to his servants: his disciples, whoever they be, are regarded (if we would resemble him) as our mother, our sister and brother. And even supposing England to be so well evangelized and fed with heavenly as well as earthly bread, as to need no aid, are there no Irish brethren sinking beneath bodily destitution, or thirsting to hear, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God? Can the Indian, can the Negro, or can our Lord's brethren after the flesh, the Jews,—can they have no further claims upon you? Why then, if your riches are indeed so great as to have enabled you to attend duly to the various claims already presented to the Christian, then I would say, establish a new mission, or institute a fresh Orphan House: this would be indeed a glorious fashion! But, irony apart, I tell you that no one ever did or ever can give enough to God; and those who are Christians indeed will desire to regulate *all* their expenses simply for his glory; for do not suppose that I consider the love

of dress was the only sin of her whom death surprised thus unexpectedly. This vice has generally many kindred companions, for various are the modifications of pride and vanity which are wont to herd together in the chambers of imagery; but I call your attention to this in particular, because I consider it your besetting sin; and I would affectionately entreat you to reflect whether any one *allowed* sin does not as effectually shut us out from God's love, as the whole black catalogue of crimes which holy writ furnishes? Do I hate you then because I have told you the truth? Nay, I have indeed asked to speak only in the spirit of love; and I will conclude with the apostle's affectionate wish that he, who I trust, "has begun a good work in you," may "make you *perfect*, stablish, strengthen, settle you," and at length "present you faultless before the throne of his glory."

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

VIII.

(Continued from page 271.)

THROUGHOUT the whole kingdom records were kept of every remarkable occurrence in the several districts and families, and assemblies were every where convened for the purpose, at set times, during the three years' interval of the general convocation at Tara. At this meeting all were brought in and submitted to the strictest scrutiny; and if any attempt at forgery was discovered, the entire record was condemned to the flames. All that endured the test was then taken into the royal record, of which several copies were transcribed, and preserved in the most secure depositories. This method was pursued with increased zeal and exactness until long after St. Patrick's first coming among them.

The Irish, from the time they became a nation, took a peculiar pleasure and pride in preserving every memorial connected with their own genealogies and histories. In early times, it is said that every great lord had his own peculiar *sept* of annalists and historians to transmit to posterity the deeds which especially concerned himself and family, besides such as concerned the nation at large. All, however, underwent the inspection at the triennial assembly, and

received their sentence according to their merits or demerits.

It is also said that, independent of these private antiquaries, there were above two hundred chief annalists and historians maintained by the public, having estates made over to them, and their children after them, in order that their minds should be unburthened with private cares, while their sole attention was directed to the all-important research appointed for them.

As well as his private antiquary, each lord, or chieftain, had in his train a physician, a poet, and harp-player, to whom lands were assigned to secure to them and theirs an independence, that no secular occupation might interrupt the services required of them.

During times of intestine commotion these men were particularly guarded from molestation.

At the demise of the antiquary, physician, poet, or harp-player, his eldest son did not inherit his office, unless he was found the most worthy of the sept, or family. The individual among the relatives of the deceased, best fitted to fill his place, was always appointed, by which means great emulation was kept up among the several branches of the family, and thus did the kingdom arrive at that perfection of knowledge to which few nations attained, as has been sufficiently attested by foreign, as well as domestic historians.

During the reign of Ollamh Fodhla, a law was instituted that none but those of noble blood should arrive at the high dignity of antiquary, physician, poet, harp-player and entertainer.

This last office requires some explanation. Be it

remembered, that in those early times, no inn on the long and dreary road opened its accommodating door to refresh the weary traveller, neither was there found money in the purse to remunerate such services as were required; in order, therefore, that they might be rendered gratuitously, public entertainers were appointed, and to arrive at this dignity, the following requisitions were made:—

1. He must be lord proprietor of seven town-lands, each containing seven plow-lands of Irish measure. 2. He must have seven ploughs continually at work. 3. He must have seven herds of cows, each herd consisting of one hundred and forty, full. 4. His mansion-house must be so situated as to be accessible by four different entrances. 5. A hog, a sheep, and a beef must at all times be ready prepared, that whoever came in might be fed without delay. As soon as one set of these animals were served up, another set were placed on the fires.

All ranks of persons, in their degree, were entertained according to a prescribed rule. Any person who defrauded or injured aught belonging to his entertainers, was rigorously fined.

The hospitality of the Irish was unparallelled in all Europe, as the most authentic authors have stated.

In military law, the Milesians are said to have excelled in forming their armies for battle with the most order and advantage. The private soldiers marched against the enemy hand in hand; each rank four or eight feet deep, according to their numbers and the ground they occupied. They were never to give an inch of ground, under the penalty of certain death; and were always to move forward, if not countermanded by the commanding officer.

To each party there were leaders, and a commander in general over the whole army. The commanders and under officers had their several coat-of-arms blazoned upon their banners, in order that they might be distinguished in battle by their several antiquaries, who attended for the purpose of entering upon the family record all their warlike achievements.

3940. This year, during the reign of Cochaidh, there was a fourth division of Ireland. By order of the monarch the kingdom was divided into five provinces. The place where they met was called Uisneach, in Westmeath. A large stone was fixed in the spot.

We read in various histories of Ireland, that each province had always a peculiar familiarity with the nation next to it beyond the seas. The people of Leinster with France; Ulster with Spain; Munster, which was divided into two provinces, with England, and Connaught with Scotland and Wales. It is supposed that with these nations they had constant dealing and intercourse.

By the enactment of Eochaidh, Lords or Kings were appointed to rule over each province, chosen out of the most ancient and chief family inhabiting the province, all being tributary to the reigning monarch. The chief of each noble family in Ireland was styled King—that being the only title in use among the Irish, to distinguish the nobility from the inferior gentry, until the English introduced the titles of Earl, Viscount, Baron, &c. &c.

To this day, many of the peasantry, in complimenting their landlords, are accustomed to say, 'Long may you reign over us, and your children's children after you.'

3952. Eochadh Aireamh, i.e. *the grave*, began to reign. He received his surname from his having been the first person who caused the interment of a dead body, which the Scythians used to lay on the surface of the ground, and beside it the nearest and dearest of its living friends. These they covered over with earth and stones. This mode of burying was practised by the Milesians, with one essential difference—they never inhumed the living with the dead.

According to the order and enactment of Eochadh, there was a more proper interment of the body. A grave was dug three feet deep in the ground, seven feet in length; the body being placed therein on the back, a flat stone was laid over it, on which the name of the deceased was inscribed.

4021. Criomthan was the name of the monarch, in the twelfth year of whose reign, it has been said, the most remarkable and most joyful of all the events which were ever recorded took place: Christ, the Saviour was born.

I shall from henceforward gladly turn from the years of the world to the years of our Lord, when "the people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light sprung up." Matt. iv. 16.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. VIII.

In the art of communicating instruction, who is the successful teacher? Not he, perhaps, who has made the deepest researches in that science whose rudiments he would impart, and of whose principles he is most completely master; but he who being himself sufficiently in advance of his pupils to qualify him for their director, shall best know how to suit himself to the varying intellectual capacity of each; shall condescend to lead one step by step through the simplest relations of the reasoning process, while he opens before another, more ardent and expert, the whole vista of truth. For wisdom to take its place awhile on the same form with ignorance, becoming again a child, that it may address itself to the capacities of children—this perhaps is an art more difficult of attainment than the mastery of all sciences.

But what is the space that separates the most richly endowed and cultivated intellect from the feeblest and most slenderly furnished, compared with the distance that intervenes between the finite and the infinite? If there be difficulty in communicating knowledge, when the teacher and the taught are only separated by an interval of degrees on the same scale

of intellectual being; does it not seem that the difficulty must be a thousand fold increased, when the material has to be made to comprehend the immaterial; when the mortal has to grapple with the truths of immortality? For this it was, as well as for the purpose of being made subject unto death, that God in Christ descended to the level of humanity; that the Teacher sent from God was found in fashion as a man; and so suited his instructions to the moral weakness and inability of man, as that even unto him it might be given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven: so adapted his doctrine to the necessities of a fallen world, as that peace on earth and good-will to men, should ever after be the blessed effects of his promulgated gospel. Angelic teaching had failed to produce these results. The law was given by the disposition of angels. That perfect, pure, eternal law, which they themselves obey (the fulfilling of which is perfect love to God and to each other), was found too high for man. The teaching of it served but to shew him who was instructed out of it, the immeasurable separation between himself and all other created intelligences who owned that law of liberty:—between himself and God, who is the source and centre of all law; for love is the fulfilling of the law, and God is love.

Before the fulness of the time came, when the Great Teacher was personally to appear on earth, the Spirit of God had borne testimony to his office and teaching, and given many an allegorical rehearsal of all that the Redeemer should stoop to achieve for his redeemed ones, and all that they should be able to accomplish through him. Enslaved to evil, the soul might sometimes struggle for its native liberty, but

the struggle was without victory till faith came; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even faith." Faith, then, was one of the earliest lessons imparted to the heirs of immortality, one of the rudiments of that divine teaching, which, beginning on earth, shall be matured in the heaven of heavens. And was not faith or trust in God's power and faithfulness the lesson which was taught to all the patriarchs—to Noah, to Abraham, to Isaac, to Israel and his descendants? And were not these things rehearsed and written for our learning, that as they believed in the promises of God when the objects to be attained were temporal deliverances and temporal blessings, even so might we be instructed to believe the record that he has "in those last days" given unto us, whose testimony is not of temporal, but of eternal deliverance and blessing; and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

In the method of imparting faith to the patriarchs, how condescendingly does the Spirit of God lead on the feeble, doubtful hearts of his servants step by step to the realization of that knowledge of him which enabled them to hope even against hope. How does he repeal and reiterate the promises, confirming them with an oath and with visible symbolic signs in a covenant of sacrifice. But the condescension of God reaches yet further, and stoops to lift up one feebler and more doubtful than any of the patriarchs.

When Abraham, "strong in faith and giving glory to God," hesitated not to believe that astonishing assurance given to him at Hebron fourteen years after he had ceased to expect any other heir than Ishmael—"Sarah shall bear thee a son;" there yet

remained one obstacle in the way of its fulfilment, and that was the unbelief of Sarah herself. "Through faith," we are told in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews, "Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed;" and if through faith, then without faith it was impossible. That the wife of the patriarch had not however given credit to the testimony from heaven (confirmed as it was before her eyes by the sign and seal of circumcision) at the period when it pleased God to vouchsafe a more direct and personal revelation of this promise to herself, is abundantly evident. Abraham believed God and it was accounted to him for righteousness, before the sign and seal were given to attest God's faithfulness and truth. Sarah saw the visible sign and heard of the gracious promise, and she believed not. At this juncture the divine condescension disdained not to impart to Sarah such a lesson concerning the omniscience of God as should leave no room to doubt his omnipotence also. Wherefore else was it, that the triune Jehovah in visible form appeared before the roof-tree of Mamre, and vouchsafed a second revelation concerning that of which God had before solemnly testified to Abraham and the latter had believingly received? Not for strong confirmation of Abraham's faith, but for the purpose of imparting the first principles of like precious faith to Sarah, was this revelation given. It was in order that Sarah might hear within the tent, and that faith might come by hearing, that the promise was once more distinctly rehearsed,—"Sarah, thy wife, shall have a son." Abraham replied not. Of that he had before been well assured. In the silence that ensued, perchance there might come across his mind the thought of his wife's incre-

dulity; but soon the startling interrogation (startling to him who already believed the power and promise of Jehovah, and how much more startling to her who believed them not) announced to Abraham the character and embassy of his unknown guest,—"The Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh?" In the privacy and concealment of the tent, Sarah had "laughed within herself," and now, terror-struck by the discovery that even the secret thoughts of her heart lay naked and open before him who was at the door, she gave proof of her sudden conviction that her incredulity was sin, by a weak and timid attempt to conceal it,—"Sarah denied, saying, I laughed not, for she was afraid."

We read in Holy Writ that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and that "in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." This blessed result seems to have been the consequence of that lesson concerning the power and prescience of God given to the wife of Abraham at Mamre. There needed no further repetition of the divine promise. Sarah "hoped against hope" from that hour, and judged "him faithful who had promised, and in due time the Lord visited Sarah as he had said, and did unto Sarah as he had spoken."

Is anything too hard for the Lord? The power that created, is it not also efficient to destroy, and equally so to re-create? But unlimited belief in the power and sovereignty of Jehovah is not the only lesson taught us by this supernatural visitation. An inspired apostle has instructed us to see in it the important truth that all the children of promise, all the sons and daughters of the new covenant, owe the mystery of their spiritual truth to the direct inter-

ference and supernatural agency of the Most High. If, in condescension to our mortal infirmity, God has graciously vouchsafed to us symbolic signs of this supernatural birth, as a pledge to assure us of his covenant mercy, yet well we know that there is no inherent efficacy in the means, and that it is his power working in the dead signs that can alone render them effective. But is anything too hard for the Lord? The prayer of faith, the baptismal water—(poor and inadequate in themselves)—let none dare despise them; let none dare incredulously laugh at their apparent inanition. If, judging by the eye of sense concerning the medium of the new birth, we be in danger ourselves of being "staggered" at the promise, then let us look off from the medium to the power working in it, "fully persuaded that what God has promised he is also able to perform," and he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit."

LYDIA.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

THE first was like that pale, gold flower,
  Which speaks of things that change not ever;
For still in storm or sunny hour,
  Could nought her changeless friendship sever.
And still, as varying years swept by,
  'Mid pleasure's smiles, or sorrow's stings,
Her spirit's hope was still on high,
  Her soul on *everlasting* things.

The second sister shone through all,
  Like that small, simple flower,
Which smiles alike in palace-hall
  Or lowly cottage bower.
With heart's-ease, too, 'mid tempest woes,
  When rushed the fearful blast,
Though keenly felt, her spirit rose
  To meet it as it passed.

The third,—oh, not the lily bright,
  Could with *her* beauty vie!
In her, reflected, shone the light
  Of all she loved on high.
How often 'tis the fairest flower
  That soonest meets decay,
She was the queen of that blest bower,
  And she has passed away.

There is a flower, like love 'mid grief,
That when the shower descends,
And bids it weep from every leaf,
Its fragrance more ascends.
Upon the sister eglantine,
The floods, the storm hath driven,
Oh, may the bitter blast exhale
Her heart's best hopes to heaven.

The next was like the misletoe,
Which climbs the loftiest tree;
She rose above each care and woe,
By mental energy.
The Druid's plant, derived from earth
No life, from earth was veiled,
Her thoughts from heaven received their birth,
To heaven alone revealed.

The next a young wild rose-bud seemed,
Her spirits danced with mirth,
And years, like breezes, as they passed,
Drew mental fragrance forth.
No thorns hang round the true wild rose,
And life to her has been
Without a care to mar repose,
Or banish hope's young dream.

The last of angel form and mind,—
To her so much was given,
We feared our flower was ne'er designed
For any clime but heaven.
The snowdrop, infant-like and fair,
Bows 'neath the tempest's wing,
She drooped before earth's chilly air,
And died in earliest spring.

And they are five, who once were seven,
Two have left earth less dear,
Thought loves to seek your native heaven,
Lily and snowdrop fair
For still ye live, though not in time,
Still wait the hour when soon,
One broken wreath again shall twine
But in immortal bloom.

ALICE DESMOND.

A MAN that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye:
Or, if he pleaseth, though it pass,
And all the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, "*For thy sake*,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and th' action, fine.

HERBERT.

ERCHOMENA, OR THINGS TO COME.

LETTER THE THIRD.

(To a Friend.)

September 21, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

IN the first letter I addressed to you, I stated briefly the fact, that scripture repeatedly affirms that the dead in Christ shall rise first, and that in the twentieth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, it is affirmed that the rest of the dead shall not rise until after the expiration of a thousand years. I shall now proceed more minutely to show, that in *every passage* in the New Testament, without one exception, where the resurrection is named or alluded to, the distinction between the two resurrections is most plainly and most pointedly marked; and the distinction has been very carefully preserved by our able translators with one only exception, which I shall allude to shortly. (See note, p. 355.)

You will find that the inspired writers in the New Testament, when speaking of the abstract doctrine of the rising again of bodies which have slumbered in the grave and seen corruption, a doctrine unknown to the heathen philosophers, (the Egyptians perhaps alone excepted) use the expression "Resurrection *of*

the dead," *ἀνάστασις νεκρῶν*,* (anástasis necrōn) literally 'the rising again of dead ones,' which is a universal predicate of every child of Adam—*There shall be a resurrection* OF THE *dead*, both *of the just and unjust*. (Acts xxiv. 15.) And in the final resurrection described in Revelation:—John *saw the dead, small and great*. (13.) *And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell gave up the dead* WHICH WERE IN *them*. (xx. 12.)

For we must ALL *appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be* GOOD OR BAD. (2 Cor. v. 10.)

Here there is no reservation, no exception; the "resurrection *of the* dead" is universal. All men shall rise, as certainly and inevitably as all men die, those only excepted who are alive at the Lord's coming; and they are either to be gloriously changed or destroyed by the brightness of his coming, according to the class to which they belong, and there are but two classes, the lovers and the haters of Christ.

How is it then, since all must rise, that "resurrection" is held out as a reward to a certain number who shall be counted worthy to attain it?

It is not the "resurrection OF THE dead," but the "resurrection FROM THE dead"† which is thus held forth as a glorious promise—*ἀναστασις εκ νεκρων* (anastasis EK necrōn), out from amongst the dead. Thus in St. Luke xx. 34, our Lord says, *The children of this world (age) marry and are given in marriage: but they which shall be* ACCOUNTED WORTHY *to obtain that world (age) and the resurrection* FROM *the dead*,

* Resurrectio Mortuorum.—*Vulg.* and *Beza*.
† Resurrectio ex Mortuis.—*Vulg.* and *Beza*.

&c. and thus St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians iii. 11,—*If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection from the dead.** This perfectly accords with *Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection*, (i.e. the resurrection *out from amongst* the dead, some being left behind,) *on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.* (Rev. xx. 6.) The preceding verse having informed us that the *rest of the dead, out from amongst* whom, the blessed and holy ones had risen, *lived not again until the thousand years were finished.*

The two expressions then used in the inspired Greek relative to the resurrection are then,

1st. Ἀνάστασις νεκρῶν—(anástasis necrōn) where the abstract and general principle is assserted—the genitive plural νεκρων being dependent on the substantive preceding it; and this expression is correctly translated '*the resurrection* OF THE *dead*, or the rising of dead ones, νεκρῶν being an adjective agreeing with *men* or *bodies* understood.

2d. Ανασασις εκ νεκρων (anástasis EK necrōn), or as in the one instance adduced from Philippians iii. 11, ἐξανάστασις νεκρων (EX-anástasis necrōn), where the genitive plural νεκρῶν is not dependent on the substantive, but is governed by the preposition εκ—and this phrase is also correctly translated *the resurrection* FROM THE *dead*, or the rising from, or from amongst, dead ones.

* In our authorized version we here read *of the dead*. This is the one only instance in which our translators have neglected the preposition *from*, and this arises from its being prefixed to the substantive and forming one word with it. Instead of ἀνάστασις εκ νεκρῶν, the terms here used are εξαναστασις νεκρων—EX-*anastasis*—the EX-resurrection. The sense is precisely the same, *from the dead*, and the incorporation of the preposition perhaps renders it even more forcible and pointed.

In perfect accordance with this view, the learned fools at Athens, *when they heard of the resurrection* OF *the dead, some mocked*, &c. (Acts xvii. 32.) Here the abstract doctrine of dead bodies rising again was what they mocked at.

The Sadducees likewise denied the abstract doctrine of resurrection, and therefore our Lord, in order to silence them, went back to first principles, and proved the abstract fact, (Matt. xxii. 31,) *But as touching the resurrection* OF *the dead* (or as we read in the parallel passage in Mark xii. 26, *But as touching the dead, that they rise*) *have ye not read that which was spoken*, &c. and he thus put the Sadducees to silence (v. 34,) by proving to them that God was not the God of the dead but of the living. This is made still more apparent by referring to the same occurrence as narrated by St. Luke xx. where our Lord, in a passage already quoted, distinguishes between *the children of this world and those which shall be counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead*, &c.* and immediately, considering that the Sadducees denied that there is *any* resurrection (v. 27,) he proceeds to prove this to them in the 37th verse, and says, *Now that the dead are raised even Moses showed at the bush*, &c.

Let me request you to read over this interview with the Sadducees, as narrated by the three Evangelists, keeping in view the distinction I have pointed out to you, and you will more clearly understand my meaning.†

* The words here used are in the Greek most forcible, the article being twice repeated—*τῆς ἀναστάσεως τῆς ἐκ νεκρῶν, the* resurrection, *the one* FROM the dead.

† The true force of this passage will also be seen by reference to the Vulgate—Lucæ xx. 34—38. Et ait illis Jesus: Filii *hujus seculi* nu-

With regard to the 'resurrection *from the* dead,' I have already shown that it is this peculiar resurrection, and not resurrection merely, which is promised to the steadfast follower of Christ. I will merely add that, as often as our Lord's resurrection is spoken of, it is called his 'resurrection FROM the dead,' i. e. from amongst other dead ones who were left behind, and in Romans vi. 5, we read that *if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection*, i. e. we too shall rise *from* the dead, leaving behind us the rest of the dead who, being unblessed and unholy, will not live again until the thousand years are finished.

So also when Herod heard of the fame of Jesus (Matt. xiv. 1, 2,) 'the scorpion stings of conscious guilt' at once suggested to his mind that his beheaded victim was restored to life, *and he said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist; he is risen* FROM THE *dead; and therefore mighty works do show themselves forth in him.*

In St. John xii. 1, we read of *Lazarus which had been dead, whom he raised* FROM THE dead.

These three instances are sufficient to show indisputably what signification we are to attach to the term 'resurrection FROM THE dead.'

I regret that the peculiar nature of the subject has

bunt, et traduntur ad nuptias: Mi vero qui digni habebuntur *sæculo illo* et *resurrectione ex mortuis*, neque nubent neque ducent uxores: neque enim ultra mori poterunt; æquales enim Angelis sunt, et filii sunt Dei: cum sint filii resurrectionis. Quia vero resurgant mortui, et Moyses ostendit secus rubum, sicut dicit Dominum, &c. &c. *Theodore Beza's* translation is very similar; he uses the word *Ævum* instead of *sæculum*; both equally signify *age* and not *world*, and are the correct translations of the Greek Αἰων. The distinction in the Latin between Resurrectio *ex mortuis*, and resurrectio *mortuorum* is very pointed and is preserved by both Beza and the Vulgate.

obliged me to dwell so much in this letter on verbal criticisms, instead of the broader principle of collating scriptures, which I have adopted in my two former letters; the remaining point which I have to bring before you is one which rests more on the spirit than on the letter of the inspired word.

Let us turn to Genesis xiii., when the Lord appeared the second time to Abraham, and see the plain explicit promise there given to him.

All the land which thou seest, to THEE *will I give it, and to thy seed after thee.* The promises to Isaac and to Jacob are couched in equally unequivocal terms TO THEE. Has this promise been fulfilled? Did Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob ever possess the land? Did they ever possess an acre, a rood, a foot of it? Yes, they each possessed——a grave! a resting place wherein to lay their bones 'after life's fitful fever!'

And does the Lord thus fulfil his word? Does he

> Keep the word of promise to the ear,
> And break it to the hope?

God forbid? For were it so, where would the believer find a resting-place for his hope, his strong confidence? Were it so, the Rock of his salvation might be but shifting sands;—his tower of strength a baseless fabric; his sure and steadfast anchor might drag, and he might finally make shipwreck of his faith! God forbid!

Turn with me to the 7th chapter of Acts, where the lion-hearted Stephen thus recounts to his bloodthirsty persecutors the Lord's dealings to their fathers.

Then came he (Abraham) out of the land *of the Chaldeans and dwelt in Charran; and from thence, when his father was dead,* HE *removed him into this land,*

wherein ye now dwell. And HE *gave him* NONE INHERITANCE *in it,* NO, NOT SO MUCH AS TO SET HIS FOOT ON: *yet* HE PROMISED *that* HE WOULD GIVE IT TO HIM FOR A POSSESSION, *and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child.* (Acts vii. 4, 5.) Can words be more unequivocal than these? But scripture is as copious as unequivocal.

In the noble cloud of witnesses enumerated by St. Paul in the 11th of Hebrews, after naming Abel, and Enoch, and Noah, the apostle, in the 8th verse, thus speaks of Abraham, *By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should* AFTER RECEIVE AS AN INHERITANCE, *obeyed; and he went out not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the* LAND OF PROMISE, *as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the* HEIRS WITH HIM *of the* SAME PROMISE. *For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.* (The same city of which we read in Rev. xxi. 2. *And I, John, saw the holy city New Jerusalem,* COMING DOWN *from God* (not going *up to* God), *out of* (not *into*) *heaven.*)

St. Paul next mentions Sara, v. 11. *Through faith Sara herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged* HIM FAITHFUL WHO PROMISED. And, in verse 13, *These all died in faith,* NOT HAVING RECEIVED THE PROMISES, *but having seen them* AFAR OFF; *and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have re-*

turned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed TO BE CALLED THEIR GOD; *for he hath prepared for them a city.* Again, let us turn to the 21st of Revelations, where we shall see the city that is to come *down from* heaven further described: verse 3. *Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them,* AND BE THEIR GOD.

Turning back to the 11th of Hebrews, we will pass over the remainder of the catalogue of the faithful; and in the 39th and 40th verses we read, *And these all having obtained a good report through faith,* RECEIVED NOT THE PROMISES: *God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.*

They without us shall not be made perfect, and we shall not prevent or go before them (1 Thess. iv. 14.) *For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent* (or go before) *them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God* (ἐν φωνῇ ἀρχαγγέλου, καὶ ἐν σάλπιγγι θεοῦ — with archangelic voice and trump of God): *and the dead in Christ shall rise first.* Aye! every tenant of *Mackpelah!*

Let us now turn to Paul's speech to king Agrippa, Acts xxvi. 6. *And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the* PROMISE MADE *of God* UNTO OUR FATHERS. And from the mention of this promise made to the fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob,

he at once exclaims, in verse 8. *Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?* Agrippa was *expert in all customs and questions which are amongst the Jews* (ver. 3), therefore Agrippa knew well what were the promises made to the fathers. Agrippa was not a Sadducee, and therefore Paul referred not to the "resurrection *of the* dead," but "*from* the dead."

There is an incidental allusion to the resurrection in the book of Job, which I must here notice: it was pointed out to me by a dear Christian friend.

In the first chapter we read that Job had "seven sons and three daughters;" his substance also was—

7,000 sheep
3,000 camels
500 yoke of oxen
500 she-asses. (Job i. 2, 3,)

In the last chapter we read that *the Lord gave Job* TWICE *as much as he had before*, (Job xlii. 10.) and the numbers are afterwards given, viz.

14,000 sheep
6,000 camels
1,000 yoke of oxen
1,000 she-asses.

He had also seven sons and three daughters. (xlii. 13.)

The animals, which were indeed lost to him, were given him in double numbers; but not so his sons and daughters, for the other ten were "not lost, but gone before."

I must conclude this letter with the apologies I have previously made, for writing in a style which may appear dogmatic. But I cannot, I dare not speak with hesitation on a subject on which my head

and my heart, my reason and my feelings, are so strongly and so firmly convinced.

If this be presumption, may the Lord forgive his unworthy servant, and may he open both our hearts to receive the whole truth as it is in Jesus, ever remembering that, even should it please him to bestow upon us all knowledge, and to enable us to understand all mysteries, yet without love it would profit us nothing.

Ever, my dear George,

Your sincere friend,

L. H. J. T.

Review of Books.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, *from the commencement of the French Revolution, in* 1789, *to the Restoration of the Bourbons, in* 1815. *By Archibald Allison, F.R.S.E. Advocate.* Blackwood.

THE remark has occasionally been made that our reviewing department is too much confined to the notice of works exclusively devotional; or at least such as come under the general head of 'religious books.' This is owing to the title of our Magazine, designating, as we trust it does, the real character of its pages, and stamping the periodical with what, in the sight of worldly men, is a brand of exclusion. Accordingly we do not receive from their authors or publishers such books as are not intended to be classed as above; and it cannot be expected that we should pass by the many volumes soliciting a place in our notices, to ransack the booksellers' stores for something else to recommend.

When, however, a book falls in our way, evidently calculated to promote what we have deeply at heart, it becomes no less a duty than a pleasure to mention it. In the present instance, one has been placed in our hands by a valued Christian friend, the soundness of whose political principles, no less than his correct judgment, always entitle his opinions to more than common respect: and our own observation confirming his assurance, we are led to volunteer this notice of a book, the size of which might deter many from adding it to their libraries, unless assured that it contained information of the greatest value, conveyed in a style peculiarly attractive, and in a spirit indicating that healthful frame of political feeling which now bears the name of Conservatism; but which we prefer to call constitutional—the Whiggism of 1688, the Toryism of a century later.

The author divides his work into four periods, of which he says, 'The two first illustrate the consequences of democratic ascendency upon the civil condition; the two last their effect upon the military struggles and external relations of nations. In both, the operation of the same law of nature may be discerned for the expulsion of a destructive passion from the frame of society, by the efforts which it makes for its own gratification: in both, the principal actors were overruled by an unseen power, which rendered their vices and ambition the means of ultimately effecting the deliverance of mankind. Generations perished during the vast transition, but the law of nature was unceasing in its operation, and the same principle which drove the government of Robespierre through the Reign of Terror to the 9th of Thermidor, impelled Napoleon to the snows of Russia

and the rout of Waterloo. The illustrations of this moral law compose the great lesson to be learned from the eventful scenes of this mighty drama.'

Such is the plan of the work; in style the earlier volumes bear a remarkable resemblance to that most fascinating of books—D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. The same force of diction, the same brevity of expression, the same dramatic effect, bringing as it were the speakers before the eye, while their very words vibrate on the ear, abound in these volumes as in those of Monsieur D'Aubigné. Considering the great importance of making our young people acquainted with the history of that time which immediately preceded their own, a time when, as Mr. Allison justly observes, 'During the twenty-five years of its progress the world has grown through more than five hundred years of ordinary existence,'—considering too the difficulty of selecting from a mass of modern works such as shall be sufficiently copious in information, yet neither dry in their prolixity, repulsive in their details, nor injurious in their tendency, we do take delight in recommending this compendium of all that it is important to know concerning the eventful period in question. Eight volumes are published, and more than one edition of these has been called for while expecting the completion of a great, an important, and a truly national undertaking, calculated to strengthen in the mind of every reader those principles whereon the national, the political integrity and security of our country are mainly built.

A LETTER to the RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD, RICHARD, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD, ***containing some strictures upon certain parts of Dr. Pusey's Letter to his Lordship. By a Clergyman of the Diocese, and a resident member of the University.*** **Parker, Oxford; Rivingtons, London.**

THIS 'Letter' was brought under our notice by a quotation being read from its pages by that undaunted champion of truth in all its bearings, the Rev. Hugh McNeile, in the pulpit of St. Jude's church. Roused by the fearful tendency of these blighting doctrines of Puseyism, Mr. McNeile fulfils his pastoral duty by openly and earnestly warning his flock of them, and in the course of a powerful exposition of that important text, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," he took occasion to cite from this 'Letter' some passages highly illustrative of what he desired to impress on the minds of his hearers. A subsequent perusal of the pamphlet satisfied us that we could not better serve the cause of that gospel truth now placed in woful jeopardy by the pestilent errors of the Tractarians, than by lending our feeble aid to extend its circulation. It is soon read, but not likely to be soon forgotten, seeing how vividly it pourtrays, in the calm, quiet, argumentative style of an accomplished theologian, the fearful departures of this new school alike from orthodox doctrine and from the church principles, which they glory in exalting to a marvellous height. It brings against some of their leading tenets a host of witnesses chosen from among these mitred divines of our establishment, to whom they have themselves

referred as pillars; and it brings into startling prominence some of the unprotestant, and *therefore* unsound and unscriptural, principles avowed by the writers in question.

We would earnestly and affectionately impress upon the minds of our readers the serious fact that it is now seven years since these destructive opinions were first publicly broached by men holding high stations in the University of Oxford; men whose personal characters for learning, piety, and all that can beautify the individual walk of a Christian, invest them with an irresistible claim to the love and veneration of those placed within the sphere of daily observation. That for seven years these grievous errors have been instilled into the minds of young collegians, under the bewitching influence of such attractive accompaniments, and now, verily believing that to be truth which they have seen to be linked with so much of what is lovely and of good report, these disciples are rapidly gaining admission to the ministerial office in our church, having completed their preparatory studies under the guides alluded to—Dr. Pusey, Mr. Newman, and their brethren of that school which has recently put forward 'Froude's Remains' as a sort of text book. Does it not then behove every parent of a family, every devout member of the established church, to become acquainted with the nature and ends of that teaching under which they may be placed not only by means of these young pastors, but also by conversions among men of long standing to a system that has much to recommend it as well to the natural heart of man, as to the principle of spiritual and ecclesiastical pride which will lurk within the bosom of the best among them,

partaking, as all must, of the corrupt Adam? A terrible responsibility rests upon such ministers as, being aware of these perils, neglect to warn their people; and an equally awful one on those who from indolence or indifference neglect to make themselves acquainted with the matter. But since, by God's mercy, we enjoy that liberty of the press which enables the zealous teachers of all truth to supply their careless brethren's lack of service, and their timid brethren's lack of faithfulness, we, at least, will make it our business to bring before our Christian friends notices of such works as may best yield an antidote to the circulating poison.

Once more, in reply to the many who publicly or privately denounce such interference on the part of a female, we express our insensibility to their reproofs. If their houses were on fire we would, at all risks, lend a hand to pass the bucket that should quench the flames; and on the same principle, when we see a devouring element kindled in the sanctuary where we love to worship, we WILL do our best to stay its mischievous and ruinous progress.

THE PROTESTANT.

ISRAEL, beloved Israel! The day, blessed God, is at last come, when, from the mightiest monarch on his throne to the humblest believer in his cottage, the name of Israel is heard with a thrill of irresistible emotion. Regarding not the word of the Lord, neither the counsels of the Most Highest, the former class direct their attention to the Jews, coolly speculating on the expediency of carrying into effect what He has decreed shall be done: while the simple, humble Christian, pondering on the word of life, finds it abound with exceeding great and precious promises to a people "beloved for the fathers' sakes," and hearing a tale of cruel wrong and murderous persecution, lifts up his heart in prayer for the remnant that is left. I purposed dwelling in this paper on subjects more immediately connected with our Protestant struggle, and the prospects awaiting us in this trying day; but seeing how inseparably the Lord has linked the time of Great Babylon's downfall with that of Israel's restoration, and remarking the sudden movement of intense interest and anxiety on their behalf, in one of the most important cities of the empire, I have been exceedingly struck by a pamphlet now in wide circulation among the Jews, which, as referring them to their own scriptures, and seeking to stir them up to a preparatory

movement for taking their own place among the nations,—a movement which, as the prophetic word seems clearly to indicate, will precede their conversion, at least as regards Judah,—appears deserving of the deepest attention. To it the following pages will be devoted; and such of my readers as can appreciate its importance will do well to promote its circulation. It is published by Hatchards, and entitled

לבני ישראל שלום לכם:

A LETTER TO THE DISPERSED OF JUDAH.

MEN OF ISRAEL!

Three thousand seven hundred and sixty years have now rolled away, since it pleased the Lord thus to address your great forefather Abraham: *Get thee out of thy country, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee, and in thy seed shall all families of the earth be blessed.* (Beresith *or* Genesis xii. 1—3.)

Abraham at this time dwelt in Ur of the Chaldees, the land of his nativity; and I need not remind you that he immediately obeyed the Lord's voice, for he believed him implicitly. Familiar as we are with the history of Abraham, as recorded by the great prophet and lawgiver Moses, I will not here recount the details of his wanderings, and of the acts of strong faith which he and Sarah his wife exhibited. We find, however, that the Lord appeared unto Abraham again, when, after he had parted company with Lot,

his brother's son, he dwelt as a stranger and a sojourner in the land of Canaan, and thus He spake unto him: *Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for* ALL THE LAND WHICH THOU SEEST, TO THEE WILL I GIVE IT, *and* TO THY SEED FOR EVER. *And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it, and in the breadth of it; for* I WILL GIVE IT UNTO THEE. (Beresith *or* Genesis xiii. 14—27.) No title, no legal instrument can be more explicit than this grant of the territory which the Lord, in the exercise of his own sovereign will, gave to Abraham, and to you Israelites, then in his loins.

Again, when Abraham was ninety years old, the Lord appeared to him, and thus commenced his address to him: *I am the Almighty God,* (Genesis xvii. 1,) and as a token and ratification of his covenant with him, He changed his name from ABRAM אברם, (Anglicè, 'a high father,') to ABRAHAM אברהם, ('the father of a great multitude,') and God, moreover, then instituted the seal of circumcision, to be a witness and an attestation to the grant of land then made, for generations to come, who, without this visible, this still perpetuated sign, might doubt the authenticity of the document, or at least might raise a question as to who were the parties named in it; and the Lord here again renewed the grant with this seal appended to it, saying, *I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger,* ALL THE LAND OF CANAAN, *for an everlasting possession.* (Beresith *or* Genesis xvii. 8.)

Again, the Lord appeared unto Isaac, and said unto him, *Go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of: sojourn in this land,* (Isaac was then at Gerar of the Philistines,) *and I will be with thee, and will bless thee, and unto* THY SEED I WILL GIVE ALL THESE COUNTRIES, *and I will perform the oath which I sware unto Abraham thy father, and I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and* I WILL GIVE UNTO THY SEED ALL THESE COUNTRIES, *and in thee, and in thy seed, shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.* (Beresith *or* Genesis xxvi. 2—4.

Again, the Lord a third time renewed this covenant. Yacob fled from the face of his brother Esau. A fugitive and a wanderer, poor and friendless, he was on his way to his uncle Laban, to earn a livelihood, and to accept any employment that might be provided for him. Weary with his day's journey, he gathered together some stones for a pillow, and laid him down to rest on the plain of Haran, but not alone,—for God was with him, and appeared to him in a wonderful dream, and said unto him, *I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac. The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee, and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and I will bring thee again into the land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.* (Beresith *or* Genesis xxviii. 13—15.)

I have now laid before you the treaty which the

Lord made with three generations of his servants, his special friends, and it is in reference to this threefold covenant that when the Lord appeared unto Moses in the unconsumed bush, for the express purpose of bringing about its ratification, He commanded him thus to address the children of Israel: *The* LORD GOD *of your fathers, the* GOD *of* ABRAHAM, *the* GOD *of* ISAAC, *and the* GOD *of* YACOB, *hath sent me unto you: this is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.* (Semoth *or* Exodus iii. 15.)

The Lord did indeed fulfil his word. *God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Yacob;* GOD *looked upon the children of Israel, and* GOD *had respect unto them,* (וידע אלהים,) *and God* KNEW *them.* How beautifully expressive! (Exodus ii. 24, 25.) HE shewed great wonders in Egypt,—the waters closed on Pharaoh and his host!—With a strong hand and a stretched-out arm HE led forth his people, his poor, despised, oppressed people, and notwithstanding all their ingratitude, all their rebellion, he brought them over Jordan. Down fell the walls of lofty Yericho—the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon, in the valley of Ayalon;—the mighty Anakim quailed—Makkedah saw the slaughter of the five confederate kings! The hand of the Lord was mighty in operation, and his people were established in their pleasant land, flowing with milk and honey.

But now, men of Israel, in order that your present position may be plainly set before you, let us turn to the admonitions given to the people by Moses, that meek man of God, before they had crossed the river Yordan.

In the 28th chapter of Haddebarim *or* Deuteronomy he enumerates to them all the blessings that awaited them in the land whither they were going. These blessings are found in the first thirteen verses, and you know that they were amply fulfilled when David and Solomon reigned in glory; immediately after these blessings, the prophet relates, in fearful language, the curses that awaited them if they would not serve him and keep his commandments. You know that they did not—they went after other gods to serve them—and the Babylonish captivity was their punishment. The prophet plainly describes this; in verse 36 he says, *The Lord shall bring thee, and thy king which thou shalt set over thee, unto a nation which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, and there thou shalt serve other gods, wood and stone.* This was fulfilled in the days of Yehoiakim. After this, in verse 40, the Roman invasion is foretold in terms not to be mistaken. *The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as the* EAGLE FLIETH; *a nation, whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance,* &c.

After this, the prophet describes the siege of Yerusalem by Titus, and all its fearful evils, and in verse sixty-four he says, *And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone;* and among these nations shalt thou have no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest,*

* As has been repeatedly the case in Popish countries, especially in Spain and Portugal, where the Israelites were forced to adopt that idolatrous creed, and to bow to wooden images.—Read Prescott's Life of Ferdinand and Isabella for particulars.

&c. The whole description is most touchingly graphic, and well you know that this was your lot for centuries, even in free, happy England, and is still the lot of your poor suffering brethren in the East.

But now let us turn from this sad picture to a bright and glorious prospect before you, and at hand!

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, (גוים, Gentiles,) *and declare it to the* ISLES *afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him as a shepherd doth a flock.* (Yeremiah xxxi. 10.) *Behold, I will gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them in mine anger, and in my fury, and in great wrath, and I will bring them again into this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God; and I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear me* FOR EVER, *for the good of them, and of their children after them: and I will make an* EVERLASTING *covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear into their hearts, that they shall not depart from me. Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good, and I will plant them in this land assuredly with my* WHOLE HEART, *and with my* WHOLE SOUL. (Yer. xxxii. 37—41.) That this prophecy was not finally fulfilled, although primarily so, at the restoration of Israel by Cyrus, is clear and undoubted, from the words FOR EVER and EVERLASTING; and that these words, as well as the strong expression with God's *whole heart* and *whole soul*, are to be understood in their fullest meaning, is plainly declared in the verse immediately following, where God tells us to what extent he will bless Israel. *For thus saith the Lord;* LIKE AS (כאשר) *I have brought all this great evil upon this people,* SO (כן) *will I bring upon*

them all the good that I have promised them. (Yeremiah xxxii. 42.) Now the evil was brought in its fullest measure, and in the literal sense of the words of threatening, and so will the good be brought LIKE AS (כאשר) the evil.*

In full measure then will the Lord perform his promises of good to you. Let us then look to a few more of these many promises. *And it shall come to pass, that* LIKE AS (כאשר) *I have watched over them to pluck up, and to break down, and to throw down, to destroy, and to afflict;* SO (כן) *will I watch over them to build, and to plant, saith the Lord.* (Yer. xxxi. 28.)

Behold, I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have mercy on his dwelling places; and the city shall be builded again on her own heap, and the palace shall remain after the manner thereof. (Yer. xxx. 18.) *I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee. Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel.* (Yer. xxxi. 4.) *For thus saith the Lord; Sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations,* בראש חגוים: *publish ye, praise ye, and say, O* LORD, *save thy people, the remnant of Israel. Behold, I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child and her*

* The final fulfilment of this prophecy will be made clearer by reference to many of the *rabbinical* writings, in which ROME is termed BABYLON, and also styled קרתא רבתא, 'the great city,' and רומי רבתא, (great Rome.) Indeed all the prophecies respecting Babylon may be safely applied in their final fulfilment to the downfal of Popish Rome, which Daniel so plainly describes as the little horn rising in the midst of the ten horns or ten kingdoms into which the fourth or Roman beast is divided, and which is to *wear out the saints of the Most High* for the space of 1260 years, and which is to be consumed and destroyed immediately before the establishment of Messiah's kingdom upon earth.

that travaileth with child together: a great company shall return thither. (Yer. xxxi. 7, 8.)

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hand again the SECOND *time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea. And He shall set up an ensign for the nations,* (גוים Gentiles) *and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Yudah from the four corners of the earth.* (Isaiah xi. 11, 13.) *And the Lord shall* UTTERLY SMITE THE TONGUE OF THE EGYPTIAN SEA.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the Isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee. And the sons of strangers shall build thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee: for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favour have I had mercy on thee. (Isaiah lx. 8, 10.)

Behold, at that time I will undo all that afflict thee: and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out: and I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame. At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you: for I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth, when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord. (Zeph. iii. 19, 20.)

Thus saith the Lord; I am returned unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Yerusalem, and Yerusalem shall be called a city of truth; and the mountain of the Lord of Hosts the holy mountain. Thus saith the Lord

of Hosts; There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Yerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age. And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof. (Zechariah viii. 2, 5.)* *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; Behold, I will save my people from the east country, and from the west country; and I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Yerusalem:*

* Hear the words of learned rabbis, (Echah Rabbatthi, in Lamentations of Jeremiah v, 17, 18.) "Rabban Gamaliel, Rabbi Eleazar, son of Azariah, Rabbi Joshua, and Rabbi Akiva were once going to Rome. They heard a voice of the din of the city from Pitailus, a distance of 120 miles; the three former began to weep, and Akiva to laugh. They said, Akiva, we weep, and thou laughest: Akiva said to them, And ye, why do ye weep? They said to him, Why should we not weep when the idolaters worship their idols, and dwell securely, and at rest, and in peace: whereas, the house of the footstool of our God has been burned with fire, and is a dwelling-place for the beast of the field; Should we not then weep? He said, That is the very reason why I laugh; if God deal thus with those who provoke him to anger, how much more certainly will he deal kindly with those who do his will! Another time, the same rabbis went up to Jerusalem; when they drew near to Zophim, they rent their garments. When they drew near to the mountain of the house, they saw a fox go forth from the most holy place. The three former began to weep, and Rabbi Akiva to laugh. They said, Akiva, wilt thou for ever cause us to wonder; we weep, and thou laughest? He said to them, And ye, why do ye weep? They said, why should we not weep, when out of the midst of that place of which it is said, 'the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death,' behold, a fox goeth forth, and thus is fulfilled that verse, 'Because of the mountain of Zion which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it.' He said to them, And that is the very reason why I laugh. It is written, 'And I took unto me faithful witnesses, Urijah the priest, and Zechariah, the son of Jeberechiah.' Why are Urijah and Zechariah thus placed together, when the former was in the first temple, and the latter in the second temple? The reason is this; Urijah said, 'Zion shall be ploughed like a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps.' And Zechariah said, 'There shall yet old men and old women,' &c. &c. Therefore, the Holy one, blessed be He, says, Behold, these are my two witnesses. If the words of Urijah have been fulfilled, the words of Zechariah shall be fulfilled. But if the words of Urijah have proved false, then the words of Zechariah may prove false also. But I rejoice, that the words of Urijah have been fulfilled, and that therefore, in due time, the words of Zechariah shall be fulfilled also."

and they shall be my people, and I will be their God in truth and righteousness. (ver. 7, 8.) *For thus saith the Lord of Hosts; As I thought to punish you, when your fathers provoked me to wrath, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I repented not: so again have I thought in these days to do well to Yerusalem and to the house of Yudah: fear ye not.* (ver. 14, 15.) *It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities: and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also. Yea, many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts in Yerusalem, and to pray before the Lord. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you.* (Zech. viii. 20—23.)

And now, Israel, I would address you as a nation—the beloved nation of the Lord. I have laid before you the original grant by which the land from the river Euphrates to the river of Egypt, was irrevocably given to the seed of Abraham. The Lord *was true* to his word—he gave it to them, and they possessed it.

I have laid before you the denouncement of the Lord against Israel for her national transgressions. The Lord *is true* to his word,—Ye are scattered, ye are a by-word and a reproach.

I have also laid before you the Lord's sure promises of all the good that he will do unto you in the latter days, and he *will be true* to his word. (LIKE AS—SO)

How wonderful has been your preservation—still

a people, a distinct, a separate people! You have dwelt *among* the Gentiles, but you have not been *of* them. You have preserved the *seal* by which you are marked as the people to whom the pleasant land belongeth. The very persecutions you have undergone have worked together for your good; they have been the means which the lord has used to preserve you. The injustice which forbade you to possess landed property, has kept you untied to any soil, and has turned you to the acquisition of portable wealth, and truly the Lord has blessed you in the gold and the silver which he hath declared are his, (Haggai ii. 8,) until the richness of a Jew has passed into a proverb.

And now, people of the Lord, arouse yourselves,—look forth on the world and see what is doing. Wherefore do the Gentiles now gather together? What is now the bone of contention amongst them? Your land—your own, your pleasant land!

And is it a time for Israel to sit still and be silent? Not so did your fathers in the days of Cyrus. No, they searched diligently into all that the prophets had written, and they found that the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time, had come. (Psalm cii.)

I am not a prophet—I am not an infallible interpreter of prophetic dates—neither can ye find one amongst your nation; but surely every thinking Jew, yea every thinking man, be he Jew or Gentile, must say that these are no times for Israel to slumber.

Hear the words of one who looks upon events with the eye of a mere worldly politician, and knoweth not that the *Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will.* (Daniel iv. 17.

(Times, Aug. 26, 1840.) 'Even to those, however,

who, like ourselves, mix much more of what is worldly than divine in their speculations respecting the future fate of Syria, it does not seem among the most improbable of suppositions that the restoration and nationalization of the Jewish people, however improbable at present, may ultimately become the means of reconciling conflicting pretensions, and of establishing a new focus of civilization in that interesting region. It is, however, we acknowledge, among the most improbable of suppositions that the great powers of Europe will be moved by any such representations as those to which we have referred,* *unless the Jews themselves come forward*, and show in some definite form what is desirable to be accomplished for their benefit, how it is to be attained, and in what manner its attainment may conduce to the security of the neighbouring states and the maintenance of the general peace."

Hear this, Israelites, and awake from your lethargy. Some national measure should, without loss of time, be adopted. Turkey, who (until you assert your prior claims) is the lawful possessor of Syria, is crumbling into the dust, and utterly unable to possess the land, even though the allied powers should humble Egypt, and restore it to the Sultan. The natives of Syria, both Christians and Arabs, groan under the oppression of their ruthless masters, who have turned that pleasant land into one wide scene of misery and desolation. Alas! my eyes have seen its wretchedness! The Christian Syrians are alive to the future destinies of the land; more than once have they gathered round me and asked me whether it

* Scriptural arguments.

were not written in the stars, that Syria should yet be great among nations. They would receive you with open arms, and they are a manly and warlike race, able to defend their own, were they not crushed and bowed down by oppression and tyranny unutterable.

I am not so presumptuous as to speak with any certitude as to whether now be the time for Israel's restoration, but I do affirm most confidently, that NOW IS THE TIME *for Israel to be inquiring of the Lord.*

Let some national steps be taken. Let the scattered Hebrews throughout Europe elect their wisest and best men as representatives. Let these deputies from all quarters meet in free England, and here let a National Jewish Assembly be held. Then bow yourselves before the Lord, and inquire of him, and if the time be indeed come, all will be made plain before you. When this National Assembly has met, twelve of its members might be elected as a chief council of the nation, who might superintend those arrangements and those conferences with the European sovereigns, which could not be so well conducted by the larger body, to whose approval, however, they might submit all their acts.

O let us see the remnant of Yacob, now among the Gentiles in the midst of many people, as a lion amongst the beasts of the forest, O let us see the young lion arousing himself at the word of the Lord!

Stand forth and boldly claim the land which your God hath given you. Do nothing rashly, but seek for guidance from above, and you will receive it. Depend not on your wealth, nor yet neglect its lawful uses, for it is given you for some wise end. Lean

on no arm of flesh, and yet use all appointed means.

And you, daughters of Yerusalem, read over the inspired promises, and see how often, how tenderly, the LORD has named you. Let not the viol and the tabret, and the harp, be in your feasts, while your beautiful house is trodden down of the Gentiles. But rather hang up your harps, and take the plaintive psalm, and say, *How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Yerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to my mouth; if I prefer not Yerusalem above my chief joy.* (Psalm cxxxvii. 4—6.) Let many a Deborah arise, and show herself a mother in Israel, and, by encouragement and prayer, make strong the hands of the children of Israel at the present crisis.

Let Israel arise, and let every Hebrew take up the prayer of Daniel the prophet, *O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, I beseech thee, let thine anger and thy fury be turned away from thy city Yerusalem, thy holy mountain: because, for our sins, and for the iniquities of our fathers, Yerusalem and thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us. Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake. O my God, incline thine ear, and hear; open thine eyes and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name; for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear; O Lord forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God: for thy city and thy people are called by thy name.*, (Dan. ix. 16—20.)

שמעה אדני סלחה אדני הקשיבה ועשה
אל־תאחר למענך אלהי כי־שמך נקרא על־עירך
ועל־עמך׃

To the Lord God of your fathers I commend you. *For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight: for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rereward.* (Isaiah lii. 12.)

May he hasten his work, and accomplish it in his own time. May the days soon come, (and the Lord hath said that they shall come) *when it shall no more be said, the Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but the Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the* LAND *of the* NORTH, *and from all the lands whither he had driven them, and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers.*

I remain, Children of Israel,

Your faithful friend,

אלישיב

*** *The Editor hopes that her having been absent from home for some weeks will excuse the seeming neglect of several communications.*

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XVII.

RICHARD happened to take the right path, and in turning the corner of a street he suddenly met Helen with Mary hastening on. The contrast between those dark, miry, smoky, and now doubly comfortless thoroughfares and the bright cliffs of L—— did not to his mind appear so striking or so sad as that between the figures before him and the images so long enshrined in his heart. They were scantily clad, and though the air of neatness that had ever distinguished them was still discernible, particularly in Helen, poverty had set a mark on them that could not be mistaken. The paleness of their cheeks and general emaciation were more visible than on the preceding day; perhaps still farther aggravated by the visions that had haunted Richard's pillow, where

they came in the full freshness of their most prosperous days. He had time to observe their wan, dejected looks, before the discovery of his approach brightened them into animation; and with a heart too full to speak, he drew a hand of each through his arm, and turned back with them. Looking down, he was compelled to see how badly their feet were defended from the liquid mire of those filthy streets; and he felt as if the respectability of his own substantial clothing was a reproach to them.

'Well, Richard,' said Mary, 'this is not quite so pleasant as the road to old Buckle's cow-house.'

'The weather would make any walk rather unpleasant just now,' remarked Helen; 'but the path of duty has a sunshine of its own that the clouds cannot darken.'

'So you say; you always try to make out that black is white, and will think it a great virtue to cheat Richard into the notion that we are living in great plenty and comfort. Look here,' added the perverse girl, removing the end of her shawl from a tin jug, 'that's all we have to eat, after working for hours in the mill, and with this wet cold walk to help our appetites.'

'Mary,' exclaimed Helen with a warmth quite unusual to her, 'how *can* you be so cruel to distress your brother in that way, to no purpose?'

'What's the use of deceiving him, I should like to know?'

'None at all,' said Richard, 'but Helen always thinks more of others than herself.'

Mary began, 'If others had not thought'——but at that moment Katy ran up breathless, and by her eager exclamations of pleasure on seeing Richard,

and overtaking her companions, interrupted a speech that would have sadly wounded one whom Mary was too much in the habit of obliquely reproaching, and exasperated her brother not a little.

They now approached the mill; the crowd of course thickening by the arrival of labourers from every quarter. Richard was an object of great attention, and the colour mounted to his cheeks as he met so many eyes fixed on him in the broad stare of unabashed freedom, or the leer of low cunning and vulgar ridicule, directed more against the girls than himself.

'Is that the lawyer wot you got to fight your battles yesterday?' asked a conceited-looking, dirty young fellow, in a tone of extreme familiarity.

'No,' replied Mary, proudly, and quite audibly enough to be heard on all sides, 'this is my brother.'

'Indeed? a fine chap—I spose he's Nell's brother too,' returned the other, grinning at Richard in a way that tempted him to inflict chastisement on one who seemed a suitable object for his undefined feeling of struggling resentment. But the clock struck, and in a moment he found himself, after a great deal of jostling, nearly alone at the entrance of the building.

There was something in this short scene that awakened a pang more bitter than he had yet known. Richard possessed a great share of that honest, manly self-respect which characterizes the Englishman in humble life, wherever his natural spirit is not ground down by the perpetual friction of oppression from above, and contaminating influences around him. It is a fine trait when combined with modest respect for superiors, and frank goodwill towards equals; and it embraces, in the bosom of its possessor not

only himself but those who by birth, or other domestic ties, are identified with him. That any female belonging to his household should become mixed up in such a mass of human degradation as he had just seen assembled, that the two most especially claiming his jealous care should be daily exposed to the familiar impertinence and insulting jeers of such beings as the person who had just annoyed him, wounded alike his affection, his delicacy, and his independence. 'I was reconciled,' thought the youth, as he slowly left the spot, 'I was reconciled to this parting chiefly because I was afraid they might be forced to mix with the lowest poor at home; and well I am punished for my pride! There's not a man, or a boy, on all our coast would speak in that manner to them, if they were working by the road-side. Nell, indeed! I wonder if she can—no, I'm certain sure she cannot like or encourage it. And then Mary; she's getting as brazen and unfeeling as can be. Oh, what has my grandmother done in bringing them here!'

Every step that he took increased his disgust: early as it was, the doors of gin-shops were already swinging on their hinges, and many a ghastly, repulsive-looking being issued forth, having preferred the morning dram to a loaf of bread. Among them were some so young, that he shuddered when recalling what South had said in reference to Willy. Towards home he strolled, rather than walked, regardless of the way he took, lost in painful thought; and when arrived he found the widow absent, and no one there but James, who lay in a deep heavy slumber, his bible above his head on the pillow, and his arm thrown around it. Richard softly seated himself on the bed's edge, and as he hung over the sleeping boy,

[illegible] gazed on the countenance so beautiful in its [illegible]-like expression, the tide of accumulated sor- [illegible] broke forth in tears, which fell fast and unre- [illegible]ed over his unconscious brother.

When James awoke, and stretched out his arm, [illegible]out opening his eyes, Richard gently touched the [illegible]ing hand. 'Dear granny,' murmured the boy, [illegible] you get any thing for it? would they take [illegible] I hope'—and unclosing his lids, he stopped [illegible] on seeing Richard, to whom his words had con- [illegible]ed a new and grievous sensation, but which he ought it best to conceal. 'What were you saying, [illegible]ing Jem? you spoke so low—were you asking for [illegible]ny? I think she is out.'

The boy seemed relieved, hoping that his words [illegible] not been understood; then inquired how his [illegible]other had slept.

'As well as I expected: Mr. South is very kind.'

'Yes; God gives us what we want, when we want [illegible]. A good lodging for you was a great comfort to [illegible]s all. But, Richard, don't hang over me, so; my [illegible]reath is not good for you, particularly fasting.'

Richard bent his head still lower, and with a fresh [illegible]ush of tears said, 'I take it the more willingly, Jem, [illegible]ecause there is death in it. What have I to live [illegible]or?'

'A great deal, I hope. The Lord is trying us all in a furnace of affliction; you will be made fitter to serve him for some time on earth, and I hope I am going very soon to serve him in heaven.'

'And why may not I wish to go soon as well as you?'

'Because I cannot recover, and my removal will take a burden off the hands of poor granny; but you

are healthy and strong, and may be a help and support to her and the rest. They all want you, particularly Willy, for he minds nobody now, and you may do him good.'

'I am going to-day to see about him at the mill, and inquire of this Mr. Parkins.'

'Do; Mr. Parkins is a good man, but I don't think he looks after Willy. He seems to say that when God pleases to bestow the gift of repentance and faith, all will go right; but till then all must take its own way, and we have nothing to do but to wait.'

'And to work and to watch,' added Richard.

'So I think: but you had better speak to him yourself. Granny does not seem to see what Helen and I cannot help noticing; indeed, she was not by when Mr. Parkins had a long talk with us about Malony; but since we saw poor little Willy so changed for the worse, we could not help being reminded of his opinions.'

'Mary is changed for the worse too.'

'Ah, Richard! if it was not for Helen I should say that the mills are made of pitch—that nobody could touch them and not be defiled; but you never saw such a creature as Helen. She seems to me,' added the boy raising himself from the pillow, and speaking with energy, 'She seems to me to be sent just to shew us that there is no situation where the grace of God is not sufficient for his children, if they do but seek it always. Mary won't seek it, I fear, nor Willy, and so they are getting into many bad ways. As for that poor little thing Katy, she has a natural contentedness about her; a quiet, thankful, obedient child; and so attentive to what is good, that I do hope she is profiting by it. But you never saw such trials as Helen

has had to go through. Not only the spite against her, bred by that cruel Phœbe, and kept up for a long time, though it is not nearly so bad now, but sufferings in her health that she never confessed to any body but me, swellings in her ancles, pains in the chest, giddiness in the head, and fits of low spirits that she used at first to think was the hiding of God's face from her, and that thought made it worse: but in the midst of one of these sad seasons she heard a beautiful sermon on the text, "My heart and my flesh faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." The preacher shewed how the failing of bodily health would cause the mind to droop and be dark; and how, though the sunshine of gladness might be withdrawn, the bright soft moonlight of quiet faith, and sure trust in Him who cannot deny himself, would lead the traveller on in the safe, right path, till the sun rose again, either through the return of health and cheerfulness, or in the bright morning of the resurrection. Helen told me all; and laughed and cried, and said, 'How could I ever doubt!' and since that, if I notice that she looks ill or dejected, she smiles and says, 'It is moonlight still.' And truly she has been like the moonlight to us through many a dark night.'

The poor boy sank back, exhausted by the earnestness with which he had spoken; and Richard, in a low voice asked, 'Is Mary as kind to Helen as she ought to be?'

'Far from it,' replied James sorrowfully. 'Poor Mary seems to be drawing back, and as Helen always goes forward, it seems as if she was forced to keep comparing herself, and so to see how the distance between them increases. Mary cannot make Helen

go wrong; but she seems to try to persuade herself that she does; and she picks up expressions that go to make out a charge of hypocrisy against Helen, which pains her greatly, because it prevents her good advice from having the effect it ought to have.'

'I thought,' said Richard, striving to speak with great composure, 'that Mary spoke this morning as if she could have reproached Helen—with—' he seemed at a loss for words.

'If it was with what granny has done for her,' exclaimed James, reddening, 'then Mary is a most wicked girl; for we found out her being in the habit of doing so, and got her promise, her solemn promise, never to be guilty of it again. Indeed, I have lately not liked the way Helen put me off, when I questioned her about Mary's conduct to her. Oh, if it be so, what a cruel, cruel persecution she must feel it.'

'Does not Helen earn more towards supporting the family than Mary?'

'A great deal: and besides that she often works at night, and makes many small things such as I used to do before I became too weak, for granny to sell.'

'And could the rest of you get enough to live on, if Helen and her earnings were both away?'

'No,' replied James, opening wide his brilliant eyes, and fixing them on his brother, as if an agreeable thought had been for the first time suggested to him: 'one-half of Katy's earnings is carefully put by for her, that she may not be destitute if any thing happens to granny; and for better security it is paid into the clergyman's hands every week, lest poverty might tempt us to touch it. An Irishwoman, who is a very bigotted Papist, offered to keep Katy for that sum; and though we are sure she could not have fed

the child on it, and also that real kind feeling made her propose it, yet as it was Malony's dying request that his little girl might be brought up a Protestant, granny and Helen agreed they would do the same, that it might be seen we did not keep her for the profit of her labour. She costs more, but Helen's industry makes it up.'

'Oh, well, the next time Miss Mary gives her tongue any liberty to hurt Helen, you'll just know how to stop her.'

James did not like the expression of his brother's features as he said this: his tender spirit shrank from severity, even towards an offender; but the widow's entrance prevented his breathing the deprecatory expressions that rose to his lip.

'My dear, dear granny, how wet you are!' cried Richard, as he hastened to untie the dripping bonnet of the old woman. 'Now do take off these soaked things, and make yourself dry and comfortable.'

Alas! a sufficient change of raiment was no longer at the disposal of the trembling being to whom he spoke. She had been pawning her Sunday gown to procure him a breakfast that would prevent his discovering the wretchedness of the fare to which they were reduced until Saturday should bring in the week's wages of the young labourers. She now put down her purchases, evading Richard's remonstrances on the state of her garments, by telling him that breakfast would do her more good than dry clothes. To this James assented, adding that he was hungry too, and the other, with many painful misgivings, was forced to acquiesce. He announced his intention of visiting Willy's mill, and that the business on which he came would prevent his being

home to dinner; but added that in the evening he hoped to enjoy some happy hours with them all.

A change had come over Richard's feelings that appeared to re-cast his whole character in a different mould. Its latent energy had rarely been roused into any strong manifestation; he had shewn himself the docile, industrious boy, the steady, honest, independent youth, but always quiet and retiring, looking up to others, particularly to his aged relative, for guidance and encouragement: he now saw his situation and duties in a new light, and at once, almost unconsciously, assumed the headship of the family, feeling his respectability bound up in them, no less than his happiness, and resolved to place them in a different position, both with regard to the world and to each other. How to effect it he had not enquired; but rescue them he would from the low station to which they seemed to have fallen; Mary must be subdued, Willy reclaimed, and the happy harmony of former days re-established.

This dream of coming conquest, lent additional height to Richard's well-grown person, and to his elastic tread as he crossed the room to take his hat from the remembered box. The poor widow gazed upon him with looks of admiration, and exclaimed, 'Blessings on our dear, good pastor, who persuaded me to leave my precious boy in the country! Ah, Richard, if you grow in wisdom as in stature, and in favour with God, who looketh not upon the outward appearance, but on the heart, happy are you. It is like sunshine to me to look on you, my child.'

'Like the real sunshine,' added James smiling, 'that used to look in on us through the woodbine at

home; not the shadow of sunshine that contrives to scramble down upon us here, through smoke and mist.'

'Please God you shall see it again, dancing on the little blue waves, and making the wet sands sparkle like bright gold,' said Richard.

'No,' replied James, averting his face to hide the tears of fond remembrance that filled his eyes at this picture, 'No, Richard: in the place that I am going to there is no more sea.'

A fond farewell was now exchanged, and the young man sallied forth, first waiting on the gentleman to whom he had brought the letters, and who detained him so long that before he could reach Willy's factory the dinner hour had arrived, and the labourers were dispersed, at their meals. Parkins' house, however, was very near, and thither he went, expecting to find his little brother who had permission always to eat his dinner there. In this he was disappointed: Willy was not forthcoming, but Parkins received him very kindly.

After answering a few civil enquiries, Richard opened the business by asking how Willy went on. Parkins replied that he had no particular fault to find with him—he was like the rest of his class and age, occupied with trifles, and bent on amusement when not confined to his work.

'Of course, sir: but I trust you keep a good watch over him, to prevent his going wrong.'

'All who do not go right must go wrong,' answered Parkins; 'and I need not tell you your young brother has not yet been brought into the straight and narrow way.'

'He has been taught to seek it though,' said Richard.

'He cannot discern it,' persisted the other, 'unless it be revealed to him of God. Man's teaching is vain: the best service we can render is to pray continually on his behalf to him who alone can guide the wanderer into the fold.'

'Then we must wait for a miracle,' remarked Richard, bluntly.

'By no means: we set before him the truth, and commend it to him with every persuasive word; and so, using the means, we leave the event to God.'

'And don't you correct what is wrong, and enforce what is right?'

'All is wrong and nothing is right until the person becomes a new creature; for "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." Again, all is right and nothing is wrong when the change has taken place; for "He hath not seen iniquity in Jacob, nor beheld perverseness in Israel." Do *you* not perceive, my young friend, that nothing can be acceptable to God until we be brought to believe; for, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

Richard paused: he saw something incorrect in this deduction, but the premises he knew to be just, because they were scriptural. With natural frankness, he answered, 'I partly agree with you, sir, and partly I don't. I am a plain country labourer, used to farming; and I find a great deal of instruction in observing the things that I am employed in. God has given a gracious promise that as long as the world endures, seed-time and harvest shall not fail: but seed-time would yield no harvest if we did not sow the seed in its time.'

'Right: don't I tell you we do so, by stating the truths of the gospel?'

'Ay, sir, there we agree: but God has made two other things so necessary to the harvest that all our sowing would not bring it about if they were neglected. First, we must break up the ground, turning up the weeds that naturally cover it thick and deep; and then, sir, we must fence it off. It would not do to go dig and prepare a bit of ground in the middle of a common thoroughfare, and sow the seed there, leaving every hoof to trample it, and every stray fowl to gobble it up. It seems to me that the harvest is not a miracle worked in spite of us, but a merciful gift bestowed where we honestly labour for it.'

'You surprise me, young man: you seem to make the growth of religion in the soul a work of the creature, not of the Creator.'

'No, sir; all the creatures that ever lived could not make one grain of wheat to take root downwards or to spring upwards. That is the Lord's doing only: but since he has been pleased to make use of the figure of a field, and sowing, and reaping, and harvesting, in so many parts of his blessed word, I could not do less than take notice as I went along of the way in which it holds good. Perhaps,' added Richard, smiling, 'perhaps you that live among machinery, and see every thing done by steam, may take different views.'

The last remark, though made in perfect simplicity, and intended as somewhat apologetic, was not relished by Parkins: he doubted whether he had not a rustic wag to deal with, and resolved to be circumspect: but before he could frame another observation, Willy entered, without seeing his brother, who was seated behind the door. Parkins enquired where he had been.

'No where at all,' answered the boy, pertly.

'That's impossible: you must have been somewhere?'

'May be so,' returned the other, whose manner evidently shewed that to be so questioned was no less strange than disagreeable to him.

Richard leaned forward, and grasping his arm, drew him to his knee, while the boy's fist, uplifted in self-defence, fell paralyzed on seeing who his captor was. Doubly excited by what he considered a gross breach of trust on the one part, and by its too evident effects on the other, he spoke with unwonted force and decision, and with a stern look no less indignant than animated. 'Willy, I could not have believed, if another person had told me, what I have seen and heard this minute. You have been brought up in the ways of godliness, and taught that your duty before God is, next to himself, to honour those placed in authority over you. You have been bred and treated like a little lamb of the Lord's fold, and often have you been told of the roaring lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour. You have been shewn the promise that your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, and full well you know that without his help you can do nothing. Now answer me, how long ago is it since you last prayed from your own heart for that great gift?'

The boy trembled, and was silent.

'Was it to-day, Willy?' No answer.

'Was it yesterday, or was it last week?'

After a long silence, during which his brother still held him by the arm, and looked steadily in his face, he muttered, 'I don't know when it was.'

'So I feared: and now Willy, who is to keep you

from evil, who is to watch over your steps, and save you from the paths that lead to hell? Who is to preserve you from the snares of lying, evil-speaking, swearing, stealing, drinking?' His voice faltered at the last word, and the hand which had roughly held the child's arm, gradually relaxing, now pressed him to the honest bosom that yearned over his helplessness. Willy looked up in his face, and bursting into tears, said, 'I will do any thing that *you* bid me, Richard?'

'I can't bid you do any thing,' answered Richard, laying his forehead on Willy's shoulder to hide the tears that he too was shedding, 'for my duty keeps me at a distance from you—and, oh, what a sad story I shall have to carry back to your dear teacher, our best friend, good, kind, Mr. Barlow!'

'Tell him I will be a good boy,' sobbed Willy.

'But will you really strive to be so?'

Here Parkins interposed; 'Mr. Green, don't delude the child into any notion of his own goodness; he cannot be good unless he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ.'

'I do believe in him,' said Willy.

'If you did you would be a new creature.'

'My farming,' said Richard, who having imprinted the kiss of forgiveness on Willy's tearful cheek now felt his heart lightened again, 'my farming, Mr. Parkins, has reminded me often of our Lord's saying—"First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear;" and I have learned something when stepping carefully to avoid trampling down the tender blade, though it was much unlike a full ripe ear.'—The bell rang, and Parkins took down his hat. Willy clasped his arms round his brother's neck, and ear-

nestly whispered—'I *will* pray to the Lord to make me a clean heart.' Then running to Parkins, he said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, for being so rude and disrespectful; but as I had been after no good, I didn't like to be questioned.' Parkins kindly shook his hand, and said he was glad to see him sensible of his fault: then asked Richard if he would like to see the mill, as he could get him leave of admittance.

Richard declined for the present to enter the building; for he really feared to expose himself to more of Parkins' discouraging remarks just then. However, he stood for a while under the archway of the gate, through which the children were pouring in. Their extreme youth shocked him no less than their squalid appearance. 'I wonder how any doctor could find in his heart to give a certificate to such a poor, feeble, sickly looking babe of a creature as that,' said he, pointing out a little girl.

'No medical certificates are required in the silk mills,' answered Parkins.

'And are there many of them?'

'Not here; but in other towns an immense number.'

'And do they take them in every where as young as that?'

'Much younger; I have seen many in different silk-mills not nearly so big as the smallest you could point to here.'

'How long do they work?'

'As much as ten hours a day, often.'

'But then you reckon the time given them for meals.'

'No; I speak only of the time allowed for labour.'

'Ten hours!' exclaimed Richard, looking at a group of small children; 'ten hours for such little

weak things as those—why, its more than an honest man would expect from the biggest labourer; and to my mind its a disgrace to a Christian land to work the life-blood out of little children in this way.'

'Hush, hush,' interrupted Parkins, 'you speak too loud.'

'Is my little brother overworked, sir?'

'No, really I think not; he is not in a laborious department, and though often fatigued, as all must be more or less by a full day's employment, he is not more so than he would be by taking his fill of play in the streets.'

'True enough,' remarked Richard. 'Boys tire themselves with sport if they are left to take their fill of it.' He looked round him, but though many a little countenance was turned towards him in childish curiosity, he met nothing of the free, laughing, or innocently sheepish expression that he was accustomed to trace among the villagers. He felt no wish to remain longer, and thanking Parkins for his civility, expressed a hope that he would be watchful over Willy.

Certainly; I was glad to see your remarks produced some effect on him. Remember, however, that the strong man armed will keep his goods in peace till a stronger than he or than us comes upon him. I would caution you against hoping too much from what man can do.'

'Thank you; I hope God has also cautioned me against presuming too much, and so neglecting the means of doing good. I cannot deliver my brother, Mr. Parkins, it is true; but I can see to it that his blood does not lie at my door. Good bye, sir;' and he left the mill.

Having eaten a piece of coarse bread, in order to say that he had dined, Richard proceeded to make some purchases of tea and other little comforts for the party at home, bitterly regretting that he had not brought a hamper of provisions from L. Painful doubts crossed his mind as to the extent of suffering endured by his family, but he strove to disbelieve what it was so grievous to contemplate. While strolling along, he met with South, who invited him to go and sit down in a public house; but Richard pleaded his promise given to Mr. Barlow, that unless in a case of actual necessity he would not enter a place where drinking was habitually carried on.

'Well, then, we can walk together,' said South; 'I wonder how long it will be before our parsons take so much trouble to keep their young men out of harm's way.'

'There are too many for them to look after,' observed Richard.

'Ay, that's one of the blessings of an over-populous place. Not that it signifies much; for the quiet way in which the clergy look on while the poor are destroyed around them, shews how little they care about them, bodies or souls.' Then, after a pause, he added, 'To be sure they can do nothing except in the pulpit; and it would be an easier matter to preach all the mill-owners out of church than to preach one unjust and cruel principle out of the factory system. Do you remember, Green, the case tried yesterday, where children were overworked, and without school certificates?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, this morning I happened to be in the office of that very firm, and heard most strict orders given

to shut the door in the superintendent's face whenever he came there: never, on any pretence, to let him enter that mill again.'

'But surely he can insist upon it.'

'No; the inspector can, but not the superintendent, and considering how seldom he comes, how short his stay must be, and how many ways there are of baffling his inquiries, there is little fear of his giving any trouble, except where the superintendent has been before him to direct his notice; so you see that for the small sum of five shillings in which the parties were fined, they have purchased a security against all future molestation; this prosecution giving an excuse for excluding the troublesome investigators.'

'Why, this looks like a mockery of protection,' said Richard.

'So it is; and to make the matter worse, the poor children who were the cause of it are turned out to starve.'

'I only wish they may turn out Mary and Helen,' remarked Richard.

'You had better wish no such thing; work is rather slack now; and depend upon it they would be kept out of employment for a long while, having appeared as complainants in open court. It is well they failed. Have you been to Parkins?'

'Yes, and saw the silk-mill, where they are working babes as I would not work a plough-horse.'

'Nice infant schools, arn't they? and if you could hear some of the lessons taught and learned by creatures no higher than your knee, you would know more of the value of the factory system.'

'I could not hate it more than I do,' said Richard.

'Yes, you would; a religious young man like you,

believing that the wicked shall be turned into hell, would be terribly shocked at seeing the whole process of making young sinners ready for perdition in the next world, while hurrying them out of this.'

Richard made no answer; the irritability of *his* feeling increased, and he had learned to watch against the rising storm, and to keep silence when disposed to speak intemperately. Besides, South was not one to whom he could unburden his mind. That person's information was evidently correct, and his remarks just; but they were uttered in a bad spirit. South was himself a specimen of the fruit produced by this evil tree. His health was injured by personal labour, yet not so much but that he might have turned to good account the remaining energies of the body wherein dwelt an acute and vigorous mind; but *that* mind had been perverted, rendered at once morbidly sensitive as to theory, and selfishly callous as to practice in the matter that incessantly occupied it. He passed his time in denouncing the factory system, and even built upon it doctrines subversive of every good principle as a British subject; but at the same time he purchased the leisure thus misapplied at the price of abandoning all his children to the horrors he so forcibly pictured and so eloquently deplored. This conscious inconsistency added gall to his bitterness, and while it led many right-minded persons to stand aloof from him, it increased his influence among a party who valued their leaders according to their power of exciting the angry passions.

Richard was not sorry to part from his companion at the next turning, and hastened to the house so overclouded with sadness to his affectionate spirit.

During the evening, while enjoying a temporary

forgetfulness of present distresses in the delightful retrospection of former times, the little party was disturbed by the abrupt entrance of a person who seemed welcome to none, and whose presence excited an emotion of angry surprize in Richard's bosom when he recognized the conceited-looking little man who had addressed Mary in the morning, with so offensively familiar an allusion to Helen. He never raised his hat from its studied position on one side of his head, but lounging in with an awkward shuffle, threw himself into a chair, stretched out his legs, and with a patronizing nod asked, 'How are you all?'

The widow's distressed look, James' trepidation, and Helen's flush of evident displeasure, added to his own hostile sensations, tempted Richard to assume a very authoritative air, as he surveyed the intruder, who looked up at him with an expression of curiosity mingled with contempt, saying, 'So this, I suppose, is the renowned Richard, of whom we have heard so much; a tall feller enough. How old may he be?'

This roused the young countryman completely. He sprang to his feet, but was arrested and confounded by hearing the other resume,—'Well, grandmother, I came by mother's desire to tell you how sorry she is ——'

The widow hastily interrupted him,—''Tis of no consequence, Charles; pray tell her not to think of it.'

'Oh, we know better. It must be of some consequence to you to have a strapping chap like that come upon you with a country appetite, and nothing for him to eat. Mother would lend you the half-crown if she could spare it just now, but she's some bargains to make. However, he added pompously,

'I b'lieve *I* can let you have a shilling without much inconvenience,' and he drew out a tawdry purse, whistling the while.

'I do not want it,' said the widow warmly, 'I thank you, but really don't want it.'

'O, nonsense! you would'nt have come out so late at night to borrow it, if you hadn't wanted it. Besides, I think I'll make you a present of it, for the sake of those pretty rogues,' looking at the girls, as he laid down the piece of money before the widow, and again nodding, bustled out.

Richard could not stand this; he seized the money, and was about to hurl it after the insulting donor, when Helen caught his arm, and Katy, nimbly jumping on a chair, snatched it suddenly from him, and darted out at the door, before any one could speak.

Richard turned, and fixing on the agitated widow a look of almost angry reproach, exclaimed, 'Oh, granny, how could you, how could you expose us to this!'

'It was to her own daughter she went,' said James, 'and how could granny suppose she would be so cruel as to publish it to that malicious Charles?'

'Granny could expect no better,' observed Mary, 'from all she knew of aunt Wright; but beggars mustn't be choosers.'

'Beggars!' repeated Richard.

'If Katy is gone to lay it out for us,——' commenced James, who seemed roused beyond his strength, but Mary interrupted him, 'Never fear; she has a spirit worth two of that; she's more likely to throw it in his face.'

The little girl re-entered, glowing and panting, her eyes sparkling with satisfaction, while Richard

eagerly exclaimed, 'Well, Katy, did you overtake him?'

'Sure and I did, sir; and I caught him by the coat tail, and there being plenty of people to the fore, I said, Mr. Charles, said I, here's a shilling for you. What do I want with it, you little Irish blackguard, says he. Sure, an't you heartily welcome to it then, says I; and I dropped it right into his coat-pocket, and ran away through the people, and they laughing. Och, but its mad he was!'

'Served him right,' said James. 'If he had done it with a kind feeling, we ought to have overlooked the manner of it; but he came to insult our poverty, and expose us before Richard.'

'Yes,' said his brother, bitterly, 'Richard is a stranger now, it seems, and must be kept in the dark as to your concerns, unless others choose to inform him of them. Oh, I did not expect this!' He laid his head on his arms, and trembled with the mental agony that overpowered him.

None had courage to speak. They felt that any farther attempt at concealment was vain, but to pierce that loving heart with the tale of their deep distresses was a task that none could undertake. At this juncture Willy, who always came in later than the rest, entered; and seeing his brother in such evident distress, ran to him, folding his arms round his neck, and exclaiming,

'Richard, I will be good, indeed I will, and never grieve you any more. Oh,' he continued, seeing tears escape over the coat-sleeve, 'Oh, how sorry I am to have made you unhappy! Won't you speak to me, Richard, your own poor little Willy that you used to love so dearly?'

Richard clasped him to his bosom, and for some moments all wept in silence together.

Mary first spoke: 'It's no use keeping up any pretence now, granny; so let him know all. He won't love us the less, and perhaps some of us may be the better for a little humbling.'

'All of us, I hope,' said James.

'No; the rest of you don't need it. I meant myself, for you are none of you proud and hard-hearted like me.'

'Mary,' said Richard, drawing her to him, 'it almost consoles me for all that can happen to hear you speak so.'

With these softening circumstances to stay the rough wind in the day of the east wind, Richard listened quietly to the sad tale of disasters and privations which, but for the spiteful proceeding of Charles Wright, would have been withheld from him.

Still there was a partial concealment: past, rather than present difficulties formed the subject of what was told; and he was left to conclude that no farther pressure of actual want was likely to fall upon the objects of his fond and anxious sympathy.

C. E.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. IX.

THE whole tenor of revelation seems to be intended to remove that natural terror with which any manifestation of the attributes of God inspires the heart of fallen man. If it be said, that men daily live surrounded by the manifestations of God's power, and yet do not fear before him, it is simply because at present the exercise of that power does not press upon themselves, and therefore in false and blinded security they walk on in the way of their own ruin. This state of careless unconcern is the state of the world at large, but it is sometimes broken in upon: as for instance,—when God's desolating judgments are abroad in the earth; and then, even in hearts to which a holy fear of God never had access, there is a trembling terror hitherto unknown. In times of great public calamity, when famine or pestilence prevail, when the sword is passing through the length and breadth of a land, and when all faces gather blackness, then it is no small trial of faith to God's servants, in whose hearts the love of God has in some measure cast out fear, to keep their souls so stayed upon the promises of God to them for good, as not to be afraid of the manifested power. The faith of

many has failed in such a day of trial. No remembrance of former deliverances, however great; no enjoyment of privileges, however distinguished, has served at all times to bear up the faith of believers under the awful view of great and desolating judgments.

The evening of that day which had brought good tidings to the dwellers in the tents of Mamre, that day so full of high and holy privilege, of lively gratitude and trust, was succeeded by a morrow of despondency and dismay. What heart cannot picture the feelings of Abraham, as he reviewed the events of that memorable day! In the exercise of a common and disinterested hospitality, he had "entertained angels unawares." He had seen the dearly-loved partner of his pilgrimage admitted to the honor of a direct revelation from heaven, and made partaker of like precious faith with himself. From one of the heights of "the hill country" of Hebron, he had beheld the sun flinging his parting radiance over the smiling valley of the Jordan, with all its rich and peopled borders, saved as he devoutly believed by the intercession of his own prevailing prayer. And now he rested in his tent, with all the household groups around him, beneath the shadow of Jehovah's hand.

Morning dawned upon the mountains, and all things were as they had been, since the receding waters of the deluge passed from the face of the fresh and blooming earth. "The sun was risen upon the earth," and man had gone forth to his work and to his labour until the evening. No tempest-cloud in heaven above, no tremor-throe in earth beneath, gave token of the coming ruin. At an early hour the Patriarch hastened to that spot which, the evening

before, had been hallowed by the presence of Jehovah, while graciously listening to, and accepting his fervent effectual prayer. What place more suited to pour forth his grateful thanksgiving, while his eyes beheld in glad assurance that Sodom and Gomorrah were saved? But, oh! horror of horrors! on reaching that point from which the whole valley became visible, where were the bright waters of the Jordan meandering on their peaceful way? Where were the rich pasture meadows with their teeming flocks and herds? Where the mighty structures on their banks, with the many-storied towers and myriad human souls? A sea of lurid waters rolled inwards through the vale, and a dense and blackened mist rose upwards like a dark funeral pall, shrouding that fearful fiery pit, down into the depths of which Sodom had sunk with all her workers of iniquity; Gomorrah had gone down with all her pride, her riches and renown. And where were Lot and his family? that household among whom the Patriarch had vainly hoped to find the ten that should have saved the city? The Lord had not revealed to Abraham that he would deliver Lot out of Sodom; what anguish then must have overwhelmed his mind, in the supposition that his kinsmen had been condemned to this dread overthrow! The calm and passionless language of holy scripture, in briefly detailing the character and fate of nations or of individuals, rarely pauses to shew the effects of these facts in the workings of those human hearts that were interested in them; nor is there need, for these can be for the most part supplied by the attentive reader of the facts themselves. The human heart is the same under every dispensation, and every varying circumstance of clime and

age: open to the same impressions of hope and fear, of anxiety and terror; and therefore, though not one word is said of the emotions which Abraham experienced when he beheld a sight so awful; and though we read of no steps taken by him as consequent upon those emotions, yet, when we find the sacred record proceeding to detail his departure from the immediate scene of God's desolating wrath, it is but natural to conclude that terror of God's further judgments upon the iniquitous Amorites was the cause of a removal, which seems to have been both precipitate and unadvised.

This is further to be inferred from the consequences which attended upon it; for in the land of that Philistine king, to which they journeyed, and where they sojourned "many days," Abraham and Sarah were once more betrayed into the same sin and the same snare, which had been before the source of so much trouble in Egypt. "Abraham said of Sarah his wife, she is my sister;" and Abimelech, king of Gerar, sent and took Sarah. Once more the interposing mercy of God rescued the Patriarch and his wife from the evil consequences of their own want of trust and truthfulness; but there is one remarkable difference between this transaction and that which took place in Egypt; which at first seems exactly similar. In the former case, there is nothing recorded, from which we should impute blame personally to Sarah. In the latter, from the circumstance of her being reproved in the presence of her husband, by one who appears to have been a worshipper of the true God, and the head of a people distinguished among the nations of Canaan for habits of morality and virtue, (Gen. xx. 5.) we are

led to examine the narrative more carefully, with a view to discover from whence the imputation of blame charged by Abimelech upon Sarah, arises. There are difficulties in the way of explaining this, from the want of authentic information in the page of scripture itself; but from the words which the king of Gerar addresses to Sarah, it appears that she had not been careful to conform to the usages of that country whither she had come to reside, and had neglected herself, and suffered those who "were with her" to neglect the use of the veil,* which would have been a means of securing herself from the trouble that befel her. The thousand pieces of silver given to Abraham by Abimelech seem to have been expressly presented by him for the purpose of purchasing "a covering for the eyes" for herself and her maidens, and "thus she was reproved" for a want of caution and prudence which must have been peculiarly humiliating to one so irreproachable and so distinguished as Sarah.

In vain shall the bitterness of any past transgressions assure to us an escape from future trials of a similar nature. Experience may indeed serve to teach us our weakness, but it can never impart strength. Under some new and more specious form, the same error may a thousand times overtake us, and we shall again and again fall into the same snare, unless we ever watch and pray against it. A

* The veils now in use in Egypt and Syria do not cover the eyes; some of the pastoral tribes leave the face uncovered altogether, but in the neighbourhood of cities the use of the veil is rigidly enforced. The Turkish and Persian veils cover the whole face; the latter have a piece of muslin or lace inserted over the eyes for the purposes of sight. No veils are represented in ancient Egyptian sculptures; therefore it is inferred they were not in ancient Egypt.

subterfuge once repented of, and found to be exceeding bitter in its consequences, will not avail to save us from future equivocations, unless the girdle of truth brace us in our daily walk to watchful and habitual uprightness: nay, rather the last error may be worse than the first (as it appears to have been in the case of Sarah) and accompanied with a greater amount of shame and self-condemnation.

To find those whose knowledge of God and his revealed will is dimmer than our own, and whose standard of duty and of practice is lower, exceeding us in integrity and candour, or in minute observance of the long-established and commendable decorums of life, is surely cause for great humiliation of mind. No advance in religious knowledge, no enrolment among covenanted privileges, can stand towards God in the place of "truth in the inward parts:" and no dignity of divine calling or acceptance can atone towards man for the neglect of those time-honoured observances, which if they be not virtue, are at least its adjuncts and guardians.

The sin and danger into which Sarah was betrayed in Gerar, and the subsequent blame and humiliation attendant thereon, may, however, in the good providence of God, have served to balance those transports of joy which the expected birth of the promised heir of Canaan must have excited within her. The human mind appears to be so constituted, as not to be able to receive any great accession of worldly joy with due moderation and stedfastness, unless there has been a previous initial stage of discipline, to prepare it to possess without elation the acquired good. Long years of waiting, repeated humiliations and disappointments, and the final extinction of hope—through

these, and such as these, the wife of Abraham was led on to the realization of that, which, from the hour when she set out on the pilgrimage of Canaan, her soul had ardently and intensely desired. Nor was it enough that after having through faith obtained a victory over all obstacles, and received strength to obtain the promise, she looked forward hopefully towards its accomplishment;—an intervening hour of temptation, a lapse into former sin long since repented of and forgotten, served to prepare the way for her reception of that great blessing which was vouchsafed to her while a sojourner in the dominions of Abimelech—the birth of the child Isaac.

It is sometimes seen, that when the mind is duly prepared by providential discipline and divine grace, for the reception of earthly good, such temporal blessings become effective in producing the future fruits of a life in harmony with the two great requirements of the law—love to God and to man. Such (as far as we can gather from the narrative) appear to have been the sanctified results of the great blessing bestowed on Sarah. Devout thanksgivings to God the Giver seem to have been the first outpourings of spiritual sacrifice attendant upon the birth of Isaac; and for the three* years during which she continued to dwell with Hagar and Ishmael (a witness of the petty persecution to which her child was subject from that elder boy, who found in the miraculous mode of his younger brother's birth fit scope

* It is probable that Isaac was three, or nearly three years old when he was weaned. Among Orientals, at the present day, children are not weaned before that period. No provision is made in the Jewish law for the children of priests until they have attained that age (Vide 2 Chr. xxxi. 16). And Samuel when he was weaned, was old enough to be left with Eli.

for mockery and persecution) we hear nought of irritation or injustice towards others. From the manner in which the Apostle Paul, quoting the words of Sarah, says, "Nevertheless, *what saith the scripture?* Cast out the bondwoman and her son," &c., as well as from the attestation of God to the patriarch himself; "In all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice;" we learn that it was by the immediate inspiration of heaven, and not in the indulgence of any resentful or unjust impulses, that Sarah, on that day which was to separate her son from the more urgent superintendence of maternal care, made a requirement so necessary to the future peace and prospects of Isaac.

From that hour we may suppose the current of her life to have flowed on sweetly and peacefully towards the eternal shore. In the loving regard of the gentle Isaac, in the prospective view of the future greatness of her seed, and above all in the blessed anticipation of "a city which hath foundations," as the final rest and home of her checquered pilgrimage; even so, laden with blessings and honours, did Sarah pass from time into eternity. One cloud alone seems to have rested upon her death-bed. Abraham was not present there: so at least it appears from the sacred record. The pilgrims had once more returned to their former resting-place at Hebron, a spot which must have been peculiarly endeared to Sarah, as the place where the Lord vouchsafed to her the revelation of his will. Abraham it seems was summoned from some distant excursion, only in time "to weep and to mourn for Sarah." We may conclude, however, that Isaac was there to close her eyes; and how long, how well he mourned for her, we learn from the page

of scripture itself, which has not omitted to record that Isaac was not "comforted" after his mother's death until the day when, a happy bridegroom, he led into the tent of Sarah one who, in some measure at least, reflected the image of her beauty and her worth.

And how her husband honoured her memory, was sufficiently attested in the eyes of the people of the land, by the magnificent burial he provided for her. Nothing strikes the Orientals so much with ideas of the dignity of the dead, or of the degree of esteem and affection in which they were held by the survivors, as the honours paid to their earthly remains. The children of Heth beheld the anguish of Abraham's soul, when he lay prostrate before the lifeless form of his beloved wife, and then rose up from before his dead to address them with a touching allusion to his condition, now doubly felt to be that of one who had neither tie nor possession upon earth. "I am a stranger and a sojourner among you, give me a possession of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." They read, in the words and bearing of Abraham, the overwhelming nature of the loss he had sustained, and with that sympathy which is usually excited by great calamities, they gave him liberty to express all his heart's desire to do honour to the memory of Sarah by the largeness of their grant. "In the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre."

The venerated dust of the beautiful mother of Israel still rests in the cave of Machpelah, and, by one of those strange revolutions which mark the lapse of centuries, it is now strictly and jealously

guarded by the sons of Ishmael. But her memory is embalmed in a record that will survive all inscriptions of the costliest marble that ever has been or shall be raised to human greatness. An apostle of Jesus Christ (himself a husband) has bequeathed her history as a model for Christian wives throughout all ages. She shall be "a mother of nations," and unborn daughters of the church shall learn, by looking into this mirror which is held up before them, how to adorn themselves with that which is not corruptible; that which survives the decay of personal beauty and the ravages of the tomb, "even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

LYDIA.

FRAIL is the world—here's no substantial good—
Earth yields her roses, but her thorns intrude;
Riches unfailing crown the path to heaven,
Redemption! Glory!—all through Jesus given.
Encompassed with life's snares, how sweet to prove
Repose and comfort in our Father's love,
Sealed by the Holy Spirit from above.

M. C.

INCONSIDERATE QUESTIONS.

AMONG the various details of practical duty which have been brought under the notice of our Christian ladies in these pages, I do not recollect that I have ever seen the subject with which I have headed this paper. Perhaps I may request a few minutes' attention while I endeavour to prove its importance.

Doubtless my fair readers would recoil with very great indignation, were I to ask them whether they adhere to truth in the statements they give, in the replies they make to the queries of others. Doubtless they always speak the plain truth, undisguised, yet well-considered. They would shrink from anything so unprincipled, so unchristian, as the attempt to deceive.

But, ladies, permit me to ask whether you are quite as conscientious in the questions you ask as in the replies you give? Do you never put curious, impertinent, nor inconsiderate queries to your acquaintances? thereby endangering their truth in answering, their fidelity concerning the affairs of their friends, or their prudence as regards their own. Do you never ask Mr. A. questions about the private or literary affairs of the Rev. Mr. B., which may compel him either to equivocate to you, thereby stepping into "the way of lying," (Psalm cxix. 29,) or else to betray the confidence of his friend, and acquaint you with the particulars which he knows Mr. B. wishes

should remain strictly private? Or perhaps you attack the often more communicative sex, and inquire of Miss C. about the family affairs of her intimate friend, Mrs. D., and by so doing you place her in a similar dilemma, between deceiving you by a prevarication, or else divulging Mrs. D.'s pecuniary or domestic secrets, which Miss C. knows her friend would rather suffer banishment than make public. Is this as it should be? Are a love of gossip,—a wish to seem intelligent and acute,—mere curiosity, or even thoughtlessness,—sufficient motives to justify you in thus placing an unfortunate person between two fires?

Probably you reply that you do not meddle with the affairs of other people, that you do not wish to hear idle gossip, and that you never ask questions which can lead to any betrayal of confidence. It is well. I rejoice to hear it. But, ladies, if you never play the inconsiderate querists to your friends, as to the affairs of others, are you equally careful as regards their own? Do you never 'pump' them on 'a delicate subject,' nor 'fish out a nice bit of news' by putting skilful questions which the poor *questionnee* cannot avoid? or such that, if she can avoid them, the very act of avoidance gives the desired answer to your curious inquiry?

A 'leading question' is always objected to by the lawyer; why should the tribunal of private gossip be more inquisitorial than that of public justice?

These are plain, and perhaps unpleasing inquiries. I fear some of you may be tempted to call them *impertinent* questions, but I happen to know some few ladies who are in the habit of thus extracting the secrets of their acquaintance, and I just vaguely guess that there *may be* a great many who do so.

We are frequently warned in Holy Writ to be careful in speaking the truth,—"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour." (Eph. iv. 25.) "Speaking the truth in love, we may grow up into him in all things;" (v. 15,) not forgetting that awful passage where "liars" are enumerated among those whose portion is in the fiery lake. (Rev. xxi. 8.) Now, let me ask you, what can be a stronger temptation to forsake truth, and to resort to equivocation, or positive falsehood, than the designing or thoughtless question which leads to this distressing dilemma, 'I must either deceive you, or break my promise of secrecy.' Even where no promise may exist, the sense of honourable fidelity to a friend, or of delicacy and prudence in our own affairs, is enough to stagger many a noble and sensitive mind, if not to hurry it at once into direct falsehood. I know those who believe that a denial of the truth is 'the least evil,' compared with revealing a secret; while others, heedlessly chivalrous, have said, 'I would tell a lie, any day, rather than betray my friend.'

Consider, then, Christian ladies, the temptations, the grievous stumbling-blocks you throw in the way of your friends by your inconsiderate questions, and refrain. Be content with knowing and managing your own affairs; and submit to be ignorant of the concerns of others, rather than lead them into "the way of lying," on the one hand, or the breach of confidence and prudence on the other.

X. Q.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE following delightful narrative, extracted from the continental journals, will serve as an introduction to some pleasing lines, kindly furnished by an unknown correspondent:—

'On the 10th of September the act of homage was to take place, and upwards of 15,000 people were assembled in the great square of the Castle to witness the imposing ceremony. The King proceeded first to church, where the service was read and an appropriate sermon preached; he then returned to the open balcony in front of the Castle, seated himself on his throne, and there, surrounded by the princes of his house and the great officers of state, the military and civil authorities of the provinces, the Protestant clergy standing at the foot of the throne to his left, and to his right the Catholic priests, headed by the much-talked-of Archbishop of Posen, M. Dunin, he received the oaths of his people to be "faithful vassals and true subjects." Whilst the Deputies were swearing in an audible voice the oath which was read to them word for word by an officer of the crown, the assembled multitude could easily perceive that the King was greatly agitated, and the final "Amen" had scarcely ascended to the skies, when the monarch with great impetuosity left the throne, and, advancing to the very front of the open balcony, his right hand uplifted towards heaven, with a most au-

dible voice, which was distinctly to be heard at the very furthest extremity of the immense square, in the most emphatic manner, "every inch a king," and in great agitation, pronounced the following voluntary, and evidently unpremeditated, oath to his people :—

'"And I swear here, in the presence of God, and before all these dear witnesses, that I will be an upright judge, a faithful, careful, and merciful prince, a Christian king, such as my never-to-be-forgotten father—blessed be his memory! I will execute right and justice energetically, and without regard to persons. I will embrace, cherish, and promote the advantage, success, and the honour of all ranks with equal love; all ranks and all religious confessions have to expect from me the like protection. And I invoke from God the blessing bestowed upon princes, which turns the heart of man towards those that are so blessed, and forms them according to God's will—the delight of the good—a terror to the transgressor. God bless our dear fatherland; its state and condition have for ages been often envied, frequently emulated in vain. With us there is an unity of head and members, of prince and people, a grand, a universal, and delightful unity of struggle towards one beautiful gaol—towards the general weal in sacred faith and true honour. Out of this spirit originates our moral and physical ability of defence (*wehrhaftigkeit*), which is without compare.

'"May the Almighty preserve our Prussian fatherland for itself, for Germany, and for the world! Manifold, and yet one, like the noble metal which, formed by the fusion of many an ore, is yet but a single and most noble whole, subject to no other rust than the beautifying rust of centuries."

'He sank back upon his throne, covered his eyes with his handkerchief, and the audible sobs of the multitude were soon drowned in never-ending thunders of applause.

'Thus ended this important ceremony, which gives every Prussian citizen just cause to rejoice in his monarch, the first who ever bound himself by an oath to his people. The demand for a constitution, although negatived for the moment, was received in such a gracious manner, and the King expressed himself so well satisfied with the behaviour of the States, that there is but little doubt of our seeing this desideratum soon accomplished.'

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING.

Oh, Prussia! how thy grand, thy Christian King
Has won the generous Briton's ardent love;
How must thy thankful gaze repose on him
As a bright pledge of favour from above;
Well may thy echoing rapturous shout convey
Thy monarch's praise to every listening land.
Didst thou not bend before his throne to pay
Duteous submission to his sole command?
And yet the son of many a royal sire
Reclined not in unmoved and silent state;
Although thy sons might blench before his ire,
And own his mandate as the voice of Fate;—
But raised his hand to God, who rules on high,
And swore in thrilling accents so to reign

Beneath his watchful and all-searching eye
That he thy love, not servile dread, may gain.
Well didst thou hang upon his every word,
Well dost thou triumph in thy peerless king;
Oh! we must also hear what thou hast heard;
We go to look on that which thou hast seen.

The monarch quits the temple of his God,
Where he has knelt in lowly solemn prayer,—
Has mutely listened to his preached word,
Whose promised presence was around him there;
And from communion with his Saviour goes
To justify his faith in open view,
While each illustrious word and action shews
All that this holy principle can do:
Behold his throne on yon proud balcony;
Mark the vast multitude who throng below,—
Its princes bending round their Sovereign's knee,
To pay the feudal homage that they owe.
Oh! see his noble bearing—king-like air,
The brilliant glances of his kindling eye;
Yet scarce he seems each loyal oath to hear,—
Intense emotion breathes that deep-drawn sigh,
Expectancy has soared on wondering wing;
Say what grand purpose now shall be revealed,—
Does thirst of conquest lure the new-made king?
Will he ask troops to man the battle field?

Himself must answer! Now behold him stand
In presence of yon breathless concourse. See
He lifts on high his regal sceptered hand,
Takes an unbidden solemn oath, to be
A careful ruler and a Christian Lord.
Oh! of his ermined line no former vow

The registers of heaven's high courts record,
Like that which binds him to his subjects now;
But who may tell again his touching words,
His generous energy, his earnest mein!
Though such a theme a noble scope affords,
Who fears not lest description mar the scene?
Fair fancy's pencil might indeed pourtray
The impassioned king, the admiring audience,
The mental sense more fitly hear him say.
Prince linked with peasant, Prussia's best defence.
Observe him speak his father's honoured name,
And true devotion to his Fatherland;
And mark the Christian patriotic flame
Which lights his eye, and bids their liege lord stand
Before these thousands, whose deep sentiment
Of loyal veneration, ardent love,
Towards the majestic speaker, finds its vent,
Not in the stifled sobs which still might prove
Their full emotion. No! but loud and long
A shout of grateful rapture rends the skies,
Borne upwards by that vast encircling throng.
Their sovereign can no more. He shades his eyes,
And sinks o'erwhelmed to grace the abandoned throne,
And while these glad applauding thunders roll,
The message of their full melodious tone
Soothes the impetuous workings of his soul.
From its recesses sounds a "still small voice"
Of calm approval, while it whispers joy,
That for his country's weal, his heaven-taught choice
Has bound him now his sceptre to employ.

Long may he wield that sceptre—long to be
A blessing to his land and to the world!
Above his ancient throne that all may see

The peaceful banner of the cross unfurled,
That those who dwell beneath its holy shade,
Taught by its vision, may exemplify
What true obedience to such rule is paid,
And lead all nations with their own to vie
In due submission to the powers that be,
And to repay the boons their kings afford.
But, oh, thou island mistress of the sea!
Let not that noble land—that Christian lord,
Bereave thy brow of one invalued gem,
Whose brilliancy has caused thy fair renown.

Guard well possession of that diadem
Which raised thee high, whose loss would cast thee down!
Know'st thou not, oh my country! what its name?
Such is thy PROTESTANT, most holy creed;
Such is thy truly great—thy glorious name!
To shield and shelter in the hour of need,
Those who in every clime of foreign land
Hold the "like precious faith" thy sons profess,
And suffer 'neath proud Rome's revengeful hand,
If they *One* only Saviour dare confess!
Such is the honoured badge thou long hast worn,
Thou stronghold of that Bible, whose pure light,
From ages hid, by darkness over borne,
Flooded thy land, and made thy pathway bright;
Since then three hundred years have rolled away
And mingled with the past eternity:
Yet Rome still longs to grasp the unwary prey,
And plots that we may rest no longer free.

Oh, fair Victoria! like the Prussian king,
Well mayst thou prize such light, and ever shield

Our country from those toils the man of sin
Weaves with such wily art, to make us yield
Our Christian citadel to Papal foe.
England, lead forward! Prussia onward move!
Join,—join your ranks, and bid your children know
Your's is the holy rivalry of love.
With sacred weapons fight the cause of God,
Seek to be foremost in the peaceful strife,
And conquering, through the cross of Christ your Lord,
Spread far the gospel of eternal life:
Let two great nations which adore the truth
Advance the dawn of its millennial sway,
Led on by England's monarch in her youth,
And Prussia's sovereign in his manhood's day.

E.

THE CHURCHYARD OF BALQUIDDER.

MY DEAR N——

I HAVE been lately spending a week with a friend in the Highlands, who is residing for a time in the parish of Balquidder, near Callendar, the burial-place of Rob Roy McGregor. The house is pleasantly situated upon the borders of Loch Voil, and is well sheltered by wood, through which you obtain glimpses of the water and the hills that course its margin. Though the lake is by no means one of the largest in Scotland, it claims notice, from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the retired character of the locality, and that kind of interest which attaches to scenes associated with one whose story is in every body's mouth,—which interest, if, in this instance, it deserves not the name of classical or historical, is yet akin to both.

At the upper end of the lake is the small village of Balquidder, consisting of a few huts, with the usual appendages of turf-stacks and sheds. One of these is pointed out as having been the dwelling-place of Rob Roy's mother, and another, of his son. He himself lived at the other end of the lake. A garden of cabbages is shewn where he fought his last fight, in which, being arrested, he flung his sword into the lake, where it still lies at the service of any virtuoso who has a mind to fish it up. A rustic bridge over the course of a mountain-torrent leads to the village;

and upon a gentle eminence above, is the little church, destitute, indeed, of the ecclesiastical accompaniments of tower or steeple, but forming, with its neat belfry, no unsightly object. To the right is the glebe-house, prettily situated amid a few trees under a precipitous rock, which forms a huge wall, fringed with wood, on the face of the hill behind. The churchyard is wild and uninviting; an unclosed gap in the wall serving for entrance; the graves heaped up without care, disposed without order, and indicated by stones of all shapes and characters, most of them in the rough state in which they were brought from the hills. Here were buried the mortal remains of Rob Roy. Over the grave is a rude stone with as rude a carving, representing, beside the broad-sword and shears, which abound upon the tombs, the figure of the freebooter himself, with dogs, but without an inscription. On his right and left lie two of his sons, the grave of the one marked by a stone with a broad-sword rudely carved upon it; that of the other by one of greater pretensions, with an inscription, and the family coat and motto, *Even do, and spare not.*

Having examined these tombs, we asked the schoolmaster of the village, an intelligent man, if there were any in the place with inscriptions deserving notice: he said, there was one which he had with difficulty decyphered some time ago, which, if we could read, he thought would repay the trouble. He then shewed us a slab partially covered with moss and earth, and, having cleared it away, we proceeded to make out the inscription. As, with no little pains, we brought it forth word by word, we were much struck with its point and elegance, the more so from the date, 1680,

and the rude character of the locality. It is for the sake of transmitting you this, that I have scribbled these lines. Certainly I should not have taken the trouble merely to draw your attention to the history of a robber, whose memory, the very reverse of that of *the just* which is *blessed*, serves only to confuse the minds of his descendants, as to their notions of right and wrong. So high is the estimation in which Rob's character is held in Balquidder, that his clansmen are always inclined to defend his acts of rapine and plunder as justifiable.

Sir Walter Scott, in some place, speaks of a Mr. Robert Kirk, who was the minister of Balquidder, and afterwards moved to Aberfoil, where he died. It seems that this Mr. Kirk, whose name was John, not Robert, lost his wife at the early age of 25 years; she was buried in Balquidder church-yard, and this stone, the inscription of which we had been decyphering, covered her remains. There can be no doubt who wrote it. It is inscribed to Isabella, spouse of Mr. John Kirk, Minister, who died Dec. 25, 1680.

'Stones weep, though eyes were dry;
Choicest flowers soonest die;
Their sun oft sets at noon,
Whose fruit is ripe in June;
Then tears of joy be thine,
Since earth must soon resign
To heaven what is divine.
Nasci est ægrotare vivere est sæpe mori, et mori est vivere.'

We seemed now to have got to the close of the inscription, and yet the lower part of the stone appeared still a little sunk in the earth. We therefore cut away the grass, when the words appeared:

'Love and live!'

J. A. L.

STANZAS.

THE flowers that bloom round childhood's path
  Fade in its early day;
How soon from life's first wreath of love,
  The blossoms drop away!

The voices that were melody
  Within our happy home;
Where are they? only memory
  Hears *now* each cherished tone.

Oh, what were love, unless its flowers
  Should blossom forth again?
A gem flung on the ocean wild,
  A sunshine born in vain.

Yet balm distils amid our tears;
  The voices from us riven,
Shall warble in our dying ears,
  And speak to us in heaven.

ALICE DESMOND.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I LATELY heard a clergyman remark, that he considered the Methodists enjoyed a great advantage over us of the Establishment, in the possession of their regular class-meetings, for detailing their *experiences*. He thought it gave them a facility in expressing themselves for the profit and comfort of others, and also accustomed them to greater clearness and distinctness of feeling about their own religion.

I think it is a question we should do well to ponder, for indeed there are momentous results connected with it, and it deeply concerns every Christian woman to have a right understanding therein. I dare say there are few of my sisters in Christ who have not bitterly mourned over their incapacity to tell 'what the Lord has done for their soul,' and surely few there are, who have not fondly sought to quaff the drop of comfort derived from hearing the experience of a fellow-pilgrim, and have well nigh fainted because they yearned in vain. Ah! truly we are far too much in bondage in this respect; we are silent where we should be "telling of the salvation of the Lord from day to day," our lips are closed when from them should issue precious things out of a pure heart; and even in an advanced stage of the Christian walk too many resemble "the fool," who "cannot open his mouth in the gate." This acknow-

ledged and lamented vacuum is, may be, removed in some degree by the system referred to above, but let us beware that in shunning one evil we do not approach a worse, as "if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him"—it has always appeared to me that with hearts so "desperately deceitful" as ours, it is a point of no small peril to endeavour to describe a country so diversified, so indescribable as the mind—its hills and valleys—its storms and sunshine, or the sweeping avalanches which every now and then change its whole aspect—

> "Oh what a sight were man, if his attires
> Did alter with his mind,
> And like a dolphin's skin combined
> His clothes with his desires!"

Who that has ever attempted to preserve a record of his variable frames and feelings has not painfully felt the difficulty of conveying even to himself a *true* and faithful impression of his real state, and has not at times shrunk from the self-imposed task as an impossibility? Oh, then, who would undertake to draw this shifting scene periodically, in honest integrity, before the searching eyes of others! Would it be desirable? Would it be practicable?

But to take another view of it. Is there not a fear of the sweet delicate scent of grace being lost, or at least weakened, by exposure to the air of scrutiny—perchance of admiration? I should much dread this systematic unfolding of a plant, hardy indeed when under the eye of the skilful gardener, and fostered by his watchful care, but delicate as the soft misty bloom on the plum—a touch from a blighting influence spoils it! I should fear the thread, by

being drawn out, would become attenuated and weakly; fair to the sight, but of small use for practical purposes. Also let us never forget our calling, our character, as Christians; not to weave fanciful visions, not to revel in waking dreams, but to be warriors, always in the fight: in the battle-field there *is*, there *must be*, no waste of words. Methinks we might well take for our motto the striking admonition, "Therefore let thy words be few!"

It is a sweet thing to dwell with those who are "living epistles of Christ," such as can be "read of all men" without mistake—who stand firm, a living commentary on the word of God, not needing either much *profession* or *expression*, to give them a place. I like to associate with such: they *say* LITTLE, but I take much—how much! for granted; and feel that I know what is going on within far better than they could tell me. A delightful word drops from them now and then, which gives me a clue whereby I trace all the rest; and I feel communion with and knowledge of them, which I in vain seek in the chattering communicative professor.

But let us turn from what we see around us, to what we read in the "law and the testimony." Let us follow the poor penitent stealing into the rich man's house, creeping to her Redeemer's feet, her tears silently flowing, heedless of the surrounding guests. Not one word she breathes, not one sigh she utters. Is it a cause of reproof? is it a blameable reserve? Hearken to her blessed Master's testimony; and, oh, my beloved sisters in Jesus! covet this testimony, beyond all on earth or in heaven beside, for it will make you "one" with him for ever. "SHE LOVETH MUCH!" Again, let us attentively

regard the character and conduct of her who "pondered all these things in her heart." How little of the deep workings of her own "pierced" yet gladdened soul—how little even of the singularly glorious revelations vouchsafed her, did she disclose to others. Nor let us forget the other Mary, who "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word." What is it in them, that as we trace their characters, gives us such a perception of loveliness? Is not their beauty, in their feminine delicacy, their shrinking timidity, still strong in faith, firm in trust, but seeking the shade? Can we, I ask, fancy any of these, a bright and favourite trio, taking a prominent place, or a place at all, in a meeting for telling aloud their experience? The sum of the matter seems to be just this—*That* line of conduct must be most desirable, most scriptural, which teaches us to speak of ourselves *little*, but to look at Jesus *much*, "made unto us Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification, and Redemption." Let us, poor and destitute, lay hold of *his* meekness, *his* purity, *his* humility, *his* rich love, as displayed in his life on earth, and with triumph embrace his finished righteousness brought near for us, as our title to eternal life; joining in the magnificent chorus, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

I should be glad if an abler pen than mine were led to write on this subject, so as to be of service or help to those who are, like myself, earnestly inquiring after every legitimate means likely to foster and

cherish the "good seed" of divine grace in the soul, whilst equally dreading whatsoever would tend to the exaltation of self, or the promotion of that awful 'giant Slay-good'—spiritual pride. I trust I have written guardedly, and that weakly as it is, it may encourage some gentle feeble spirit, who, because she could not keep pace with the fluent but not more stedfast follower of Christ, has been ready in despair to sit down and weep, crying, "My leanness, my leanness!" Peace be to all such! It is my firm persuasion that it is amongst them we should look for the choice lambs of the flock; and that they—unfit possibly to *shine* on earth—will yet be lucid gems in heaven, the brightest in their Redeemer's crown.

A. T. N.

[We fully concur in the view taken by our correspondent, of the inexpediency of such public exercises as those alluded to. Many spiritual persons, we are aware, crave the aid of broken cisterns, rather than to draw near to the ever-flowing fountain of all true encouragement and consolation. To them we recommend the foregoing observations.]—Edit.

LUKEWARMNESS.

MADAM,

THE great evil of the present day appears to me to lie in the general *lukewarmness* which pervades every class of the community in the cause of religion. True it is that here and there we meet with zealous and energetic champions, who are willing to "spend and be spent" in maintaining the principles they have ever been taught to hold sacred. Soul-stirring pamphlets have been written, and forcible public appeals are made; but how are they received? Alas! people for the most part seem to consider that they are by no means the individuals addressed; they read them and cast them aside, without once considering, How deeply am *I* implicated in the growing evil? If not by my example, am I by my unconcern and indifference virtually injuring the cause which I ought to be defending?

In no cases are the consequences of this neglect of duty more lamentably obvious than in the inroads which are daily made on our holy church. Yes! she is in a state of fearful jeopardy! Would that all her members who are willing to allow it, deeply *felt* it also! We know, indeed, that nought that is ordained of God, ever can fail; but as of old, he oft permitted the enemies of the Israelites to carry with them (as a punishment for his people's sins) the ark, the sacred symbol of his presence and mark of his

divine favour; may we not also fear, that if we do not humble ourselves, and rouse and arm us for the conflict, he will be provoked to remove from its place that light which hath hitherto shone through the length and the breadth of our beloved land? Then indeed shall we deeply feel the extent of the affliction we have sustained.

Let the members of our church but examine for themselves the signs of the times, and they will—they must be convinced that no terms can too strongly express the danger that surrounds it. A goodly and magnificent structure truly it is, fitly framed and compacted together and adorned with every perfect gift by Him who in Zion laid its foundation-stone. But, alas! the inhabitants seem to take no account of it, and scarcely appear to notice what stones are removed from its walls, or how it is stripped of its treasures. Strong and numerous too are the armies arrayed against it, and vigorously are they pressing forwards, to level it, if possible, with the ground. On one side are set in battle-array the armies of the open infidel and scoffer, while Romanism, with her blood-red standard, surrounds another station, and seems victoriously to be carrying all before her. Within, alas! the members are resting in indolence and ease, as if they were deaf to the noises without, and knew nothing of the danger which menaces them. The watchmen too, seem in a fearful lethargy, and those who are not actually sleeping at their posts, either from fear or carelessness, give such an uncertain note that the soldiers know not whether to prepare themselves for the battle. Nor is this the worst: mark that breach where Popery is holding a conference with some within. Yes, there are secret enemies amongst

those who should be faithful soldiers; and not only are the deserters numerous, but the most important station is about to be surrendered to the enemy; for Puseyism is betraying us, and 'tis amongst the *leaders* that this infection has broken out. Oh! let this negligence continue no longer,—let us unfurl our standard, and buckling on our well-tried armour, prepare us for the warfare. Are we not every one of us, by profession, soldiers? Let us then faithfully fight under the banner of our beloved Master, and with his guidance gain a complete victory. "One man of you shall chase a thousand;"—let us remember *who* is our General, and though numbers may be against us, despair not of success.

But to drop all metaphor; allow me, Madam, to urge upon your readers their *individual* responsibility to pray for the safety of the spiritual Jerusalem. Fearful is the picture I have drawn, but faintly indeed does it pourtray the reality. Numerous have been our sins, and justly hath the heavy wrath of our God fallen upon us. Oh then, let us humble ourselves while there is hope. The danger is not an imaginary one; and every one who professes to be a member of our church is called upon to act as her defender. Let none cast aside the "Christian Lady's Magazine," assured there is nothing in it that concerns them, until they have all, and *each for herself*, examined whether she is doing all in her power to avert the threatened blow; whether she is daily wrestling in prayer with God, that he would look upon his church, purify it from every sin, and enlarge its borders; whether she is setting an example of earnestness and zeal in this sacred cause, and exhorting others also to rise and join with her in imploring the divine

blessing and favour. If such a course were universally followed, I doubt not that God, who is merciful and long-suffering, would, as he did the Ninevites of old, spare us from destruction, let the light of his countenance shine upon us, and again visit with his glory the temple dedicated to his name.

To you, Madam, I know this subject is an interesting one; your warm sympathy and prayers are already engaged in it; and I feel you will pardon me for bringing it before your readers, although the same sentiments have been already far more forcibly urged, in the pages of this periodical. A crisis of momentous import is approaching; and guilty indeed is that individual who, viewing the coming storm, and hearing the rolling thunder, forbears to raise his voice, however feebly, to warn others of its approach.

I am, Madam, with every sentiment of respect and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

A LOOKER-ON.

A GENTLEMAN whose views on justification are by no means clear, made the following remark on a clergyman who preaches justification by faith alone—'Mr. ——,' he said, 'is most inconsistent; he preaches that good works cannot save a man, and yet no one abounds in good works more than he.'

ERCHOMENA, OR THINGS TO COME.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

(To a Friend.)

October 22, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

IN my first letter to you, I endeavoured to shew that many of our Lord's parables, which have been commonly referred to the general judgment, should undoubtedly, from internal evidence, be applied to the day when the Lord will come to establish his kingdom upon earth. In my second letter I *proved*—forgive the apparent presumption of the word, but I must use it—I proved, by long and connected quotations, from almost every prophetic book in the Old Testament, that a period of universal blessedness on this habitable globe was unequivocally foretold as an event in the womb of futurity; and from the New Testament I proved that this glorious period cannot precede our Lord's coming; because the time of His coming is to be one of great and widely-spread iniquity; and because tares are to grow up with the wheat, i. e. bad men are to be mixed with the good, until the harvest, when the Son of man comes to judgment.

In my last letter, I confined myself to the consideration of the mode of expression adapted by the evangelists and apostles, in alluding to Resurrection, and I

observed that two terms were to be found;—"Resurrection *of the* dead," or the abstract doctrine of dead bodies rising again and living; and "Resurrection *from the* dead," or the rising of a certain number of dead out from amongst other dead ones left behind; and this latter I considered to be the first Resurrection, as it was always held out as a reward to be given to the faithful.

Having thus summed up the topics already brought before your notice, you will see that I have proceeded upon no definite plan in the selection of my subject; indeed the short space of a letter, in which the arguments must be complete in themselves, forbids this; and moreover when I first addressed you, I had no idea that our correspondence would have been prolonged.

This desultory mode of arguing a subject has its advantages, as it enables me to write down whatever ideas may have most forcibly presented themselves to my mind, and in this manner I shall continue to write to you from time to time.

I have hitherto been enabled to write with considerable confidence, for I had an overwhelming mass of proofs to lay before you. I was merely treading the great highway of prophetic announcement, without pausing to admire the striking beauties and peculiar features of the landscape on either hand, and there are yet some subjects, which I hope, by God's help, to bring under your notice, on which I shall be able to speak with equal certainty and confidence; such, for instance, as the national restoration of Israel, and her supremacy over all nations, and the fall of the mystic Babylon. It is possible that I may be induced to devote one letter to the consideration

of what it has pleased God to reveal to us concerning the details of some of these events, but great caution is required in this. I think it perfectly lawful for every man, nay the duty of every man who values the promises of God, to search for himself, and endeavour to discover as much of their fulness as it pleases God to unveil to him; but much caution is required in writing down the result of his investigations.

The mind will form its own theories and speculations, and it is difficult to enounce these speculations, so as to keep them from alloying the pure gold of God's sure word; as we often see the medallist's name struck on the coin of the realm.

Before we examine into any other points of unfulfilled prophecy, I wish to say a few words on the duties which arise from this important study. I wish to show you that the millennial doctrines are of the most heart-searching and practical nature.

There can be no doubt that a most effectual plan of arresting the attention of the ungodly, and checking him in his hell-ward career, is to fix his attention on the uncertainty of life; to shew him on what an attenuated thread it hangs; accompanying this consideration with the thought of something after death. Few men are so hardened as not to feel an inward dread at the thought of appearing in the presence of their Maker, to give an account of every idle word, thought, and deed. The believer, the man who loves his Lord, is also stirred up, by such admonitions, to great watchfulness. He longs to meet his Lord, and to see face to face that beloved Redeemer who has loved him with a love so exceedingly great. He shudders indeed at the thought of the dark and gloomy passage that awaits him; but his faith and

love surmount the momentary dread; he remembers that in passing through the valley of the shadow of death, the rod and the staff of his Good Shepherd will protect him; and since death will but precede *the voice of his beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled,* (Cant. v. 2); he almost longs for the dark hour, since it is to lead to such unspeakable joy; the spirit triumphs over the flesh, and in full confidence and ardent hope he rapturously exclaims, *Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!* Come, though thy coming be to end all that, in my present state, I can comprehend of existence; come, though sickness, pain, and agony shall precede thy steps; though the king of terrors be thy harbinger, yet, King of Glory, come quickly!

This is indeed a lawful use of the warning, that man's breath is in his nostrils. It is profitable to arouse the sleeping and to strengthen those who are standing awake. But whence proceeds its efficacy? If death were but a sleep, an end of all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, it would but goad on the wicked and depress the righteous.

The thought of meeting God face to face, either as a stern Judge or a reconciled Father—this thought alone it is that gives edge and keenness to such warnings. If, then, to the certainty of appearing before God, by a summons of which we know neither the day nor the hour, we add an additional certainty, that in an hour when the world expects it not, in an hour when men are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, when some are cursing and others praying, when many are defying the Lord and rushing on the bosses of his buckler, while a few are

trusting him and sheltering themselves under his shield,—that at such an hour, the heavens shall open, and the Lord shall come in the clouds, and amidst the angels of heaven; that as a warrior he shall descend with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God; that all who are not his shall with a mad hostility oppose him, (Rev. xix. 19.) and be consumed in his fierce wrath; while those who have known and served him shall in a moment be turned from mortality to life, suddenly and gloriously transformed—and, rising from many a tomb unheeded and uninscribed, the noble army of martyrs, the goodly fellowship of prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, yea, the innumerable throng of saints whom no man can number for multitude, all shall join and swell the triumph of the Son of David—If to the *chances* (pardon the unchristian word)—if to the chances of suddenly meeting the Lord by the summons of death, we add the *may be*, that while we are yet speaking, the armies of heaven are marshalling themselves in battle array, the *may be* that were we now to lift up our eyes we might see the sign of the Son of Man coming with power and great glory, do we not open a new avenue to pierce the stony heart of the sinner, and to pour oil and wine into the broken and contrite heart of the believer?

But it is not on the *chances* of its efficacy that I would advocate the preaching of this doctrine. God forbid. What is the great incentive wherewith the Lord and his apostles enforce their exhortations and warnings? Are we to repent and be converted? *Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when* THE TIMES OF REFRESHING *shall come from the presence of the Lord, and* HE SHALL SEND

JESUS CHRIST, *which was preached unto you: whom the heaven must receive* UNTIL THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS, *which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.* Acts iii. 19—21.

Are we to watch? *Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the* SON OF MAN COMETH. Matt. xxv. 13. *Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the* SON OF MAN COMETH. Matt. xxiv. 44.

Does impatience fill our hearts? Do we think that God's promises to us are long delayed, and does our faith waver? We are answered, *Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise: for yet a little while and* HE THAT SHALL COME WILL COME, *and will not tarry.* (*ο ερχομενος ηξει.* The coming one will come.) Heb. x. 36.

Would the Apostle incite us to love Christ? He says, *If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha,* i. e. let him be *αναθεμα,* a curse; a full stop should follow, and then the Apostle enforces this by adding the Syriac words מרן אתא—maran atha—our Lord cometh. 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

Would he again incite us to love one another? To what end are we to do it. *And the Lord make you to abound in love toward one another, and toward all men even as we do toward you:* TO THE END *he may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father,* AT THE COMING OF OUR LORD JESUS *Christ with all his saints.* 1 Thess. iii. 13.

John, the beloved, says, *And now, little children, abide in him, that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming.* 1 John ii. 28. And again he says, *We know that when*

HE SHALL APPEAR *we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is; and every man that hath* THIS HOPE *in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.*

St. James says, *Be patient, therefore, brethren.* UNTO THE COMING OF THE LORD——*stablish your hearts, for* THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH. James v. 8.

St. Peter says, *Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory,* AT THE APPEARING *of Jesus Christ.* 1 Peter i. 6, 7.

Have we laid in the tomb the friend to whom our soul was knit, the child of our love, or the wife of our bosom? Where shall we find comfort, scriptural comfort? Certainly it comforts us to know they *sleep in Jesus,* that they are with him, that they rest from their labours. Great is this comfort, but the scripture holds out a greater. Oh, let the wounded heart cling to, and clasp this precious admonition! When the solemn rite is over, and the earth has harshly sounded as it fell on the coffin enclosing the form we loved; when in anguish of heart the mourner has silently stolen from the gaze of men, and drops warm tears on the cold stone; when we see the vacant place and miss the cheering smile—*I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you, by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain*

unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent (or go before*) *them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first:* they will have clothed themselves in their bright and glorious bodies, and will stand radiant and beaming to meet us, and THEN *we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet† the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore* COMFORT *one another with* THESE *words.* 1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

Oh, who shall say that these are speculative doctrines! Who shall point out to us a greater incentive to holiness and to love!

But it may be asked, and the question has recently been suggested to me—Does any millennarian posi-

* This is stated to show us that our friends have lost nothing, but are rather the gainers by not having been kept alive until the Lord's coming.

† 'To *meet* the Lord in the air. The word used in the original is *απαντησις*—not the verb, but the noun; and literally is—"caught up into the air to the meeting of the Lord." The word *απαντησις* occurs in three other places in the New Testament, and invariably signifies a meeting for the purpose of receiving and welcoming the individual, and to escort him back. Thus it is in Matt. xxv. where the ten virgins are first said to go forth and *meet* the bridegroom, (v. 1.) and then are surprised in their slumber, by the cry—"Go ye out to *meet* him." (v. 6.) It occurs the third time in Acts xxviii. 15, —"And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came *to meet us* (*εις απαντησιν ημιν*) as far as Appii Forum and the three taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage. And when we came to Rome," &c. It is evident here, that they met Paul, not to stay with him at the three taverns, but to continue with him, by going back with him. And the whole context in Thessalonians seems to require that we explain it of the saints going out to welcome the Lord in the air, not to continue in the air with him; but to accompany him on his visit here, and therefore to return with him. For unless the saints *return* with Christ, the wicked must also be caught up for that judgment, which the anti-millennaries always suppose happens at the same time with this event.'—ABDIEL'S ESSAYS.

tively believe that the Lord may come to-morrow? Are there not many things yet unfulfilled which must precede it. For instance—Are not the Jews to be restored to their land? And do you not thus nullify the practical efficacy of the doctrine which you would advocate? I only reply, that if such thoughts do ever occur, I cannot but think them suggestions of the evil one, to keep me from attending to the often-repeated warning—*Behold, I come as a thief!*

Interpretations of prophecy are human, this command is divine; and therefore they cannot for a moment stand in competition. I freely own that many prophecies would lead me to infer that the Jews will return to their land, that they will rebuild Jerusalem, that the nations will gather against them and besiege them, and that at the very moment of their greatest danger the Lord will appear, and scatter their enemies. This is, I own, my opinion, but I always couple it with the recollection that my opinion is but as the small dust of the balance, and I earnestly pray that this opinion may never lead me to infer that my Lord delayeth his coming. Indeed the restoration of the Jews and the coming of the Lord are so closely entwined together that it is next to impossible to determine the order of occurrence of these two events. If I saw the Jews returning, I should know the coming of the Lord was close at hand; and while I see them remaining in their dispensation, I keep in mind that his coming may be the event which will gather them together. In either case our duty is to pray for grace, that we may be counted worthy to stand before him.

Before I conclude this letter I would call your attention to the fact, that admitting the correctness of

the interpretations generally received, we are now living under the sixth vial—the river Euphrates is drying up, i.e. the Turkish empire is wasting away, and wherefore? To make way for some mysterious event, called the 'preparing of a way for the kings of the east.' Moreover, in this scheme of interpretation, we are living at a time when three unclean spirits are gone forth *unto the kings of the earth, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty*. Rev. xvi. 14. Whether or not this state of things agrees with the present position of Europe, I leave to your own consideration; but I do earnestly entreat you prayerfully to consider the verse immediately following, and which stands by itself as a parenthesis, interrupting the awful prophetic narrative:—"BEHOLD, I COME AS A THIEF. BLESSED IS HE THAT WATCHETH, AND KEEPETH HIS GARMENTS, LEST HE WALK NAKED, AND THEY SEE HIS SHAME. Rev. xvi. 25.

Ever, my dear George,
Your very sincere friend,
L. H. J. T.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR MADAM,

IN one of your articles for this month (August), written by your correspondent X. Q., on "Things of Old," I observe, in speaking of the Jews, he alludes to a thing positively denied by many able advocates of their cause, and I believe by no less an authority than Dr. M'Caul, in his two sermons preached before the Dublin University, i. e. that the Jews, *since* their first captivity, have never fallen into the sin of idolatry. How this comes to pass with men of wisdom, learning, and piety, or with any persons who diligently and carefully read the scriptures of truth, I can scarcely imagine; since this was a sin into which they were so very prone to fall, against which they are so frequently and so strongly warned, and actually declared by God himself to be one, if not the chief, cause of their being scattered in every part of the earth, *before* their rejection of Christ, though this latter was the cause of it *afterwards*.

That they have fallen into and continued in idolatry, in a great measure, is *probable*, from the difficulty of clearly and unequivocally distinguishing and selecting the ten lost tribes, which have been dispersed into all countries, and so incorporated in many instances with the nations in their habits and customs, which we term heathen, that almost every trace

of them is lost; and *certain* from the testimony, in several places, of the inspired writings, some of which, chiefly prophetical and referring to the latter days, I adduce as proof. They are the following, and more might be added:—Deut. iv. 28; xxviii. 64. Jeremiah xvi. 13. Ezekiel xxxvi. 25; xxxvii. 23, to be read with their contexts.

If I am wrong, I shall feel glad to be corrected. The best and greatest of men are liable to error, and the greater the evil therefore in their propagating error. Wishing the blessing of the Lord to rest still more abundantly on your faithful endeavours,

I am, dear Madam,

Yours truly,

AKPIBHΣ.

August 29, 1840.

"MY GOD WILL BRING BACK."

FOR the following stanzas we are indebted to the columns of the Morning Herald. They are written by the author of that stirring address to the Jews which occupied the last pages of our preceding number.

לבני ישראל
שלום לכם

Oh land of Canaan—pleasant land!
  With milk and honey once-o'erflowing—
Where once the rose of Sharon bloomed,
  Where white-flowered myrtles once were growing!
All dreary now and desolate—
  The olive and the cheering vine,
Are trampled down by ruthless feet,
  Ah woe is me for Palestine!

In untamed majesty erect
  Still rise the peaks of Lebanon!
In wreath of snow and cypress clad,
  But all the cedar trees are gone! *
The surges still unwearied beat
  Where Carmel rears his rugged brow,
But now no prophet-seer ascends
  To watch the cloud arising slow!

* A few of the sacred cedars remain, but in the last stages of decay.

Yet it shall rise—yet it shall spread,
Though small at first—an infant's hand—
Yet it shall rise, and spread and cheer
With genial showers the drooping land!
Strong is the LORD—His word is sure!
Strong is the LORD—and He hath sworn
The rose shall bud and blossom yet,
Where rankle now the briar and thorn.

The Gentile nations plot and plan—
And kings combine—and armies move—
Blind fools!—they little know what arm
Is ruling all, unseen—above.
An upstart Pharaoh sends his swarms,
To burn, to slaughter, to destroy,—
And Europe's navies crowd the shores,
To help the Moslem Sultan-boy.

The Maronite—the proud-souled Druse—
In freedom's cause, a noble band!
Are leagued in vain!—in vain they arm,
The LORD still frowns upon the land!
Oh rend the heavens, O LORD!—come down,
Before thee bid the mountains flow!
See, LORD—thy house, once beautiful—
Thy holy cities—all laid low! *

Oh for the son of Jesse's lyre—
Or Jeremiah's patriot numbers,†
To rouse the scattered tribes once more,
The couching lion from his slumbers!—

* Isaiah lxiv. † Lamentations.

Oh for the prophet Daniel's prayer—
His breathless—panting supplication,*
To call down showers of grace once more
On God's beloved, chosen nation!

Oh, men of Judah!—men of Judah!
Can ye thus tamely—idly stand?
Will ye be called the only men
Who love no more their father land?
Up, men of Judah!—up!—arouse ye!
Gather your silver and your gold.†
Assemble—claim the land GOD gave ye, ‡
Be wisely strong—be meekly bold!

Oh, daughters of Jerusalem!
How can ye braid your glossy hair,—
How can ye join the dance and song,
While Zion's hills lies waste and bare?
"If thee, oh Zion, I forget,
Let my right hand forget its skill!
Yea, if above my chiefest joy
I do not think on Zion still!" §

ELIASHIB.‖

* Daniel ix. 16—19. † Isaiah lx. 9. Haggai ii. 8.
‡ Genesis xv. 18. "Unto thy seed have I given this land—from *the river of Egypt* to the great river—*the river Euphrates*."
§ Psalm cxxxvii. ‖ *Anglice*—My God will bring back.

Review of Books.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND. ***By the very Rev. Richard Murray, D.D., Dean of Ardagh, and author of the "Introduction to the study of the Apocalypse," "Lessons on the Church Catechism," and "Sermons on various subjects."*** **Seeley and Burnside.**

THE history of the Catholic church in Ireland, even if embracing only the really important details, would form a voluminous work; but the dean of Ardagh well knows 'that "the spirit of the age" would not endure a more elaborate treatise;' and therefore he has condensed into a very moderate sized volume some of the more marked outlines of that history. This object he states to be that of simply meeting, by HISTORICAL FACTS, the popular errors of the day; and well has he succeeded in so doing. The ignorance prevailing, with regard to Ireland, even among the most

educated classes of society, and those too who have made ecclesiastical history a study, is disgraceful; and its betrayals in conversation or in discussion would be ludicrous were it not so lamentable. We have seen scholars elevate their brows in astonishment on being informed that Ireland's pure Christian church sent forth missionaries to the surrounding countries, long, very long prior to the vaunted crusade of Augustine in this land: and as refutation was impossible, the assertion has generally been met by classing it with the fabulous legends of a barbarous people. Now the dean of Ardagh has briefly, but forcibly brought before us the FACTS, as substantiated by most unquestionable evidence; and has drawn a touching sketch of the struggles through which that beautiful church has been sustained, from the first breathing of the blight of popery upon her, down to the era of 'heavy blows and great discouragements' deliberately inflicted by the Protestant vassals of a Popish dictator. We most earnestly request our readers to make themselves acquainted with this little, but very valuable book; they owe it to that church which was first to be put into the furnace of the latter days; they owe it to the country which we call sister, and which, whether so acknowledged or not, has more than a sister's claim on us; they owe it to that God who appears now about to arise, to shake terribly the earth, and who requires of us that we acquaint ourselves with his past dealings among the nations, that we may the better glorify him in his coming judgments.

CRUDEN'S EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURE TERMS, *taken from his Concordance.* **Religious Tract Society.**

Cruden's work, in quarto, is generally regarded as indispensable to the student of scripture: its value is great as a book of references; but far greater as supplying a compendium of explanatory matter of the soundest character in all the fundamental doctrines, and most important points of sacred history. The large edition is, however, expensive, and rather bulky, and many abridgments have been offered to the public, consisting principally of the mere references. The present volume, on the contrary, is confined to the explanations, of which nothing is omitted, but some few words which the compilers consider to have become obsolete or offensive. A Bible Chronology is added, with some notes on natural history. It will be a great acquisition to those who do not or who cannot possess the larger original.

THE ENGLISH MOTHER; *or, Early Lessons on the Church of England. By a Lady. Second Edition, revised and corrected.* **Burns.**

We never saw this little book until the first edition had been sold off; and holding, as we do in the sight of God, a most solemn responsibility to our Christian sisters, very many of whom are mothers, we feel constrained to say that we do not concur in the views of its, no doubt, pious and amiable author. From the

first sentence to the last it is a continued endeavour to elevate what a certain class of divines call 'The church' into something very near akin to infallibility. This last is certainly an incorrect figure of speech; resembling the remark quoted in the little book before us, when lauding the collects of our church: it says, 'There is *little less* than inspiration in them.' Considering the great, measureless, impassable gulph fixed between inspiration and non-inspiration, this way of talking is somewhat absurd to the mind of a mature person; addressed to children, it is mischievously wrong. Popery is here carefully recognized as a Christian church; and, as in the Lyra Apostolica, a hope expressed that *therefore* God will cleanse her from her errors, and restore her original purity. We would not speak a harsh word of this nicely-written and well-intentioned little work; but we must again and again impress on our friends the absolute necessity of carefully and prayerfully examining modern books, before they place them in the hands of their children. An egg-shell is a valuable thing to guard and preserve the meat; but it would be wrong to hold up a shell, however apparently unbroken, from which the nutritive contents had been abstracted, or in which they had turned to corruption, and recommend it as an excellent article of diet. We do not mean thus to characterize the volume before us; but the doctrines that might, and probably would be built upon such a foundation. We must speak the truth; whatever offence it may give; and we hope, by God's grace, to speak it in all love.

THE TRANSFIGURATION. *An Exposition of Matthew xvii.* 1—8. *By the Rev. Daniel Bagot, B.D., Minister of St. James's Chapel, Edinburgh, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Kilmorey.* Johnstone.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the beautiful papers which lately, through the kindness of their excellent author, appeared in our Magazine, are now published in a very neat pocket volume.

HEBER; *Records of the Poor; Lays from the Prophets; and other Poems. By Thomas Ragg, Author of "The Incarnation," "The Deity," "The Martyr of Verulam," "Sketches from Life," "Lyrics from the Pentateuch,"* &c. Longman and Co.

When we get a new volume from the pen of this spiritual Burns, it tempts us to enact little Jack Horner: we retreat to some snug corner, and pick out the plums. Very numerous and sweet are those which rewarded our search on the present occasion. Some of the shorter pieces are exquisite: "Gather ripe fruits, O death!" and "Oh, give me back the green fields where I was wont to stray," are two of the choicest. "Heber" is a series of narratives, of which the preliminary scene is laid on the millennial earth. Mr. Ragg comes out now as a very decided Millenarian, and we are glad of it. That candle cannot much longer be kept under a bushel by any device.

STRICTURES *on some parts of the Oxford Tract System, especially as it is developed in the* 80*th and* 83*d Tracts.* **A CHARGE** *delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, at a Visitation held in the Parish Church of St. Michael's, Cambridge, on Thursday, May* 21, 1840. *With a copious Appendix, containing among other matters an Abridgment of Mede's Apostacy of the latter Times. By the Rev. J. H. Browne, M.A., Archdeacon of Ely, Rector of Cotgrave, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Published at the request of the Clergy.* Hatchards.

Again has this undaunted champion stood forth, and with even more than his wonted power exposed the deadly errors that have crept into our reformed church; warning his brethren in the spirit of Him who gave the commission to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." The process pursued by the Archdeacon of Ely is very simple. He exhibits the brand of Popery stamped, as he and every discerning man must perceive it to be stamped, upon the system of the Oxford Tractarians; and he deals with that system accordingly. Out of their own mouths, by no forced interpretation, but according to the plain unequivocal meaning of their words, does he judge the propounders of this growing heresy; and with the manly straightforwardness that is so beautiful in all cases, in the case of a minister addressing his brethren so essentially necessary, he denounces their proceedings. How is it that while a vast majority of the dignitaries of our church are known to view with unqualified disapproval the

tenets in question, so very few should have the holy boldness to stand forth and publicly reprobate them? Whom do they fear? Our Lord has forewarned them who they ought to fear; and it is time they should seriously lay to heart the thickening signs of these fearful days, and consider what account they shall render of the souls led away into ruinous errors through such faithless, criminal neglect on the part of those who are bound by the most solemn oath that man can utter before God, "with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines" from the sphere of their superintendence. Erroneous, strange, and antiscriptural in a fearful degree are these doctrines of the Oxford school; and we earnestly beseech our readers to examine the volume now laid before the public by the Archdeacon of Ely, and decide whether they be not incontestibly PROVEN to be so.

As usual, the appendix is ample and of high importance, occupying the greater part of the volume. No man living has a better claim on the gratitude of our church than the Archdeacon of Ely. May God prosper him in his faithful labours. His reward is sure.

THE SPIRIT OF POPERY: *an Exposure of its Origin, Character, and Results. In Letters from a Father to his Children.* Religious Tract Society.

EXTERNAL elegance, and a number of well-executed cuts, are the least recommendations of this very excellent little book. Adapted to the capacity of children, it will convey to the more mature reader infor-

mation of the most weighty character. The enemy does indeed come in as a flood; but even in the nursery, that too often despised and neglected sphere of unmeasurable usefulness, the Spirit of the Lord is lifting up a standard against him. This, however, is not a nursery book; though we can well imagine how exceedingly valuable it would become among mere babes, in the hands of a judicious mother, or—must we say it?—a judicious nursery governess, since it is customary with mothers to delegate to another the privilege of training the infant mind. The Letters proceed on a very logical plan of argument, the basis being that of inspired truth; and after setting forth the fatal nature of Popish error, they proceed to its practical manifestation in Popish practice. Indeed, it is a book that, with no higher pretence than to instruct children, is capable of affording valuable and much-wanted information to a large and, alas! an increasing section of our surpliced divines.

AN APPEAL *on Behalf of the Jews scattered in India, Persia, and Arabia. By the Rev. J. Samuel, Bombay. Published by desire of the Indian Society for promoting the welfare of the Jews throughout India, Persia, and Arabia.* Hatchards; Nisbet; Dalton.

WE beg, in a most especial manner, to call the attention of our friends to this pamphlet. It is the production of a son of Abraham, a Levite; a Rabbi, who in virtue of his descent from that separated tribe, has enjoyed the extraordinary privilege of preaching

Christ crucified to his brethren from 'Moses' chair' in Bengal, in Bombay, in Arabia, and in Persia; having, on a computed average, proclaimed the gospel to upwards of 121,000 Jews, on 925 occasions; and distributed 9786 copies of the holy scriptures to Jews and Musselmen. The appeal itself is addressed 'To Christians of all denominations, but especially to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Reverend and Reverend the Bishops and Ministers, and to the Laity of the Church of England.' It is the production of a foreigner, but written with remarkable eloquence, power, and we may almost say authority: for, be it remembered—and for no pecuniary advantage will we descend from this high ground—be it remembered, the Gentile who helps the Jew to find in Jesus of Nazareth Him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write, receives rather than imparts a gift. God has willed it: all Israel SHALL be saved: He needs not the aid of our stammering lips and jingling purses to execute His own devices; but out of the abundance of His mercy, He who can command the services of all the hosts of heaven, yea, and compel the services of all the legions of hell, says to the Gentile convert, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." Alike to Him are the insolent "I will not," and the insincere "I go, sir:" but woe to us, if we seize not with gladness of heart on our Father's gracious permission!

When a Jew pleads with the Gentile churches to aid him in gathering into the fold the lost sheep of the house of Israel, it is Israel's God who speaks; when a Levite calls us to support him in preaching from the place of priestly authority the great Antitype of all their types, the substance of all their sha-

dowy observances, the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, there can be but one admissible ground for a moment's hesitation, and that is, the necessity of a guarantee that the stranger who has come among us is indeed what he describes himself—his credentials what he would have it supposed they are. Concerning this, we have received satisfactory testimony superadded to a personal knowledge of this "elder brother" in the Lord. We refer our readers to the pamphlet for this requisite guarantee, given in names well known as belonging to devoted servants of God, at the head of which stands that of Bishop Corrie. If our space allowed, we would fill some pages with portions of this truly awakening 'Appeal,' but in default thereof, we must be content to lay before them a paragraph especially concerning themselves: and may the covenant God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, who has declared that to be his name through all generations, and his memorial to the ends of the earth for ever—may HE stir up their hearts to seek the promised blessing on them that shall aid in rebuilding the walls of his desolated heritage!

'Now let me, in conclusion, address a few lines to the Christian sisterhood of Great Britain, those elect ladies of this land, whose influence may be so powerfully enlisted on behalf of our suffering race throughout the world. The attention of some of these has been directed to the condition of eastern females, and some steps have been taken to elevate their degraded sisters in the lands through which for ten years I have journeyed. This is a noble and truly wise enterprise, for the females of the East are the nursing mothers of future generations; and a seed

well sown may come up a thousand. To these, I say, turn also your attention to the Jewish mothers and daughters of those lands; and, in faith in the purposes and promises of God to the seed of Abraham, come forward to raise up these; and in that day when the Lord shall purge away the filth of the daughters of Zion, may many of these rise up in witness, that in their afflictions you were afflicted; that you have entered into the sufferings of Jesus to raise the captives of Jerusalem from the dust, and have led them forth in holy sisterhood to be adorned for the presence-chamber of the great King! O! it is a solemn responsibility which rests upon women professing godliness! The influence of the sex, for weal or for woe, is a proverb in every age and country. And often in the sultry desert, and in the deaths to which I have been subject, have I experienced the soothing influence of woman; and have resolved, for the treatment I have received, to bear witness and to requite, by the help of God, the blessings I received. In the desert, when smitten down with the spear of the wild Arab, I have proved the heroism of woman, who has sucked the deadly poison from my wounds, and soothed my spirit with the tender assiduities of benevolence and love.'

THE PROTESTANT.

'IT would be an interesting task,' observed my uncle, 'to collect, if it were practicable, the warnings given within the last twelve years by that class of believers derisively called 'prophets,' because like Daniel, they searched the books, computed the years, and taking it for granted that God means what he says, set before us the perils on which we were madly rushing. They could not stay the wild career of a scorning generation, but they plainly shewed what would be its end.'

'And many of them are now among us contemplating the fulfilment of their words; while others are mingled with the great cloud of witnesses, to whom the present position of their militant brethren must afford an awfully interesting spectacle.'

'Men,' resumed my uncle, 'who wholly and irreconcilably differed on the preliminary points, yet arrived at precisely the same conclusion, and that conclusion is fully borne out hitherto by the event. The students of prophecy took one position, the opponents of that school a contrary one, yet to each the ultimate object appeared exactly the same. I speak of those who lifted up their voice, in the Lord's name, to forbid the banns of that unholy alliance from which we date our retrograde movement even to our present situation on the verge of a precipice,

down which the next backward step plunges us headlong.'

'Those men were all taught and commissioned of God, uncle; but as if to leave us generally without excuse, the diversity of their gifts suited each man to a separate class of hearers; so that all were warned and taught to look for the things that were about to come upon the earth.'

'How often does now the striking figure of our own venerated pastor rise up before me,' said my uncle, 'even as we were wont to behold him excited into vehemence, almost convulsed with emotion, and bearing his testimony, in the spirit of a Boanerges, against the suicidal act which, as he said, 'robbed us of our glorious Theocracy.' He was indeed the Micaiah of those evil-workers.'

'And yet, uncle, how warmly did Howels oppose the views of his brethren, who built on the prophetic no less than on the preceptive word that Protest which he sustained on the latter only!'

'Yes: there were those among the flock who were not prepared to receive, even from the lip of a Howels, what God had not shewn them in the word of inspiration. To them was he sent; while others went forward, and with McNeile took in the vast expanse of prophetic ground, and heard the roll of distant thunder, where our beloved Howels thought the tide of gospel peace was softly advancing with gradual spread, to cover the earth with the knowledge of the Lord's glory, swallowing up in its calm progress all that resisted his sway.'

'I thought so too: I believed that the kingdom of God would so come, not with noise or with observation, but through the labours of missionaries, and

the dispersion of bibles. Was it not your impression also?'

'Not exactly, uncle. I had learned of man to expect it, but portions of God's word would often rise in perplexing contradiction to that pleasant dream. I well remember the powerful impression made on my mind when, at some public meeting in Freemasons' Hall, Mr. McNeile stood forth, his little Bible in his hand, and proclaimed the day of vengeance in conjunction with the year of the redeemed. The brows of his surrounding brethren darkened; he read in their looks not only incredulity but displeasure, impatience, and even hostility; he then turned to the 136th Psalm, and with the all-triumphant energy of one who feels that he is putting forth an irresistible argument, he read the verses; "To him that smote Egypt in their first-born; *For his* MERCY *endureth for ever*. To him which smote great kings; *For his* MERCY *endureth for ever*. And slew famous kings; *For his* MERCY *endureth for ever*.' Then he turned to Isaiah again, and with a power that I doubt not was felt by many an opposing spirit at the time; though the fruit did not yet appear, he shewed that mercy to the church included vengeance on the church's stubborn persecutors. A great light certainly broke on my mind that day: I recalled the "rod of iron" wielded by the Son at the very time when the heathen are given to him for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession, as shewn in the second Psalm; and the summons to the glorified spirits in heaven, to rejoice over Babylon in her tremendous fall. Oh, my dear uncle, we are very apt to bend scripture to our own standard, and to say unto the Lord concerning his most mighty

works, "That be far from thee!" We ought to submit to the revelation of his purposes, and never dare to question them.'

'I perfectly agree with you, my dear. And now let us take a survey of our position as a nation; our prospects and our duties.'

'Our situation, uncle, and our prospects are such that I shrink from the spectacle.'

'Shrinking from it will not alter it. Come, look danger in the face boldly; and what to a patriot is harder, look defeat and degradation in the face too; and what to a Christian patriot is the climax of trial, look in the face of God's righteous displeasure against us, and remember how we have provoked him to visit for these things, and to be avenged on such a nation as this.'

'We seem to be on the eve of a foreign war: disorganization, disaffection, and open treason, abounding at home.'

'Such has been our state before: I have seen as menacing a storm burst, and the clear sunshine succeed it. Revolutionary France diffused the venom of her infidelity among us, and kindled the flame of insurrectionary violence too, before she directed the thunders of war against our shore. Were we now as then, in reference to our religious standing among the nations, I should present an undaunted front, and say to them, singly or unitedly, 'Come on.''

'Nay, uncle, I am sure there is more spiritual religion abroad in the land now—far more—than at the period you speak of.'

'No doubt: our ministers, generally speaking, came under the designation of dumb dogs who could not bark; they were worldly, careless, unfaithful;

and the people, being like-minded with them, loved to have it so. But remember we are now taking a view of England in her national character, as a state, not as composed of individuals. What do we behold? A praying king, ever seeking the Lord's glory in all that he took in hand, presiding in a council the first act of which, on all occasions of public peril, was to order a general recognition of the divine Sovereignty by a national fast, humiliation and prayer. God was openly entreated in the face of the whole world, to overspread us with his shield, to bless our arms, and to crown us with peace. Not content with the daily use of a prayer contained in our Liturgy, and with the addition of one expressly prepared for the then crisis, our rulers directed the heads of the church to compose whole services, on the day appointed for which, business was suspended, shops and places of amusement were closed, every church throughout the kingdom was opened, collections for the poor universally made; and all this was proclaimed throughout Europe by the newspapers. What was the result? Why, just what the scripture leads us to look for. The world at large could not penetrate into the recesses of our hearts, could not detect the lack of spiritual religion, where it was lacking, and only knew that we had publicly cast our burden upon the Lord, humbly confessing—"The Lord is our defence, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our King,"—and ending with the confident assertion, "He will save us." In this way Israel of old approached him, and what says the Lord, while testifying against their many provocations? "Nevertheless, I wrought for my name's sake, that it should not be polluted among the hea-

then, in whose sight I had brought them out." Ay, in the sight of all he had brought *us* out from the iron furnace of the papal Egypt, and given us to worship him with a pure worship; purified from the idolatrous abominations of the mass. He would not permit to our enemies a conquest that would virtually have been a conquest over Him in whose hands we had placed our cause. He therefore taught our senators wisdom, and girded our warriors with strength to the battle. Our bulwarks were the Lord's, therefore they were not razed; our standard was unfurled in his name, therefore it floated victorious by land and by sea. Did not Nelson know who nerved his arm, poor sinful man as he was, when evermore ascribing to Almighty God the splendid victories he won? Did not England add her seal thereto, when on receipt of glad tidings from her conquering hosts her pious king called around him his counsellors, and decreed that a day of public, of general thanksgiving should precede the rejoicings of a boastful people? Oh it was very beautiful to witness those holidays, when the household preparations for a blaze of light in the evening were suspended, while the family donned their Sunday suits and reverently sought the house of God, to declare in the face of the universe that to HIM they ascribed all the glory, all the praise, all the power, in and through Jesus Christ!'

My uncle paused, for his emotion had become great; and then resumed,

'It is a righteous thing to be cast off by Him whom we no longer confess. What do the nations of the earth know concerning our individual piety, supposing it to be as extensively general among the

people as the reverse notoriously is? They hear of no public recognition of God, as our defence and our King; they see no record of a calling upon him for succour; and they measure us by our natural standard, as an adversary whose strength they have proved of old, but whose locks they may hope are now shorn, rendering us weak and like other nations. There is also this aggravation in our case, that it is not a habitual omission, but a deliberate ceasing to do well—a virtual acknowledgment in the face of the world that whereas we have hitherto prospered under the implored blessing of the Most High, we are confident of prospering now equally well without it. One of two conclusions must certainly be deduced from the discontinuance of former practices: either that we regard the divine aid as a thing *not* worth our seeking, or else that we consider the Lord in some way bound to preserve us whether we ask him or no.'

'Truly the church must be in some way blameable for this.'

'What do you mean by the church?'

'I mean those who hold authority in it; and whose intimate, personal connexion with the state seems to be an appointed means of insuring to us a due attention on the part of government to those things which concern the national religion; or rather, perhaps, the religion of the nation. Are not they Privy Councellors, uncle?

'The two archbishops are.'

'Then it rests with them to enforce the continuance of a custom of which the breach is a wide step towards the apostate condition of a people who have cast off their God. They ought to insist upon it;

and failing, they should make public the fact of their having so done. But they would not fail: no English government would yet dare to alienate from themselves the whole body of the clergy, and all the religious feeling in the land, however godless they might individually be.'

'Softly, my dear niece: you are throwing a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of two men; and supposing what we are not right to suppose, that our temporal rulers are given over to a reprobate mind. Assuredly I feel with you that the bench of bishops, a numerous and a powerful body of men in the state, ought to bring the whole weight of their influence to bear on this point; that their clergy, respectively, ought to call on them so to do; and that each congregation ought to make known to its own minister that such is their view of the case. At present, the sin of omission attaches to all parties; and let those who feel it most be the first to touch the lever by which the whole body maybe easily moved. Alas! man has not the will in himself to any good work; and our sins have provoked the Lord to leave us alone.'

'My conviction is, that the nations who have afflicted Israel during the long period of their dispersion are now about to be judged, while God gathers again his outcasts, to place his tabernacle in the midst of them for evermore.'

'No country has more cruelly persecuted them than this England of ours has done.'

'Ay, uncle; but remember what was so well spoken by Mr. Stowell at Liverpool on that subject. It was Popish England, or rather it was Popery in England that persecuted the Jew. Our Protestant church casts back the charge. She is clear from their blood.'

'No, my dear, not from the blood of their souls. Protestant England has not robbed, spoiled, murdered the Jew; she has extended to him the religious toleration, the legal protection which is common to the Turk, the Infidel, the Romanist; but she has not sought the welfare of Israel. She has looked on them in the day of their spiritual calamity without a single effort to communicate to them the gospel of Christ. This is a solemn thought for us, seeing what free course the scriptures have long had, which set forth in every page the concern taken by the Most High in all that regards his ancient people. We shall soon have all our transgressions brought to mind by judgments already abroad in the earth; and I fear there are too many, even among God's children, who to this day lay not to heart the account we have to render on this important point.'

'How wonderful that the immediate cause of all that now overhangs Europe—the menaced burst of a desolating war, the great bone of contention among the kings of the earth, should be nothing else than the identical land which God gave to Abraham and to his seed for ever!'

'No, it is not wonderful, because the sure word of prophecy led us to expect it. The wonder is, that men's minds should be so little affected by the circumstance. But we have surveyed our situation; now to our prospects and duties.'

'Alas! uncle, the prospect is very dark. We seem to stand alone, disunited within ourselves, and ready to become a prey on all sides. Our Colonies, the great aim of Napoleon's craving ambition, are not as they were in former times. Across the Atlantic a spirit is at work, fomented by the political influence

of America, and the rampant expectancy of Popery; the Canadas are ready to slip from our grasp, and with them all that we possess in that hemisphere. India lies a tempting prey before the Russian, with her countless millions whom we have left in idolatry, and consequently in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, instead of winning them into the fold of Christ. On both hands we have failed to weave the only tie that could enduringly bind to us the people who own our sway; and with Popery in the west, Paganism in the east, both by their very existence testifying against us before God, while they arm man with weapons to resist us, what cheering object can we fix upon?'

'Ireland,' said my uncle, smiling.

'Ireland! don't name it. There is a cry of blood, the blood of the murdered, incessantly rising against us in that land. Positively, sir, the treatment that Protestantism in Ireland is now receiving at our hands, almost involves us in the doom of Rome herself. Nothing can extenuate, nothing can palliate it. In Ireland, the nearest, the most important of all our connections, the most invincible of friends, the most terrific of foes to England—in Ireland the very laws by which we profess to govern are a dead letter, a mock, and a scorn. Nothing is protected there but sedition, nothing encouraged but treason against God and the Queen. Protestantism in Ireland has been struck with a hand of iron; and with an eye of marble, England stands by to watch its death-struggle. The Protestant church has been crushed; and now her Protestant corporations are sold—coolly, circumspectly sold by the false Protesters of her own soil, and the jobbing Conservatives of ours.'

'Softly, again,' interrupted my uncle, whose sparkling eyes announced that he fully concurred in all I was saying; 'just listen to this, a passage from the speech of that splendid fellow, Isaac Butt, in Dublin, the other day, when with a master's hand he overruled the turbulence of excited spirits, wrought into a tempest by the wrongs of which you speak, and led them on in the difficult path of duty. Hear what he says of the church.' He then produced the Dublin Statesman, of October 20, and read as follows:—'The church was still left to them (cheers and some cries of no.) Had he heard a cry of no? He would not permit this to pass without rebuke. Thank God their church was still left (cheers.) Her emoluments may have been curtailed—her dignities may have been lessened; but in her sorrow and her poverty, deprived of her incomes, and shorn of her dignities, that church was still dear to the hearts of the Protestants of Ireland (vehement cheering.) Their cathedrals were left destitute of their prelates; but still they had in every parish the pastor to teach the pure Word of God (renewed cheers.) They had a clergy, who in piety, in virtue, in zeal, in learning, no church on earth could excel (continued cheers.) Let no Protestant tell him that their church was gone—it was not gone until the Union was repealed.' 'Now this, pursued my uncle, 'is the feeling of all Irish Protestants, deserving the name: and sure I am, that no one can read this report of a meeting, where the exasperated party were called on to pledge themselves anew to a course of loyal attachment, where that attachment, that loyalty, has been so basely requited, without feeling that God is still with them; and then WHO CAN BE AGAINST THEM? Read Mr. Butt's mas-

terly speech; his exquisite description of Protestant honesty as opposed to contemptible expediency, and you will be constrained to own that it is still in Ireland we are to look for light amid the darkness.'

'And in England, too, uncle; as witness our late sojourn in Liverpool.'

'Ay; if I was asked the first duty of English Christians at this moment, and could utter a reply to penetrate every house, every heart in the empire, I would shout forth, "Sustain your Protest." That alone can save us now. As a Protestant nation we weathered all former storms; for undefiled Protestantism was the ruling spirit in the bosom of good old George the Third, and by its pervading influence the vast machinery of the state worked on. There is a good deal of it alive among us; the recent victory achieved by the livery of London was a noble manifestation of that spirit. We may yet, by the force of moral influence, drive our rulers back upon the good old ground, and instead of forfeiting our national existence, shine out once more, a chosen people, preserved to elevate God's standard, and to work his blessed will in many ways. It may yet be reserved for us to bring his sons from far, and his daughters from the ends of the earth—our ships, the ships of Tarshish *first* in the work. Satan is an accurate expounder of prophecy, having such immense experience, such vast knowledge both of the present and the past. If he so reads the prediction, be sure he will level the whole might of his tremendous powers to cripple us. He will lead us into sin, and place all his legions between us and our appointed duties. But let us resist him; let each Christian in the land make it a matter of separate individual duty ACTIVELY to resist

him, by stepping forward in the work that he labours to impede. In so doing, we are sure to save ourselves from the coming judgments; for "who is he that shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" and oh, what a heart-stirring thought it is, my dear, that in thus honestly seeking to save ourselves, according to the will of God, we may, by this good hand upon us, save our England too!'

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE Protestant Annual for 1841, edited by Charlotte Elizabeth, will be published on the 1st of December. We have seen the frontispiece—the portrait of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile—in its finished state; and can conscientiously pronounce it, alike in the beauty of its design and execution, and in its wonderfully perfect resemblance to the beloved original, a *chef d'œuvre*. A spirited likeness of the Earl of Winchilsea also adorns the volume. Of its literary contents we will speak in our next number.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XVIII.

When, on the following day, Richard Green repaired to the gentleman on whose business he came, the latter, struck by the dejection of his countenance, inquired whether he was ill. Richard answered, that he was better in body than in mind; and on being kindly encouraged, owned that he had suffered a grievous disappointment in finding that the factory labour, for which his family had given up the healthful employments of the country, was so very different a thing from what they expected to find it. Of pecuniary distress he said nothing; but expatiated on the ruinous severity of the toil, and the demoralizing tendency of their habits. To all this his hearer most feelingly assented, and told him that he was busily engaged in forwarding the objects of those who

sought to obtain legislatorial redress for the crying evils so generally felt. This was a joyful surprise to poor Richard, and with eager delight he accepted a ticket that was to admit him to a select meeting of the labourers, about to assemble for the consideration and adoption of future plans. 'So, then,' thought Richard, as he left the house with a lighter heart than he had felt for two days, 'so, then, after all, there is some good stirring. I wonder why South did not tell me of this.'

Full of anxious expectation, he repaired to the place of meeting; and found about twenty men assembled, principally of the appearance of artizans, but with one or two from a higher class in society. An air of seriousness pervaded the assemblage, and the general aspect of the men bespoke the quiet determination that is not soon turned from its purpose. Several bore the marks of bodily injury sustained in the factories, some were much stunted in growth, and there was not among them what would in the country be called a healthy-looking person. They were earnest but calm, and the curiosity that Richard's appearance evidently gave rise to was unmixed with rudeness or suspicion.

A well-dressed respectable-looking man, seated at a table, with a pile of papers before him, invited the stranger to approach, and after looking at his ticket, observed, "You got this from our good friend Mr. H., and that is sufficient introduction; but perhaps *you* will be kind enough to tell us what led you to join us; you don't look like one who has been in the mills.'

Richard felt a little abashed, but summoning resolution, replied, 'True, sir, I never wrought in a fac-

tory ; my labour, through God's mercy, has been in the country; but those that are dearer to me than my life are in the mills, and suffering enough to make me feel it more than if it was myself.'

'Surely,' said one of the men, 'I saw you in the court, taking a great interest in the case of poor little Mary Green.'

'Well I might,' answered Richard, casting down his eyes as the recollection overcame him.

'Are you related to her?'

'I am her brother.'

A dwarfish, but most intelligent-looking man now held out his hand, saying, 'Mr. Green, I honour you, and every member of your family, for the part you have acted by that precious girl Helen Fleetwood. If ever there was a persecuted Christian enabled by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of the foolish, and to shame them of the contrary part, she is such a one.'

Richard grasped the friendly hand as though it had been the richest of earth's treasures; but emotion kept him silent.

'Now,' said the president, 'I proceed to read the last letters from our deputation in London, that we may determine what steps to take next.'

The document that he unfolded was long, and very interesting. It stated that the writer had been closely examined before the Committee of the House of Commons; that every important fact had been fairly elicited by the chairman and other friends to the cause, while all possible pains were taken by some on the other side to draw from him a contradiction of some part of his testimony, or to put a different aspect on the truths stated. He had afterwards been pre-

sent in the gallery to hear a debate on the subject, where, he said, several of their friends spoke out with great force and feeling. They were met by hot and angry speeches on the part of some whom he named; cool denial from others; and one gentleman had ventured upon such a misrepresentation of the whole concern as would not be believed in that or any other factory town to have passed the lips of a person so well acquainted with the case. 'Generally,' he wrote, 'the matter was not taken up by such members as were personally most interested in it, but by others, who seemed to have got a completely wrong notion of the whole thing instilled into them. The worst part of the case was, the very great indifference shewn by the House; many went out as soon as the subject was started; some folded their arms and fell asleep; others kept up conversations, often rising loud enough to drown the voices of the speakers; while pamphlets and newspapers were being handed about, and consultations held on all sorts of subjects. Lord Ashley——'

Here a general murmur of voices, rising at last to a hearty cheer, interrupted the reader: he paused till the burst of feeling had its way, then said, 'God bless him!' 'Amen,' was the unanimous response, and he resumed.

'Lord Ashley, though he seemed grieved and hurt at all this, was neither daunted nor discouraged. He got up and gave them a lesson, both on our claims and their duties that will not soon be forgotten by any honest man who heard it. It did me good to look at him, and to think how much better than all the rank and all the wealth in the world is the blessing that belongs to him, pleading as he does the cause

of the poor, and persevering in striving that those who are in need and necessity have right. Ay, striving against such difficulties as nobody can estimate or understand without seeing it. We used to think that what thwarts him is a hot opposition in the House of Commons. No such thing; it is like pleading with the deaf or preaching to the dead. Give him an adversary, and he can grapple with him; but who can grapple with a painted picture of a man, that stares out of a frame, without having either senses, or substance, or reality of any sort? This is just what the gentlemen become when our case is brought forward. Mr. O'Connell,'——

Here another interruption took place, of a character remarkably dissimilar from the former. The reader smiled, and resumed,

'Mr. O'Connell took vast pains not to hear what was said. He had a roll of papers in his hand, and untied them for the benefit of some red-whiskered gentleman near him. Whether they were money drafts or instructions I don't know, but I know what I thought of when I looked from Lord Ashley to him, and back again to Lord Ashley.'

The writer went on to state some of the misrepresentations that had been made, requesting to have a person sent up who could, on oath, from his own knowledge, disprove them.

'Here,' said the president, folding the letter, 'is our difficulty; we cannot rouse a manly feeling in the legislature on behalf of the oppressed children of poverty. If the lukewarm, indifferent people were away, and the battle to be fairly fought between those who are in earnest, we should soon see a good result; but this indifference leaves men so open to the arts of

interested individuals, who, if they cannot give them a false view of the matter, so as to make them active opponents, easily persuade them it is a thing of no consequence, a mere waste of public time, the whim of a few sentimental dreamers. The liberal party, and more particularly those at the head of affairs, who could carry it at once if they chose, are liberal enough of fair words, but deeds we seek in vain; and the great liberator has sold us, almost in the open market, into a renewed, and for aught he cares, a perpetual period of hopeless bondage. We cannot change the course of this under-current; all we can do is to go on forwarding to our friends such plain, honest facts as can be proved in the face of day, and praying to God to strengthen the hands of our generous advocates.'

They proceeded to discuss the merits of different persons whom it was proposed to send up; and Richard, meanwhile, entered into conversation with his new friend.

'It does not seem as if you had much to expect,' he sorrowfully observed.

'No; but we use the means, and look to God for the blessing that he can give when he sees good. It is an awful proof of the power of Satan, that such statements should be laid, year after year, before upwards of six hundred gentlemen, chosen to represent the whole body of the people, and to watch over the country's interests, and yet no effectual redress be given. I say effectual, because some bills have been passed, and some improvements made; but at the same time clauses in the old acts that afforded great protection have been expunged, and very grievous alterations made. You saw two instances in court. You saw

what a mere farce the fine can be reduced to on the most aggravated charges; where formerly ten or twenty pounds was the lowest that could have been imposed on such a conviction; and, moreover, every separate offence was formerly visited with a fine, whereas now only one can be recovered for any particular day. You also saw, what probably you were not aware of, a near relation of the offender sitting to judge the cause.'

'Yes, I was told of it by a friend of mine—one Mr. South.'

The other looked at him for a moment with less cordiality; then said, 'Have you been long intimate with South?'

'No; I sleep at his house, and that's all.'

'Then let me, as a Christian man, caution you of a danger you may not be aware of. South is loud in his complaints of what we all suffer from, but the remedy that he seeks is even worse than the disease. I fear——'

He paused, and Richard said, 'You may speak freely to me. I'm no tale-bearer; and to tell you the truth I didn't half like South's way of talking.'

'Then be on your guard; for I greatly fear that he is involved in political plans that would not bear daylight. Some men who long to overturn all right government have come among us, and endeavoured to make our grievances a pretext for engaging in rebellious schemes. This we never can do; those of us at least who know right from wrong, who fear God, and desire to be found in the path of duty, however hard, knowing that the way of transgressors is much harder. Still, from the deplorable ignorance of those brought up in the mills, there are multitudes ready

to listen eagerly to such suggestions; and it is too probable that the cruel neglect of the British Government as concerns those employed in the manufactories, to which her commercial prosperity is mainly owing, will yet recoil on themselves in some terrible outbreak, aided by those who are made desperate by oppression, and utterly careless as to future consequences, because they have been left in ignorance and unbelief.'

'Thank you for putting me on my guard. I confess I sometimes feel as if I could take vengeance on those who have brought my family to such a state, but it is only the sinful thought of a moment. However, it might be taken advantage of by anybody who observed it. I will watch and pray.'

The other took his hand: 'Green, the lesson you have learned in your young years, and which you are now called on to put in practice, will become more valuable to you every day. Evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse, as the scriptures have foretold; and the knowledge that is so boasted of is only making men more skilful in mischief, or puffing them up with the false pride that comes before a fall. I look about and see all this: I look within myself and understand it. In my heart I find the seed of every evil thing, and I know that it is only by the grace of God working in me that I am not constantly following a multitude to do evil. If I ceased to watch, as you say, and to pray, I should directly fall. How then can I wonder to see others, in their different ranks and stations, betrayed into bad courses, when they never think of applying to God for help against the devices of their invisible enemy? If the rulers of England and her great men knew the value

of what is now being given over to Satan and his tools, they would endeavour to stop the mischief by imparting religious instruction proportioned to the great increase of the demand for it. But I fear they regard us only as machines, while making a great shew of raising us in the scale of knowledge; and so they are loading, as it were to the muzzle, a gun that will burst and destroy them.'

'I think,' said Richard, 'that South is such a man: he seems to have a deal of learning for one in his station; but I should be tempted to fear he would better like to revenge himself than to see what is wrong quietly set right.'

'We must not be too ready to judge others,' answered his new acquaintance, 'but it is our duty to observe and to take warning, and to look to our own ways when we see our fellows slide. I always find South and some others ready enough to dwell upon the grievances we suffer; but when I propose the peaceable, legal way of trying to get them redressed, they fall back, with some excuse or other, generally pointing to the small benefit we have yet got by our efforts, and saying the evil is too great to be remedied by means so tame.'

'And you are expecting to see the success of your endeavours?' asked Richard.

'I hope it may please God, before long, to rouse the feelings of our fellow-countrymen on behalf of the poor children employed in these mills. If that was done, we should soon see a change for the better. Now suppose a lady, the mother of a young family, looking upon her own children and thinking what she would feel if they were situated like the wretched little ones in the factories,—or suppose another, em-

ployed in teaching or overseeing a nice school of girls, and comparing their comforts and advantages with what our little labourers want, and what they suffer,—don't you think these ladies would use their influence over their own husbands, fathers, brothers and friends, to make it a point with the candidate they vote for, that he should support our cause in the Parliament? You see, it is no party matter at all; whig or tory, conservative or radical, any man may assist our noble champion Lord Ashley, without interfering with his general politics, or offending the party he belongs to. And, alas, Green, men seem to think much more of being consistent in their party support than in doing what is acceptable before God! We see no obstacle to having a large majority with us, if the country would take up our distressed situation.'

'There is another thing,' said Richard. 'You know a vast number of the voters that send members to Parliament are men in humble life. In the farming districts, and such places as I come from, it is so: and I suppose in towns the small shop-keepers and trades-people have a good deal to do in turning the poll where there is a contest.'

'Certainly: and what do you infer from it?'

'Why, the gentlefolk have a power of interest among those people, and might use it with such good effect as to make it worth any candidate's while to let it be known he would do his best to help the cause of the poor factory children. And why don't they do it?'

'For want of being rightly informed upon the subject. You see, the facts are brought before Parliament, by having witnesses up to be examined on

oath before the committee; these reports, as they are called, are printed, and sold too: but, Green, I don't think one lady in a thousand ever looks into them, to say nothing of other classes: and if they are not read, how can the statements be known? What we chiefly want is to have some public information given about it, such as will be read, and may stir up the hearts of God's servants to succour us. We want neither their gold nor their silver,' he added, with energy, 'we want nothing that would lessen their wealth or encroach on their time. All we want is that they should secure to us a fair share in the blessings of the English constitution, by making a right use of their own privileges. As we have shewn, they can all, more or less, bring an influence to bear on the House of Commons; and that has the power of righting all that is wrong and oppressive among their poor country-people.'

He paused: his raised voice had attracted the notice of the president, who remarked, 'True, Hudson; and that is one great object of our meetings here. Many good works are going on through the land; and the time may not be far off when a call will be heard for more information respecting the factory children, by those who know how to draw public attention to any cause they wish to promote. It is not long since, that I happened to be at a meeting called by some ladies who wanted to forward the education of children in some very distant heathen land: it was a new thing, and excited curiosity. The room was full: some gentlemen came forward, read descriptions, commented on the miserable state, both bodily and spiritual, of those children, proposed resolutions, established a society, and made a collec-

tion for the express purpose of spreading those facts, and extending that appeal through the land. I listened with interest, and cheerfully gave my mite: but a sadness was on my mind as I thought, 'The children of your own people, the little neighbours of your own houses, are in as bad a plight as these distant heathen babes; and would not He whose eye is alike on both equally bless an effort that should do good at home?' I did not desire to see the benefit withheld from the others, God forbid! but I thought of the words, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the others undone."'

A murmur of assent ran through the room, and Hudson remarked to Richard, 'Oh that we had a few of those Christian ladies to take the hard case of our factory little ones into their kind and zealous hands!'

'It is no more than one might expect from them,' he returned, 'considering how well it becomes them to care for poor little friendless children.'

The business of the meeting being over, Richard walked homewards, in company with his new acquaintance, to whom he remarked, 'I cannot but say this has been the best thing I have yet met with in M. Still you seem to be getting on but slowly in your good work; and meanwhile what is to become of those belonging to us who are suffering all these miseries?'

Hudson shook his head: 'That is a question which God alone can supply an answer to. I know how anxious you must feel, and how slow the progress must appear which can bring little, if any relief to those you love. But we have no remedy—no help. As to myself, I am employed in a situation that has no great hardship belonging to it, after fighting my

way through all the troubles that beset a fellow who tries to serve God according to his conscience. For myself, I have now no complaint to make.'

'And you have no family?'

'None: none belonging to me now.' He sighed heavily, and added, 'Once I had ties, even dearer than yours, for I was a husband, and, in anticipation, a father too. I began in the mills very young, and when labour was more severe, because less limited than it now is. A twin sister, dearer to me than my life, entered at the same time; but she soon died of consumption. After some years, I met, in the same line of labour, with a young person of whom it is enough to say that Helen Fleetwood constantly reminds me of her, both in manners and in mind. The seed of divine truth had taken root in my spirit very early; and I do not think I was allowed to disgrace such profession of religion as a young lad could make in a mill. Similarity of feeling, under the same trials and the same consolations, drew us together: we waited long, that I might, by an appointment which was promised me, be better able to maintain my dear Martha in a respectable home. I got the situation, and we were married; but not without many warnings from our friends that, through the injurious effect of factory labour, she would never live to be a mother. We were content to leave that to God; and one year of the purest domestic peace and happiness I enjoyed, only damped by the uneasy apprehension with which we could not but look forward to the birth of an expected little one. The hour came; and I was left, after a day and night of torturing suspense, to kneel beside the bodies of the dead mother and her dead babe.'

Richard was too much moved to utter a word of sympathy: he put his arm through Hudson's as they walked, and its friendly pressure alone bespoke his feelings.

'It was all right,' resumed Hudson; 'she expected it, and meekly waited for the summons. Indeed, her joy was great at times; but the thought of leaving me bereft of my only earthly treasure afflicted her. Well, I had not built my house on the sand; and even such a storm as this failed to move it. Since then, I have devoted myself to two objects: one is that for which you found us assembled: the other is the instruction of children, so far as my means will go, and opportunities can be found, *in* the way that I know to be the way of pleasantness, and which my precious Martha found even to the last mortal gasp to be the path of peace.'

'What a murdering business this mill-work is!' exclaimed Richard. Then, abruptly, he asked, 'Do you think it will kill Helen?'

Hudson seemed unwilling to reply; but when urged, he said, 'Not being in the same mill, nor much acquainted with the family, I have not such good opportunities of judging how they are affected by it. Helen teaches a class in my Sunday-school, and I hear a great deal of her from others, who witness her patient continuance in well doing under much opposition and persecution.'

'But from what you do see, how should you guess, as to the effect on her health?'

'Not favourably, I confess: I see the weakness of the ancles, the narrowness, so to speak, of the frame, a stoop, and a quickness of breathing, together with the increasing paleness of her complexion.'

'Would not country air, and exercise, and the way of living she was used to, cure it all?'

'It might,' said Hudson, hesitatingly.

'Mary does not seem to suffer much, if at all.'

'Not in bodily health.'

'Ah, I know what you mean.'

Then a silence ensued; till Richard asked if he knew Parkins, Hudson answered that he did.

'Is he a good man?'

'He is; but he holds some doctrines good in themselves, which, carried to the extreme he goes to, have an effect not favourable to Christian watchfulness.'

'So I feared: my grandmother placed my little brother under his care, and he seems to have left him pretty much to chance.'

'No, not that: but probably he has put off doing any thing till God begins openly to work in him. Parkins seems to forget that while waiting for a fair wind, all should be put in readiness to make the most of it. But how is this? I thought your brother was unable to go out.'

'I have two: now come home with me, and see them all, for you are just the person we want to set us on a little. Neither Smith nor Parkins, nor any body they seem to know, is like the friends we had at L., you alone resemble them.'

Hudson willingly accompanied the warm-hearted youth, and was received with a hearty welcome. Helen, after bestowing her share of it, said, 'Granny, this is the person I told you of, who stood my friend more than once, by speaking kindly of me to the overlookers, when others did differently.'

'And this is the person,' said Mary, 'who has made me hold my tongue when nobody else could.'

Her glance towards Helen, and the latter's benevolent smile, indicated that Mary's volubility had been directed against her.

'And this is the person,' added James, 'whom of all the people in M. I have most wished to know.'

'Then why, my dear boy, did you not send fo me?'

'Because your time was better employed: you ar always teaching those that know nothing, and I only wanted you to come and remind me of what I have been mercifully taught already.'

Katy, meanwhile, stood blushing and brightening, evidently the best pleased of all. She peeped up in his face, as he patted her head, saying, 'It's you are the gentleman that taught me to take pains and learn fast, that I might be a help and a comfort to them. And when they were sick'——here Hudson interrupted her suddenly, 'Well, Katy, you certainly took a friend's advice in good part, and learned your book remarkably well. And do you continue to learn from it? Do you love the blessed Bible, my little maid?'

'I do, sir.'

With a swelling heart Richard contemplated the group, rejoicing that he had found at last one individual able to influence the whole party, and sure to influence them for good. The conversation immediately took a turn most congenial to the Christian mind; and they were discoursing on the sweets of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, in the spirit of those whose way through the wilderness is both sharp and steep, and who can therefore appreciate the promised country, when Helen, half rising from her chair, fell back fainting. All was

alarm and agitation: restoratives were applied, such as they could command, but the fit continued, and as the darkening hue of death seemed to gather round her lips, and its damps to ooze from her clay-cold hands, Mary exclaimed, 'She never was so far gone, or for so long before. Oh, Helen, look up! don't leave us!' and she burst out into a passion of crying.

'Before!' repeated the widow; 'has this happened before?'

'Often and often, ma'am,' answered Katy, mournfully. 'She has fell down on the heaps of cotton, and laid there like as father when he was dead.'

'And I was never told!' exclaimed the old woman indignantly, as she chafed the hollow temples on which her tears fell. 'My poor lamb, you have indeed been among those who had no pity!'

'She almost swore us not to tell,' sobbed Mary, 'and they say it is such a common thing in Helen's room, owing to its being the hottest and most fatiguing of all, that nobody minds it. We only hear of it from others; except two or three times I happened to be near her.'

Symptoms of returning life now appeared; and Hudson, who had stood in silent sorrow contemplating the scene, drew Richard away, saying, 'The more air, and the less excitement she has, the better: so come, take a turn down in the court with me.'

No sooner were they fairly out of hearing than the youth, with a violence that startled his companion, exclaimed, 'They shan't murder her—I say they shan't. And now I swear by all'——

'Green! Green!' cried Hudson, in a tone so loud

and authoritative, that it checked him at once; 'what advantage are you going to give the devil now? Will you add swearing to wrath? Come, recollect yourself, my dear fellow, and remember in whose hand are the keys of death and of hell—remember who openeth and no man can shut; who shutteth, and no man can open: remember by whom the very hairs of her head are numbered.'

'You did right to stop me,' faltered Richard, 'I see the folly and wickedness of angering my only Friend. But these things set me mad. Only think of their letting her faint, and faint, day after day, and never even tell my grandmother—never get her a little absence allowed to recover her strength!'

'I tell you plainly, my friend,' said Hudson, 'no absence would be permitted on the ground of what is so very common in the mills, and occasions so short an interruption of work. Distressing as it was to witness, I felt it less than you would suppose, from sheer habit.'

'Then you don't think it is a dangerous sign?'

'I did not say that.'

'What then, on this earth, can I do?'

'I'll tell you. We will set ourselves to work to find out a change of employment for her. I have known it produce good effects. Some of the rooms are cooler than others. The Messrs. Z. will not listen, I fear, or rather their overlooker, to any proposal for improving her condition where she is; but the gentleman who sent you to our meeting has interest enough to get her into a far more comfortable mill; and we must prevail on him to interfere.'

'Now, all the blessings'——and Richard's emotion was so great he could not finish the sentence but by

clasping Hudson's hand and raising his tearful eyes to heaven.

'Thank you, my friend, I know your heart's desire for me, and it is sweet to have an interest in each other's prayers. I feel for you in more ways than one, Richard: you regard Helen with something beyond a brother's affection, and no wonder.'

'I'm too young to think of marrying, if that's what you mean,' said the lad with manly frankness; 'but I dare say you are right. By the feel that came over me, when I saw her lay dead like, I should not live long after her.'

'Ah, Richard, that is the language of a heart that does not know the strength of the body it is lodged in. Some of us must live to close the grave over all that sweetened our lot below, whatever unwillingness we feel to survive them. And while God has work for us to do,' he added with fervour, 'so be it!'

'Now let us go back, Mr. Hudson. I promise you I'll keep very patient, depending on your doing what you say the very first thing to-morrow morning.'

'Certainly, the very first, if we be spared to see it; and I'll take you to the mill I spoke of, and shew you all the rooms; and then we can judge which will be the fittest for Helen.'

'Oh, I wish I knew how to thank you!'

'It is not much I can do; what I can I will. But remember we have difficulties to encounter yet, in more than one quarter.'

'Pho! what care I for difficulties,' cried Richard, with a flash of his natural joyousness, at the same time pitching high into the air a small pebble that he had picked up. 'Do you think I'm such a baby as to expect things to tumble out, of themselves, just as

I would have them? You lazy manufacturers are so used to see the machinery do your work for you, that you can't judge of us field-labourers, who carry all before us by mere strength and perseverance.'

Hudson smiled: 'You have odd notions of machinery, my fine fellow, if you think it does our work for us. It only makes us work.'

'Little's the machinery I want to keep me going, when the work to be done is for the advantage of—we won't name no names, if you please, Mr. Hudson,' he continued more merrily and archly than before; 'and as to the great secret that's between us now, according to your finding out, mum! not a word to any living soul.'

'Of course not,' replied Hudson; and as he followed Richard's now bounding step up the creaking stairs, he sighed heavily over the recollection of his own early hopes, and the sad presentiment of a coming blight on those of his interesting companion.

Helen was perfectly recovered; and her anxiety to prove it induced a cheerfulness of manner that enlivened the whole party, now completed by the addition of Willy. The evening passed delightfully: it was like one of their own cottage evenings; and when parting in the street, Hudson reiterated his promise of taking Richard to his friend's mill the next day, after consulting with Mr. H——, whom they were to see early. Richard most cordially blessed him, and walked on to South's, repeating to himself his conviction that there was not such another perfect character in all the world as his new friend. Even Mr. Barlow came short of his standard just then, so full was the poor boy of that hope to which a young spirit cleaves as to its natural element. He saw no real

difficulties in the way of Helen's removal to what his fancy pictured as a sphere of comparative enjoyment in the superior mill; and beyond that lay a vista terminated by a cottage resembling the home of his infancy, which he was at liberty to fit up as he pleased. Sweet seemed the toils that were to earn that visionary independence; short and swift the years that must intervene before he might hope to rise so high in the squire's service as to warrant the expectation. He fell to considering, on his now pleasant pillow, the respective merits of woodbines, jasmines, China roses, clematis, and other candidates for the honour of overshadowing that rustic porch where Helen was to sit, on a summer evening, and superintend the knitting of his infirm grandmother, while busily engaged in needlework for other branches of the family; and in the midst of his fragrant perplexities the young gardener fell asleep.

XIX.

HUDSON, punctual to his appointment, brought the desired permission to visit his friend's cotton-mill, together with an assurance from Mr. G. that he would do every thing in his power to effect the admission of Helen into that establishment, at the same time reminding Hudson that difficulties might arise not easily to be surmounted. The afternoon was the time fixed on for proceeding to the factory, situated several miles from M., and as they crossed some

stubble fields, where the bright sun-beam fell warm and unclouded, while the little birds sported around them, peering for a grain of corn, or snatching from the bramble its ripening treasure, Richard felt as though the last few days had been passed in a feverish dream, and marvelled at the remembrance of depression so severe as to have already blanched his cheek and dimmed his eye. 'Let the mill be what it may,' said he, 'the situation is enough to determine me. Why the very breath one draws here is like new life after that horrid town.'

'Yes,' replied Hudson, 'at this hour and under such a sky, I confess it is; but we must not forget that the mill-work lasts from before sunrise till after sunset, most part of the year; and as the ground lies low, unwholesome mists will rise early and late. The situation is not considered so healthy as you might suppose; at least for those who cannot enjoy the sunshine.'

They soon quitted the fields, approaching a sort of village composed of exceedingly poor, uncleanly-looking cottages. The air lost much of its freshness, seemingly impregnated by the smoke that rose from several towering chimnies attached to buildings disproportionably low. Conspicuous in the midst, or rather on the edge of the cluster, wholly detached from all the others, rose a lofty square fabric of imposing appearance, to which Hudson pointed, saying, 'There's our mill.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Richard, 'why that's a noble looking place to be sure. And only see, Mr. Hudson, how the sun shines upon all the windows on that side. Ay, and it's plain he must shine there all day, for I can see through it, the glasses are so plenty, and

I see it's open to the south-east as well as to the south-west.'

'All the rooms are lighted on three sides, I believe,' observed Hudson.

'What a size they must be! Come, this is a deal better than I thought; and there can be no want of fresh air in it.'

Hudson shook his head: 'The windows are never open.'

'That's bad: but rooms so large must be airy of themselves, and cheerful too they can't help being, with so much sunshine.'

'You see it under every advantage,' said Hudson, 'and must judge accordingly.'

They now entered a long archway, where Hudson inquired for the principal acting manager, who soon appeared, and conducted them up a flight of stone stairs. 'I bring you here first,' said he to Richard, 'instead of taking you in regular order through the rooms, because I have some orders to give respecting the machinery.' Thus speaking, he opened a door, and the youth stood in mute astonishment at the scene presented to him.

The apartment, though large, was by no means high in proportion to its size; and along the ceiling, closely placed together, ran a number of black leather straps, attached to wheels and pullies, every one of which was in the most rapid motion, accompanied by a noise sufficient to drown any voice not raised to a painful pitch. On the floor stood a vast number of frames, seemingly all iron, with just space sufficient between them to allow a passage for the operations of their attendants. These were chiefly girls, dirty, barefooted, and gloomy-looking, who cast a cold

glance on the strangers, and pursued their work, which consisted in watching the movements of innumerable cones of cotton, the threads being supplied by machinery, which also kept the spindles perpetually revolving, each when filled requiring to be replaced by another. The party walked round the room, but no variety appeared in the occupation: each frame exactly resembled the rest; each had its own leather straps running on their pullies; and its own wheel, or flier, fixed against the ceiling as it appeared whirling round with the same rapidity, the same monotonous noise as its fellows. The same mechanical employment occupied each individual labourer—a human piece of mechanism, attached to those of iron and leather, passing to and fro within a confined space, with an air of vacant listlessness such as Richard had never beheld among any class of work-people. The air of the room, if air it might be called, which felt more like the absence of that refreshing element, was oppressive to a most sickening degree; its prevailing savour was that of rank oil, necessarily used in great quantities for the suppling the leather, and greasing the machinery; the temperature was dreadfully high, and a tightness came on his chest, that rendered the operation of breathing quite laborious. Every minute brought an increase of these oppressive sensations, and glad he was when the manager, opening a door, conducted them into another apartment, divided by a wooden partition from the former.

This contained the master-power, the mighty engine that kept every thing in motion. An immense iron wheel, of which only the upper half appeared above the floor and reached to the roof, raised high

to afford it space, was making its rapid revolutions, by means of two enormous joints of the same metal, that, playing from above, alternately raised and depressed what Richard would have called the handles of the wheel. The pulsation of the boarding on which he stood, as the thundering strokes fell rapidly upon his ear, almost dismayed the astonished rustic, and he shrank with cautious eye from approaching the narrow chasm within which the wheel was carried round with such a tremendous sweep. Near the door was a tall upright frame, round which two large iron balls were whirled at the extremity of strong rods. Every thing was on a scale so gigantic, the motion was so impetuous, the noise so deafening, that he felt stunned. As they left the spot the manager said, 'You see we box off our machinery.'

'What does he mean?' asked Richard, as the other stopped to give some orders to a carpenter.

'In many mills,' replied Hudson, 'the great wheel and its accompaniments, instead of being shut up as you see, are left open among the work-people; and very dreadful accidents happen to the poor children and others who are constantly passing them at their employment.'

'Impossible!' cried Richard: 'No mortal man would think of such a thing. Why, I would not take any bribe to let Mary or Willy ever go near such works.'

Hudson shook his head: 'Mary must pass it many times in a day, in Mr. Z.'s mill; and it is not until some severe measures have been taken, that our factory gentlemen in general are brought to box it off, as you see here. That is one of the crying evils against which our friends direct their strong efforts.'

Richard made some remark, of which the word 'murdering' alone reached his friend's ear. They were now again in the room first entered, and the oppression seemed to fall more heavily than before on his lungs. 'At any rate,' said he, 'Helen shan't come to this room. A baker's oven would be as comfortable, and a deal more wholesome.'

The next room, however, was no better: the machinery was similar in appearance, though belonging to a different stage of the work; the employment of the labourers was not the same, but their aspect precisely so; and the atmospheric evil not one whit ameliorated. Richard walked round as before, Hudson keeping the manager in conversation, and anxiously did he look for some token of cheerfulness, or even of ordinary intelligence, among the young people. Many had features evidently formed to express it; and some wore an air of boldness far from agreeable: but the same absence of all that characterizes the youthful countenance still prevailed; the same look of gloom and listlessness, the same measured movement, attendant on that of the whirling machinery about them.

'I am sick of the sight of those twirling bobbins,' said he to Hudson: 'is the whole place full of them?'

'No, we are going through the factory the wrong way, and shall end, I suppose, where the work begins. You will soon see the cotton preparing for this stage of twisting and filling.'

They next found themselves in a room crowded with low iron frames, of which the front parts advanced and receded in perpetual motion, just leaving space between for the girls to stand. Threads were

stretched upon the frames, which incessantly snapped, and the labourers' office was to catch and piece the separated ends.

'This is Mary's work,' said Hudson; 'and Katy's is to creep underneath, and pull off the loose cotton.'

'Why, she would be crushed to death.'

'Habit makes her expert in avoiding the danger; but you see it is fatiguing and the least heedlessness would be dangerous.'

Richard both saw and felt it: a new impression with regard to factory work was fast taking place of the former one; but he said little.

They soon found themselves in an apartment where the machinery and the labour were wholly dissimilar. The former consisted of enormous cylinders, piled one above another, and covered with a moveable case, which was raised to admit of the necessary operations, performed chiefly by men: but a number of girls and young women were also employed in looking to the deep cans where the cotton, rent to pieces by the cylinders, was thrown out in beautiful flakes. These rapidly filled, and when full were taken away, being replaced by empty ones. There was, however, a worse annoyance in that room than in any of the preceding; the flue—fine particles of cotton wool, so impregnated the air, that Richard soon found not only his coat covered, but his throat lined with them. At first he had preferred this branch of the work, but the irritating effect of the flue was tormenting.

'This is Helen's department,' said Hudson.

'This!' and Richard looked round him with painful curiosity. Just then, the hour for tea arrived, and a signal being given, the whole machinery

at the same instant stood still. The manager apologized for leaving them, saying he would be back in a quarter of an hour, and Richard eagerly watched the effect on the labourers of this short respite from toil.

There were no seats: they gathered themselves in groupes, or stood singly leaning against the frames, or sat down on the floor, hastily swallowing whatever they had brought for the meal. Of course, it was abundantly mixed with flue; but this appeared a less evil in Richard's eyes than the mixing of young people of different sexes, and the sort of conversation that seemed to be passing among them. Many, indeed, appeared to think of nothing but the luxury of a short rest on the floor for their weary bodies; but evidently there was a great deal going on, in an under tone, that would not have borne publishing. He became impatient, and said, 'Let us go back to some of the rooms we have seen; for I want to find out one where they are more comfortable—and more safe,' he added, after a pause.

The search, however, was fruitless, so far as comfort was concerned. In these rooms the girls with difficulty squatted themselves in small parties between the rows of frames, which ran quite across them. The same aspect of exhaustion, the same vacancy, and lack of youthful animation prevailed. Hollow cheeks, heavy eyes, narrow chests, and stooping shoulders met the inquiring gaze at every turn. Discontent, not noisy or active, but gloomy and silent, seemed impressed on all, together with a sort of helpless resignation to what they knew must be. Hudson spoke often and kindly as he passed them, but seldom got a reply—never a cheerful one. Their minds

seemed to stagnate, their spirits to have wholly evaporated, and a sort of indifference the furthest possibly removed from all feeling of enjoyment, reigned supreme. The time allowed for their meal soon expired; in a moment every wheel was flying round, every strap in motion, every little spindle revolving in its place, and with heavy step the attendants resumed their stations, pursuing the same monotonous work, that if Richard had been a classical scholar he might aptly have compared to the punishment of Sysiphus.

The manager now rejoined them, and Richard saw the remaining departments; the first and last stages; the weighing and rolling, and carding and drawing out of the raw material; the winding and sorting and packing of the finished thread; but though some of the rooms enjoyed more ventilation, and were less oppressively heated than others, he saw nothing to cheer him; and they had passed the outer gate some minutes before he broke silence.

'How different a mill is from all I had fancied!'

'What did you expect?'

'Why, I supposed it was a dark, dismal-looking place, where the people had to run about, and work very fast, with a great deal on their minds, and a world of management necessary, but this is nothing of the sort.'

'Then you find it better than you expected?'

'Better! no; fifty times worse. You see, I'm used to hard labour, and can't say but I sometimes get more than I like of out-door work in all weathers; but then, Mr. Hudson, I have worked like a man, not like a wheel and pulley. My mind has gone along with my hands, and I had something to keep

me in remembrance that I was better than the spade I dug with. I never was idly disposed; but if fatigue came over me for a minute or so, I could stop my spade and rest upon it; it didn't dig of itself, and force my foot to follow it.'

'That last,' said Hudson, 'is the most reasonable part of your remark. As to the first, if you consider, there is some room for thought in the work you have just seen. A machine can't put the cotton in the scales, or tell when the weights are equal; nor can it know when the threads break, and piece them, or reckon the bales, and ticket them; or ——'

'It's all very true; but tell me what it is makes the people look so like machines, if they don't feel so?'

'Many things, Green, assist to produce that effect. Did not the air of the room oppress you?'

'Indeed it did. Sometimes in summer, just before a great thunder-storm, I have felt as if I was pent up in a box, with a weight on my head, and really got quite dizzy for a while; but though that is the nearest thing I can think of to liken it to, those rooms were fifty, ay, five hundred times worse. The weight seemed to be not only on my head, but all over me; and then the sickening smell and the whirring noise—I'll tell you what, the first few days in a factory would make me ill, and when I got over that, I should become stupid.'

'You have answered your own question so far. If we had no other plea for short hours and a frequent change of hands, the dreadful heat and unwholesomeness of the atmosphere would be enough. You may suppose what it must be when the gas is lighted, adding to the closeness and the bad smell of the

place; in winter they require it for many hours, morning and evening. Then the sunshine, cheerful as it would otherwise be, comes in at those endless windows with such power as to broil the poor creatures, and make them wish it away, instead of rejoicing in its brightness.'

'Another thing,' said Richard, 'is the constant standing, and just fidgetting about within such a narrow space, in those rooms where we first went; the others are better as to giving more liberty, but the cotton flies about so much in them as to injure, I should think, everybody that breathes there.'

'It kills many. Did you see the little boy sitting in a heap of the raw cotton, swallowing his portion quite in a cloud of flue?'

'Yes; a ragged, miserable-looking creature he was. I noticed his famished face as he munched that hard, mouldy crust.'

'But generally the labourers in that mill are remarkable for a favourable appearance. They are examined by a strictly conscientious surgeon, who is also frequently taken through the rooms, to judge whether any of the people are getting sickly; in which case they are removed.'

Richard stared. 'Why, Mr. Hudson, what do you call sickly if those pale, yellow creatures, with cheeks sunk in and narrow faces were not so?'

'I can assure you, Green, you have seen the healthiest and best regulated mill in M., one of the best in England. There is nobody in it who even looks under age; and every public rule is most strictly obeyed, together with many excellent ones laid down by the owner for the benefit and comfort of his people. The inspectors hold it up as a pattern to every

body, and as a proof of what may be done to soften and improve the system. The poor people would flock to it from every other establishment, only for a strict regulation to the contrary on the part of the owner; and it is to get over this, in Helen's favour, that I fear we shall find a difficulty.'

'It will not matter; for I don't want to bring her here.'

'Why so?'

'I tell you,' said Richard, impatiently, 'it would turn her into a stone. She would droop and die. Twelve hours!' he repeated, 'twelve hours a day shut up in such a place, and in such company! No, she shall go back to the country, and weed in the fields, or feed a farmer's pigs—anything but such a life as this.'

Hudson looked greatly distressed. He could not bear to tell the irritated youth how very much worse in every respect was the place she at present laboured in from that which they had visited. Long habit had so familiarized him with the moody, vacant looks of the factory labourers, that he did not expect they would have made so strong an impression on the mind of his companion. In fact, it is the peculiar feature that strikes a visitor whose attention is in any measure directed to the countenances of the mill-people. Seen at their work, they are a community of automata. Nothing seems to animate them. The cold listlessness of their looks sends a chill to the heart of the spectator, who, if he feel rightly, must feel it a degradation to his species to be chained, as it were, to a parcel of senseless machinery, confused by its din, and forced to obey its movements with scarcely an interval for thought or for repose. This

is the case where the labourers are principally adults, not in the mocking sense of having 'the strength and appearance of fourteen years,' but really young men and women. The cheerless though noisy monotony of their lives, the total absence of all that can elevate the mind, even so far as an habitual contemplation of God's works elevates that of the ploughboy, or expand it into social kindliness among loving kindred, or pleasant companions—this stamps the character of vacancy, selfishness, and gloom, on faces that should beam with the gladness, if not with the intelligence, of youth. The gentle spring-time of life is checked, its budding promises nipped and blighted by the unkindliness of an atmosphere such as God never made, and such as man could never have prepared for his fellows to pine in, had not the lust of gold steeled his heart against every pleading of humanity. Machinery yields an immense profit; therefore machinery must first be cared for; and the question is, not by what means the deleterious effects accompanying its operations might be mitigated, if they cannot be neutralized, to the labourers attendant on its movements, but how may those movements be quickened into tenfold velocity, irrespective of the tenfold injury inflicted on the poor, who, for a morsel of bread are compelled to link themselves to its wheels, and to bury themselves in the heat of its cauldrons.

This refers to such as may be supposed of age to choose for themselves; and Richard had remarked mothers, probably, of grown-up families, engaged in all the departments, with elderly men, and those of middle age, mingled in the throng, particularly where the great carding-machines threw out their flue so abundantly. They, of course, were under no com-

pulsion, save that of poverty; and had they rather chosen to starve, they had liberty so to do; but an immense proportion of the hands employed in the mills are mere children, driven thither by parental authority; their time, their health, their lives regarded as a mere matter of merchandize between two parties, of whom the one was eager to grasp whatever the commodity would fetch, and the other to wring out from his helpless purchase the utmost value that it was capable of producing. The one careful to expedite his child to the scene of exhausting labour; the other to expedite his wheels and spindles with the least possible intermission while those poor little fingers and feet are at his disposal: the one counting his pence, the other his packages; and each jealous lest he should have failed to extract full profit from the withering frame of his human machine. And as the child, so is the dreadful responsibility bandied from one to the other.

'I support my children,' says the father, 'and being a poor man, I must not keep them idle; they must do what they can to help. I hire them out to a gentleman to serve him, and if he overworks them the blame is his. I can't interfere with his establishment—I take it for granted he knows his duty, being an educated gentleman, with a family of his own probably; and of course he will do what is right.'

'I live by the produce of my mills,' says the manufacturer, 'I have laid out immense sums on fitting them up, and in laying in an abundant stock of the raw material. I have an undoubted right to make what profit I can on this costly speculation, and to do so I must avail myself to the full of the capabilities of my works. It is not for me to judge what

other people's children are competent to do; I leave that to their legitimate guardians, who must know the nature and extent both of their abilities and my requirements. If these guardians accept my terms, and place their little ones at my disposal, I am bound to conclude that they are fully able to keep pace with my machinery, and I must compel them so to do, or I lose unjustly in the bargain. If they are unfit for the task, let those answer for the consequences who voluntarily send them to me.'

Voluntarily!—No, it is not a voluntary act. You well know that the cravings of nature must be satisfied, and though your poverty-stricken brother asks no more than the dry morsel from which your pampered dog would turn away, still without that morsel he cannot exist. You enter tacitly, at least, into a confederacy with your wealthy compeers, and leave him no option between actual starvation and a compact whereby he obtains a scanty meal, and a shelter from the inclement sky at the price of his own or his childrens' life-blood. With one hand you niggardly supply that vital stream, with the other you copiously drain it away; and when by this sure process of daily diminution you have left only the breathless carcase, your progress, rolling along the middle way in your luxurious carriage, or guiding the full-fed steed upon its track, will not be impeded by yon miserable group, who, stealing past upon the narrow causeway, follow a pauper's funeral. Those well-worn cloaks of rusty black are but thrown on, by parochial charity, for the occasion; the interminable toil of those now lifeless limbs, though it supplied you with the rich caparisons that you glory in displaying, could not

lay by the superfluity of a burial-fee for the victim, nor provide a mourning garment for the heart-broken, conscience-stricken survivors. And why conscience-stricken? If they squandered in strong drink, or appropriated in idleness the child's earnings, they have indeed a terrible item to answer for in your common account with God: but if there was no alternative—if nothing short of wealth would satisfy you, where nothing short of early destruction to others was its probable, its almost inevitable price—then will they stand, not as fellow-culprits, beside you, but as accusing witnesses against your soul, at the day when worldly riches cannot avail, when worldly honours shall be proved a mocking dream; and when worldly gratifications shall but be remembered to sharpen the gnawings of the worm that dieth not; and to quicken the burnings of the fire that shall not be quenched.

'What a pretty girl is that,' remarked a visitor to the junior member of an extensive cotton-firm, who was exhibiting to him the different departments of the mill. 'What a fine creature she will be at twenty!'

The young gentleman looked at the beautiful creature pointed out, then glanced his eye over the whole throng of her youthful companions, and turning it on the visitor with a significant leer, whispered to him this reply, 'There are not many in this room who will live to be twenty.'

When Richard Green returned home, he found his grandmother in considerable alarm, while a coarse-looking man was talking in the loud tone of self-satisfied superiority, evidently enjoying her trepidation, 'And so, good woman, as I said before, fair

words won't butter no parsnips. 'Tis all right and becoming of you to thank me for waiting so long; but as I'm not going to wait longer, down, I say, with the rent.'

Richard's entrance appeared to increase the widow's distress: she looked appealingly at him, not to invite but to deprecate his interference. He understood her, and crossed over to James, who placed a cold trembling hand in his, but spoke not.

'I don't believe,' continued the landlord, looking round him, 'that all the sticks you've got here would fetch the seven and sixpence, to say nothing of costs; but by way of example to the neighbours I shall be forced to execute. I've a deal of property in this court,' he continued, pompously drawing himself up, 'and what's to become of my rents if tenants go on for a matter of three weeks together without paying a rap?'

'Give me till the beginning of next week, Mr. Scott, and I promise you it shall all be paid.'

'I won't, indeed I won't; for I can't, woman. I must buy stock for my trade, or how can I live? You have children in the mill, and they get their wages punctual; but I, a respectable tradesman, sends in my bill to the same parties, and is told by the footman to call again. They forget my account, because 'tis too small for their big pockets; and you refuse it because it's too big for your little one, hey, missus?'

If any one of the party had laughed at this facetiousness, it is probable that Mr. Scott, who set up for a wit in his way, would have been mollified: but his creditors were in no laughing mood, and he became more lofty than ever.

'I tell ye,'tis no use talking: the money to-day, or an execution to-morrow.'

Richard had remained silent: his first impulse was to be rough; for his spirit was strangely chafed; but a better feeling prevailed, and he spoke with his usual civility.

'I'm sorry, sir, my grandmother has been obliged to keep you waiting: but perhaps you will consider how much illness there has been in the family, and take her promise now. I'm sure she will keep it.'

'Why, you are a civil-spoken lad, and well dressed too: how came you here?'

'I came to M. on business, for a gentleman in Suffolk.'

'Who did you come to?'

'Mr. G. at the great house on the hill.'

'The great house on the hill! ha! ha! we've great houses enow, and hills enow, about this big town. However, I know who you mean; and I've some notion of obliging you. Let me see; seven and sixpence, two and sixpence. Well, old woman, I'll call on you when this week, that began yesterday, is out: and you'll come down with your ten shillings, will you?'

'I will, God helping me,' faltered the widow.

'Don't forget then: I can tell you, if it hadn't been for that young fellow speaking so respectfully, I'd have been as good as my word: not for any ill-will I bear you, but to set an example, as I told you before.' He nodded, and went out.

The widow ran to Richard, and leaning on his shoulder, exclaimed, while her tears streamed fast, 'I would fain have hid this from you, my child!'

'That is the worst of it, granny: you conceal from

me things that I must know, sooner or later, instead of speaking out now I am here to consult with you. And you *may* speak out,' he added, mournfully, 'for I can't well be more miserable than I am.'

A full explanation was at length given; and the fact appeared plain, that with all their struggling they could barely live upon the earnings of the three who laboured for them. Among other things, the system of forfeitures had been rigidly enforced against Mary, whose companions easily provoked her, by noise and in other ways, to incur the fine; and many a sixpence was thus stopped out of her wages. The overlooker never enquired into particulars, nor listened to any mitigating statement: he had redoubled his vigilance since the information was laid against him for ill-treating her, and carefully visited every infringement of the rules with the penalty. Against this there was no appeal: the rules were hung up in the work-room, with the exact sum to be paid for any breach of them; and the fact once proved, the consequence was inevitable. This afforded a sad means of oppression in some cases; for the children naturally thought less of a pecuniary loss falling on their parents than of present severity to themselves; although in the irritation of disappointment they rarely escaped double punishment at home. Some protection against idleness and insubordination on the part of his labourers, the employer must, in common justice, have; and of the two, this plan of penalties is undoubtedly the best: but that master-evil—the want of due enquiry into the temper and habits of the men to whom are committed the persons, the principles, the interests of so many young creatures, and the absence of a wholesome restraint on their bad pro-

pensities, poisons the fountain-head, and carries corruption through the whole mass.

Mary Green needed a strict hand to control her rebellious disposition; and she found one perfectly ready to do it, not for her good or for the advantage of their mutual employer, but from personal dislike. She saw this, and resentment quickened her hot temper to more frequent ebullitions, which generally ended in an open breach of some standing rule, and the imposition of its attendant fine.

These deductions formed no inconsiderable item in the widow's list of losses: Richard had volunteered to make out an exact scale of their income and expenditure, in order to discover where the chief deficiency on the one hand, or extra expense on the other lay; the first was soon calculated and noted down, the latter reluctantly given, for the poor old woman well knew how her boy's affectionate heart would be wrung by the miserable insufficiency of their diet and fuel; but he would not be baffled, and many a time was the cuff of his jacket drawn across his eyes while writing the particulars. At last he threw the pen from him, exclaiming, 'Granny, the work-house is better than this.'

'The work-house, Richard, is not open to those who are able to labour, as we are, and can find employment.'

'Able!' thought the boy, as he gazed at the withered hand which gently replaced the pen in his. 'Well, dearest granny, we will look all these things in the face: go on.'

The account was finished, and he said, 'Poor as your fare is, and not enough to support you properly, still it comes pretty nigh within your gains. I can't make out the deficiency.'

He was then told of Mary's continual forfeits, which exasperated him: 'Are not they content with kicking her about, but must they wrest her earnings from her too?'

The widow told him that it could not be avoided; Mary's conduct really provoking the penalty, as Katy herself had been obliged to admit, when closely questioned; Helen corroborating it. She had reasoned and pleaded with the child, but to no purpose, and they must patiently wait till God gave her a better mind.

'I shall talk to her though,' observed Richard, 'and try if all my influence is gone. But, oh, granny, those mills are fearful places! I felt as if the hot, unnatural air would melt away all that was good for any thing in me, and leave me like one of the senseless machines, to do just whatever I was set about, right or wrong; and you know what advantages the devil will take of that state of mind.' Then, after a pause, he exclaimed, 'Helen must be an angel to stand it all, and to get better and better, while the rest go to ruin.'

'She is no angel,' said James, whom they supposed to be asleep, 'but a poor sinful mortal; yet a dear child of God, living by faith, and ripening for glory.'

Richard's brow contracted, 'Must every body be dying who lives like a Christian? Why does not Hudson die then?'

'Some of us die for our good, brother; and some of us live for the good of others.'

'Well, darling Jem, we won't argue about that,' replied Richard, kissing the cold damp brow of the patient sufferer. 'I only wish it might please the

Lord to let you live for my good, and I'd work the flesh off my bones for you, James; indeed I would.'

'I don't doubt it: but He who loves me better than even you do is going to take me home soon, *very* soon,' he added, with emphasis.

Richard gazed on him; then starting up, he said, 'I must go this minute to Mr. G., for he bade me be there. The day after to-morrow—early in the morning ——' He threw himself on his knees beside the widow's chair, and clasping his arms round her wept and sobbed like an infant.

And oh, how that maternal bosom yearned over the child so often cradled upon it! She had no words of comfort for him; her own heart was too full for speech; she could but mingle her tears with his. James whispered, 'It will do him good; he wanted such a relief.' He was right; Richard, with swollen eyes, but a calmer spirit, took his hat, and with an affectionate farewell repaired to the great house on the hill, where Hudson had prepared for him a more than usually kind reception.

C. E.

ON BALLS, DANCES, AND OTHER WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

ADDRESSED TO CHRISTIANS.

THERE are many persons, who, while they readily admit, that, as Christians, there would be an impropriety in their attending the theatre, do not allow that any impropriety is attached to their frequenting the ball-room and the dance; and having more than once heard the following inquiry made in an assembly of those persons, who are by way of distinction termed 'professing Christians,' I take this opportunity, according to the best of my ability, of offering a reply.

'What greater sin can there be in moving the feet in particular steps, to a lively tune, than there is in skipping, or in any other kind of recreation?' In answer to this question, I would observe, that the evil does not appear to me to consist simply in the action of dancing: did the question, as it is stated, present a correct view of the subject, and the only one that could be taken, the practice would be perfectly innocent. Were dancing used merely as a necessary recreation for the mind, or as healthful exercise for the body, it would be difficult to prove it otherwise than harmless in itself, and consequently unobjectionable.

But is dancing usually engaged in for either of these purposes? Surely not. Instead of the short season being given to the exercise of dancing by which such useful ends might be attained, are not hours devoted to it, instead of minutes? Instead of recreation, is it not made a fatigue? And may I not ask, Instead of an innocent amusement, is it not made a sin? The time that should be appropriated to rest is spent in trifling and unprofitable conversation; and hours must be robbed from the following day to recruit the wearied body: and even then, how frequently does there remain, at least in many instances, a lassitude and an ennui, which causes the duties of the day to be indolently fulfilled, or, as it may be, to be neglected. Who shall render up their account for time thus expended?

Again; much light will be thrown upon the nature of this amusement, and lessons may be learned, by which our own judgment may be formed, and our own conduct regulated, if we pause for a moment and consider what are the ends which the world in general have in view, in the pursuit and the practice of dancing. It is certain that many who frequent the ball-room and the dance, do so as it affords to them opportunities of display, whether of their dress or their persons; there is an evident endeavour to attract the notice and gain the admiration of others. Some have pronounced it 'an excellent way to kill time.' What a thoughtless, what an awful expression! How little could they know that even one moment would remain for them to prepare for eternity! To numbers, the dance presents an opening, and is used for the very purpose of making acquaintances, and of forming connections for life; and, alas!

where such have been the motives, in how many instances have the fatal results been followed by years of unavailing regret and sorrow! Oh! surely it is not in assemblies of this description that those principles are likely to be strengthened, and those domestic habits acquired, that should mark the holy, humble, self-denying follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Ye are bought with a price," even the precious blood of Christ, "therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." The glory of God! This is the motive that should actuate the Christian; this is the end to which the scriptures direct us, as that which, when we are once brought to the knowledge of Christ, we should ever have in view. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. x. 31.

Some persons who bear the name of Christian, do not hesitate to say, that they find their greatest pleasure and highest enjoyment at the dance and the theatre; yet it must be allowed that these are peculiarly and emphatically styled "the pleasures of the world."

If we search the scriptures in relation to this subject, we shall find that dancing, when practised otherwise than as a religious ceremony, was considered sinful. Job speaks of it in this light, when he refers to it as the custom of the wicked and irreligious families of his time. (Job xxi. 7—11.) Michal, in her too hasty rebuke, compares David to those "vain fellows" by whom alone it was perverted from its sacred use. (2 Sam. vi. 14—20.) For, under the Jewish dispensation, we find it identified with praise, and thanksgiving to God, being used as significant of joy and gratitude; consequently, we read of it as prac-

tised exclusively on joyous occasions, such as great victories, or other national festivals, and at those times it was usually performed by maidens only, accompanied with songs of thanksgiving and praise.

Our Lord alludes to this subject in the parable of the prodigal son; but there is no mention of dancing among the Jews during the season of his sojourning upon earth; the Jews being at that time in a state of subjection to the Romans. And it is remarkable, that the only instance of dancing of which we find any account in the New Testament, is that of the daughter of Herodias, which led to the death of John the Baptist. It appears evidently, therefore, that from the earliest times (with the exception of those dances which took place on solemn and joyful occasions of public thanksgiving), dancing has been a distinguishing mark of the thoughtless and the worldly, and must by the same inference be unsuitable for the Christian. The children of God, and the children of this world are described in the scriptures as two distinct classes, each bearing their own distinguishing marks; their characters differing as much, and being as directly opposed to each other as "light and darkness." God commands his children to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." Being "the children of the light and of the day," they are bid to walk as "children of light." When our Saviour says to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world," he adds, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matt. v. 14, 16.) Shall Christians, then, confound by their conduct what God has set in such strong contrast and opposition as "light and darkness?"

Again, our Lord says, "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world," and in his last solemn prayer we find him repeating the same truth, "they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." (John xv. 19, and xvii. 14.) The apostle John teaches us the same lesson, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," (1 John ii. 15.) "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate," saith the Lord, "and touch not the unclean, and I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.) "Keep yourselves unspotted from the world." "Abstain from all appearance of evil." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." (Romans xii. 2.)

How, therefore, can we fulfil these commands, or make it manifest that we are "not of the world," that we do not "love the world," nor the things that belong to it, if we enter into its amusements, join in its diversions, and make its pursuits our own? We may talk to others of the joy, the peace, the pleasures of religion, but can we expect they will believe our words if by our actions we seem to contradict them? Will not our conduct lead them to conclude, that if such pleasures do indeed exist, they are at least insufficient for the Christian's happiness, and that he is obliged to add to them those of the world?

For the *honour* of our God then, it is *expedient* that we "come out and are separate;" and in *obedience* to him, it is *necessary* that we do so; "Whoso taketh

not up his cross and followeth ME is not worthy of me." Matt. x. 38.

And, it may be asked, what, but withdrawing ourselves from the *amusements* of the world, can give evidence that we are the children of God, who though *in* the world are not *of* it? John xvii. 15, 16. Now that religion is so widely professed, and its externals so diligently observed; in many instances also associated with acts of charity and benevolence; and, it must be acknowledged, not unfrequently with a courtesy of manner, and a disposition so amiable that many Christian families might thereby be put to the blush! It is indeed to be lamented that in an age characterized by a remarkable diffusion of religious knowledge, and an almost universal profession, so few, even among real Christians, should be found, who walk worthy of that high and holy vocation whereunto they are called, forgetting that not only in doctrine, but also in practice, they are exhorted to be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke.

We find the Philippian converts represented as standing forth and shining as lights in the world; (Phil. ii. 15, 16, &c.) evincing, by their life and conduct, that they were the children of the Most High, and that they lived to his glory, by whose name they were called. The apostle Paul, addressing the Corinthians, writes thus: "Ye are our epistle, known and read of all men;" and again, "Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ." 2 Cor. iii. 2, 3. How totally inapplicable would be such expressions to numbers of Christian professors of the present day, who do certainly rather assimilate themselves so closely to the world, by following its cus-

toms, mingling in its pleasures, and joining in its pursuits; that is, with difficulty they are distinguished from it.

Yet, surely no reflecting mind can contemplate the wonderful admixture and confusion of good and evil which prevails every where at the present time, the rise of Antichrist, the daily increasing excitement and ferment, openly spreading, or secretly working throughout the whole of Europe, tincturing its political horizon, in relation both to its ecclesiastical and temporal dominion; no one, who is thus led to discern and reflect upon 'the signs of the times,' but must feel the increasing necessity for decision of principle, and consistency of conduct in the true Christian. While there is a general persuasion prevailing that we are on the eve of some important crisis, the Christian should especially by these signs and tokens be warned of the approaching conflict, the mighty contest, or "battle of Gog and Magog, in the valley of Armageddon;" which is to take place ere the trumpets of victory proclaim, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ;" when "He shall reign for ever and ever, and songs of "HALLELUJAH" shall re-echo from shore to shore."

Wherefore, dear friends in Christ, "gird up the loins of your mind," that you may be ready to "fight the good fight of faith," "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," remembering that no man who warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. An earnest desire that both in myself and my young fellow-Christians there should be an "adorning of the doctrine of God our Saviour"

in all things, has led me to these few remarks; and should their publication, with the divine blessing, be made useful in leading any young persons who may have been halting between two opinions, to choose that path which will be most to the glory of God, and which will also ensure peace to their own souls, it will be an occasion for humble thankfulness to

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

GOD is holy; then let the true Christian rejoice. How solid, how substantial is the hope which this very perfection in God gives him. Is he holy? Then will he uphold his own work in the soul; his very holiness secures it; it forms its highest safety. Not so carefully does the miser watch over and protect his gold, as the Divine Being watches over and defends his own work in the soul of man. However it may be tried and assaulted from foes within and foes without,—however faint and feeble the believer may be,—however sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before him,—however he may sometimes exclaim, "cast down," "troubled on every side," "perplexed,"—however strait and narrow his way may be,—however steep and arduous the hill, still a holy God will bear him up, and carry on the work of holiness which he has begun.—*Evans' Checks to Infidelity.*

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN PARENT.

OUR readers will peruse the following touching stanzas with greater interest and sympathy, when we tell them that the beloved and venerated saint whose departure gave rise to them, Lady M——, was the author of the 'Notes on Genesis,' which we hope to continue inserting in these pages.

O come not to comfort me, comfort is flowing
From Him who alone can make darkness seem light;
Like ointment his word, its rich blessings bestowing,
Comes soothing, refreshing, pure, healing, and bright.

We know not despondency's murmuring sadness,
We know that our loss is her infinite gain,
We can follow her soul to its dwelling of gladness,
Where with Jesus she waits to partake of his reign.

We grieve not to think that her sorrows are ended,
That sweetly she sleeps, though *we* hear not her voice;
Having laid down His cross that she sees him ascended,
We grieve not, we murmur not—nay, we rejoice.

Rejoice to look back on the way that he brought her,
Through darkness and anguish to rest on his love,
Rejoice that the Spirit of holiness taught her,
And her heart drew from earth but to fix it above.

Rejoice to look on to the glory before her,
When Jesus shall come, and shall claim her his own,
Rejoice that all glorious the grave shall restore her,
To share in his crown, and to sit on his throne.

Rejoice that she rests on the bosom of Jesus,
Nor hears when her loved ones groan under the rod,
Though sin may betray or calamity seize us,
Her spirit sleeps calm in the arms of her God.

Rejoice for ourselves, while we mourn her departing,
That all things are working together for good;
That each sigh that is heaving, each tear that is starting,
Is a herald of blessings not yet understood.

Yet torn are the tendrils around the heart clinging,
Tho' faith owns its debt of unspeakable bliss;
We weep while the song of thanksgiving is singing—
'Tis sanctified sorrow, but sorrow it is.

The hand that was raised but to fondle or bless us,
The eye that so tenderly dwelt upon ours,
The bosom to which she so fondly would press us,
The lip that gave voice to her spirit's bright powers,

Where are they?—corruption is preying upon them,
The green sod has covered the light of our eyes,
And hard must the heart be that would not bemoan them;
Rebellious the soul that its chastening denies.

Yes! nature must weep—and grace smiles on her weeping,
Soft, soothing, and sweet are our tears o'er the blest,
Forgetfulness 'tis, while the loved one is sleeping,
That sends her barbed arrows to torture the breast.

Then come not to comfort me—come still reviving
Each slumbering sorrow, each thought of the dead,
Each tender remembrance new energy giving,
And I'll bless thee with every tear that I shed.

We shrink not from sorrows, we see them in Jesus,
They point us to Him, and they tell of his love;
But dry not the fountain of grief till he pleases
To send o'er its streams the o'ershadowing dove.

H. B. M.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

REBEKAH.

No. I.

"GODLINESS," says the apostle, "is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;" and if it were required to furnish an illustration of the truth of this declaration, from the fact of any individual history in the pages of scripture, perhaps the life of Isaac would afford as complete an exemplification of it, as could be desired. His early piety, his filial love, (exemplified in his devoted attachment to his mother's memory, and in his unswerving obedience to his father's commands) his irreproachable conduct as a husband, and the tender affection he bore towards his wife and children—his peaceful, unambitious, disinterested behaviour to the people in whose territories he sojourned,—these all shew him to have been one whose care it was to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. On the other hand, how strikingly do the events of his peaceful history contrast with the lives of others of the patriarchal fathers. With no reverses of fortune, nor severe family bereavements; with no mental anxieties, nor personal hardships; the pilgrimage of Isaac was one of which

it may well be said, that it had the promise of this world, as well as of the world to come.

Gentle and loving in his own nature, and himself the cherished object of peculiar parental tenderness, he grew to manhood in the solitudes of Beersheba, like that rare plant* of which naturalists tell us that it drinks in from the atmosphere the juices which swell its succulent stems and give birth to its clustering blossoms, asking nothing of the soil, but the bare support it yields. Born heir of Canaan, and familiar from his earliest years with the oracle that said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land," Isaac might have cast his eager eyes upon the lordly heritage consigned to him, and with impatient haste have desired possession of the same. But this true son of Abraham evinced another mind. He drew not his hopes of happiness from the earth; the source that nourished them was from heaven. The temporal grant indeed was large and princely, but the covenant had a far richer boon to bestow. On that his aim was fixed in simplicity and singleness of purpose; his unworldly spirit coveted not the gauds of earth, and stooping to take from thence nothing save the needful props of food, and raiment, and shelter, he drank in of the dew of heaven in a life of spiritual communion; and thus his soul was nourished to faith and virtue, in the contemplative quiet of his unoffending life.

The first occasion in which the character of Isaac is introduced to our notice in the pages of scripture, discovers him as devoted to the service of Jehovah, and as obeying "in all things," the will of his earthly

* A species of Mesembryanthemum.

parent. Fully persuaded that God had enjoined the sacrifice of his life, we behold him on mount Moriah making no complaint, offering no resistance, but meekly bowing in acquiescence to a command, which was as utterly inexplicable as irreconcileable with all the covenant promises; but to which (knowing it to be the command of God) he yielded at once, unquestioning obedience. And on the next occasion, when he is spoken of as a mourner for his mother, we see the same devotedness of spirit with which he clung to the memory of Sarah; a grief *so* pure and child-like, in its flow, yet withal so true and singled-hearted, that it seems to have furnished the great poet of Israel with one of his most beautiful images:—

'I bowed down heavily as one that mourneth for his mother.'

And thus, with a heart full of love to God and *man*, is the youthful Isaac presented to us; learning obedience as a son, loving as a son, suffering as a *son*, and challenging, in all these particulars, our administration and our sympathies.

It was for so rare a paragon of social and domestic virtue, that the patriarch Abraham was solicitous to provide a suitable help-meet. Had he been guided by secular and ambitious views, no doubt he might have formed for his son some princely alliance among the tribes of Canaan; and the schemings of worldly prudence might have suggested to him, that in *order* to secure a permanent settlement in the land, nothing could be more desirable than to gain *over* some powerful ally, disposed by mutual interest to favour the sojourning of his descendants; until the time should arrive for entering into possession of it.

But to have given his son a wife selected from the idolatrous families of Canaan, would not have been to give to the pilgrim seeking a celestial city a help-meet calculated to aid him in escaping the perils and temptations of the way; and therefore it was that Abraham cast his eyes towards that distant land, where, when he himself had been called to become a pilgrim and a stranger, one was found willing to brave danger and loss for his sake, and for the sake of the hope set before him. It does not appear that Abraham had had any communication with his own family since his departure from Haran, although on one occasion tidings of their continuance and increase reached him in Canaan. (Gen. xxii. 20, &c.) It was altogether an act of faith which led him to despatch his steward, with a caravan of camels and attendants to the far off plains of Mesopotamia, to fetch a wife for his son from thence.

The objection made by Eliezar on the first mention of his Master's purpose, "peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me," was both rational and probable, judging of events without reference to the special providence that directed all affairs in the family of Abraham. This objection being overruled by Abraham, so as to acquit his servant of any personal blame in the event of his failing to effect the mission which he had so solemnly pledged himself to undertake; the patriarch appears to have succeeded afterwards in inspiring his steward with the same confidence he himself entertained as to a successful result. It was in the belief that "God would send his angel before him" to direct his way, that he uttered that remarkable prayer when standing by the well of Haran, in which he requested that the damsel

whom God had "appointed" for Isaac might come out thither. The Spirit that maketh intercession in the hearts of men, must surely have dictated that petition; for when the young and blooming Rebekah appeared, and in every the minutest particular answered to the signs whereby he sought to know the predestined bride of Isaac, "the man wondering at her held his peace, to wit whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not." The whole conduct of the steward strikingly exemplifies that combination of prudence in the use of means, and faith in the co-operation of God which characterize all the scripture worthies. He had arrived at Haran after a long and toilsome march through the Syrian desert. He had crossed the broad Euphrates, and now stood upon that soil which was the birth-spot of his master, Abraham. It was evening when he arrived at Haran; the city where he was led to believe the descendants of Nahor would be found, but he makes no hasty inquiries as to the wealth or worthiness of any of the race of Zerah; he does not proclaim in the place of public concourse the nature of his errand, and *incite* the sons of Nahor to bring forth the fairest of their tribe by information of the wealth with which God had blessed his master. He takes a course far more in accordance with the spirit of Abraham, and the habitude of a man of faith and prayer. Desiring to select only the wife whom God had "appointed" for Isaac, without regard to any incidental recommendations beyond that of clanship; he chose the most fitting occasion for making observations, as a stranger, upon the women of Haran. The evening hour would, he well knew, bring the daughters of the city forth to the well for water, and there "he made his camels to

kneel down," waiting in that posture of repose till the tests by which he sought to know the "appointed" wife of Isaac should discover her among the young daughters of the city, whom God had chosen. The characteristics by which Eliezar seeks to discover the fitting helpmeet of his master's son, are similar to those depicted by St. Paul in his sketches of the faithful daughters of the Christian covenant (for the fruits of faith are the same in every age): they are discretion, gentleness, courtesy to strangers, kindness, charity. By such will the servant of Abraham judge the worthy mate of Isaac. He therefore prays that she, who in her behaviour to him and his retinue should exhibit these graces, may prove to be the object of his search.

Standing by the well of water, and still engaged in earnest prayer to God for guidance and direction in this important matter, he was roused from his devotions by approaching footsteps. The first and most diligent of the daughters of Haran appeared, bearing her pitcher on her shoulder. The young girl was fair and graceful, and there was something in her manner which gave token that she possessed that admirable foil and adjunct of beauty, discretion. Instead of standing to gaze at the strange cavalcade; or curiously and idly questioning the men whose habiliments shewed them to be of another land, she quickly descended the steps that led to the cistern, and having filled her pitcher, was proceeding homewards without delay. But the servant of Abraham would not let this first specimen of the daughters of the land depart, without applying the test he had before conceived of. He therefore instantly accosted her, making a request for that of which a traveller in the East

has such urgent need, "let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." No sooner had he uttered the words, than the vessel was lowered from her shoulder, now filled with the cool and refreshing water, while, holding in her hand the weighty burden she readily and courteously responded "Drink, my Lord."

It appears to have been a lengthened draught and sweet, that which the traveller quaffed at her bidding; meantime she had looked round upon the camels reposing, with their patient eyes fixed on the trough that now contained no water, and moved by the soft compassion of her nature, she instantly volunteered to minister to their mute want. "I will draw," she said, "for thy camels also, until they have done drinking." Rebekah, it seems, had no time to spend in idle discussion, or in a vain display of her personal advantages. The first at the well that evening, she did not linger till the other women arrived (as is still customary in the east, to spread the gossip of the day from mouth to mouth, and to shew to each other the finery of which they are so inordinately *fond*); but when a work of charity required it, she had time enough and to spare. As her active form was *seen* ascending and descending again and again the steps which led to the cistern, while employed in filling the trough for the camels, Eliezar was contemplating her with amazement, hardly believing it possible that Jehovah should so quickly and so minutely have answered his prayer. In silence he observed her, and then no longer doubting, he took from his store the bridal jewels, and advancing towards her, placed them upon her person, asking not only the name of her father, but desiring at once to be admitted as an

inmate of her home: "Whose daughter art thou? tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in? And she said unto him, We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in;" and then, as if fearing to have outstepped the decorum of her sex, in having so promptly given assurance to the man of food and shelter beneath her father's roof, she hastily withdrew (where the pure-minded and virtuous daughter ever goes) to tell her mother of the incident that had befallen her; repeating the conversation which had passed at the well, in the presence of "her mother's" attendants, and shewing the earrings and bracelets which the man had given her; leaving to her brother the task more befitting him, of preparing for the reception of the stranger guests, and going out of the city to invite them to enter.

The simple-hearted and upright Eliezar had no sooner provided for the due refreshment of his beasts, and unbound his own sandals beneath the roof of Bethuel, than he abruptly, but in all fairness and honesty, declared to the father and brother of the household the nature of his errand; detailing the whole circumstances of his journey, from the period of his conversation with Abraham to his meeting with Rebekah at the well; and shewing how the providence of God had so remarkably directed him in this matter. "The thing proceeded from the Lord," was the unanimous reply of Bethuel and Laban, "behold, Rebekah is before thee, let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken."

The church, in praying for the blessing of "perfect love and peace" to rest upon and remain with those of her members who come to be joined together in

holy matrimony, sets before the bridegroom and the bride the loving fidelity and uninterrupted affection of Isaac and Rebekah, as the pattern of their own conjugal happiness and duty. But, alas! of the many who are blessed in the name of the God of Isaac, how few inherit the blessing! How few of those who "keep the vow and covenant" in the letter, reap all those holy and happy fruits, which, "from the beginning," the spirit and essence of the nuptial bond were intended to bestow! And wherefore? Let those on whose lonely hearts the vulture disappointment is continually preying (hearts doubly lonely because once filled and animated by a principle heaven-born and divine)—let those inquire whether they sought the blessing in the way in which it was sought for, and obtained by Isaac. Was it by prayer, special, all-prevailing prayer? Was it by ingenuous disregard of the attractions of wealth, the splendours of a name, the desire of alliance with the powerful, the hope of self-aggrandizement and self-distinction? If but the smallest portion of this earthly leaven obtained (though in the mixture there might be much that was good, and wholesome, and full of promise for self-sustenance), can they wonder that the *whole* should be leavened? Was the blessing sought in the use of prudent means? by careful minute observation, by scripture tests in dependance upon God's direction and guidance? If not, is it a marvel that they fail to obtain that which they did not ask? The marriage union is the highest earthly gift of God to man. It was the dowry of his uprightness; it was the last adornment and finish of his nature, and till that nature be renewed after the Creator's image, and united to one formed by God's

own Spirit to be a helpmate, we shall look in vain for that perfection of bliss which in Eden it did doubtless afford: for the very confidence of expectation with which all look for happiness in this state, is but the native expression of the human soul yearning after that which in its original constitution was proved to be "very good." The word of God contains many passages, strongly and strikingly descriptive of the value, which, in the mind of the Spirit, attached to the acquisition of a true helpmeet. "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, a prudent wife is from the Lord." They, then, who would obtain "a good gift" must seek of Him who alone is the Giver of it; for "the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

LYDIA.

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL.

From the Rev. Dr. Croly's *Paris in* 1815.

* * * *

—Then the Deliverance comes; the crimson scroll,
Writ with the madness of six thousand years,
Shall be as snow; from heaven the clouds shall roll,
The earth no longer be a vale of tears.
Speed on your swiftest wings, ye golden spheres!
To bring the splendours of that morning nigh!
Already the forgiven desert bears
The rose—the Pagan lifts th'adoring eye,
The exiled Hebrew seeks the day-break in the sky.

I see the tribes, returning in their pomp!
Before them moves the Babe of Bethlehem's star;
They come with shout, and hymn, and uplift trump,
That rang of old on Zion's holy air;
They come from every region wild and far,
That woe e'er trod, with every swarthy stain
Of storm, and slavery, and barbaric war,—
Sons of the desert, dungeon, mountain, main;
Turbann'd, and capp'd, and helm'd, a countless, boundless train!

* * * *

Ancient of days! that, high above all height,
Sitt'st on the circle of eternity,
The hour shall come when all shall know thy might,
And earth be heaven—for it shall look on thee!
Blessed be the eye that lives that day to see!
The grave may wrap me 'ere its glorious sun,
Even, Father, as thou wilt, but thou art He
That sees the sparrow perish from his throne,
Father! in life or death, Thy sovereign will be done!

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER IX.

AFTER I had despatched my last letter, my dear E——, I found some extracts of Irish history in the Anthologia Hibernica, which, though partly a repetition of some things mentioned there, being deemed authentic, I have transcribed them, as being much more interesting and satisfactory than the dubious account I then gave you.

Ancient Arms of Ireland. By Sylvester O'Halloran, Esq. M.R.I.A.

'The origin of heraldry is undoubtedly very remote; I think it, at least, coeval with military institutions, and that it has preceded those of chivalry.

'In the course of my reading, I have met with no history that marks the ancient splendour of heraldry so strongly as the Irish. A college of heralds was a part of the literary foundations of Amerghin, the Irish priest, president of the literati, and brother to Heber and Heremon, first monarchs of Ireland of the Milesian line.

'The rank and dignity of families through the kingdom were ascertained; each knew its particular station.

'From the foundation of the Milesian monarchy, to the arrival of Henry II., including a period of 2430

years, but a single instance occurs of usurpation; and this, which happened in the first century, and lasted for but five years, not of a Milesian, but a Belgian prince. Hence, as the antiquarian was necessary to preserve the genealogy, the herald was equally so to mark out the rank and station of the chief; and this was the *only* use heraldry was converted to here. Even at this day, there is not an antiquarian in the kingdom, that cannot ascertain the rank and dignity of early families.

'The business of the senachie, or antiquarian, was to preserve the pedigree of families only; whilst that of the bolsaire, or herald, was to blazon their arms and determine their ranks.

'Of these facts we have a glaring proof in the reign of Evchaidh, generally called Ollamh Fodhla, who ascended the Irish throne, A.M. 3082, according to the Hebrew computation. I by no means think this illustrious prince and legislator the founder of the Feis Tamhrach, or national assembly; but that, by his wise regulations and reformations, he, in a manner, new-modelled it. The ancient parliament, like the modern, met about the beginning of winter. Notice was given, and *rescripts* sent to the different estates, to their tributaries, the Picts and North-British Scots; as well as to those parts of Armoric Gaul under their dominion. The morning of the day of meeting was announced by blasts of trumpets and musical instruments; when the esquires of the principal chiefs presented themselves at the grand entrance of Moidh-Cuarta (the house of assembly), and delivered to the crown-marshal the arms of their respective princes, which he handed over to the monarch's herald, who fixed them over the seats, in the exact order in which they were to be placed.

'At a reasonable interval, a second charge gave notice to the target-bearers of the crown-general, the military, and the servants of the biatachs, keepers of houses of hospitality, and of the representatives of cities and towns, to present the arms of their principals; which were also arranged according to the degrees of precedency. And at the third sound of instruments, the chiefs proceeded in exact order, each seating himself under the canopy of his shield. The monarch and provincial kings soon after entered, and were seated thus:—the monarch's throne was more elevated than the rest, and placed in the middle of the hall, to be more conspicuous; the king of Leinster, at a respectful distance, fronted him; the king of Munster was placed on his left hand, the Ultonian on his right, and the king of Connaught behind.

'This arrangement was observed to the reign of Roderick O'Connor.

'The crest of Ireland, as used by our own princes in tilts and tournaments on the continent, and after them by some of the Henries and Edwards, was a bleeding hind, wounded by an arrow, under the arch of an old castle.

'The bleeding hart, under the arch of an old castle, as the crest of Ireland, alluded to their great hunting matches, which continued for many weeks, in the seasons, with regular encampments; and which custom is still kept up in many places, particularly in Connaught. Many relations of these hunting-matches yet exist; and part of the arms of O'Donoghoe, of Loch-lene, or Killarney (always noted for this sport), are two foxes.

'The authentic historians and antiquarians of Ire-

land, were actually fileas or poets, successively elected by public voice for the pre-eminence of their talents, and their excellence in all kinds of learning; on such elections they were supported by national appointments, and equally respected with the princes of the people. This affluence divested them of attention to private cares, and such honourable distinctions raised their genius to its utmost elevation.

'The chief province of these fileas was truly to collect all public memoirs, and to recognize the genealogies, actions, and achievements of their kings and heroes. The grand or arch-filea attended the monarch, each provincial prince had also his poet, and every noble house was waited on by fileas of an inferior order.

'Each of these reduced to numbers whatever related to his particular patron, and as fiction had no place in these works, truth thus harmonized was held sacred by the people, and often repeated as a charm against sickness or misfortune.

'Once in every three years these fileas who were esteemed the wise men and counsellors of the nation, were convened with the kings, the nobles, and representatives of the people, to appear at the grand feis or parliament of Tara; here their writings were produced and examined before the whole assembly; the trivial or impertinent was exploded, and the approved and attested was entered on record; and if it was found that any filea attempted to insinuate a falsehood, he was for ever debarred from any public employment, and the next candidate succeeded to his place; and thus were the annals of their nation, and the deeds of their mighty men, incontestibly delivered down to posterity with an imagery and spirit which is almost unrivalled.

'However, the talents of these fileas were not altogether limited to matters of national concern; they were equally studious of privately instructing and improving their patrons in order to sublime their virtues to a height worthy of that eloquence wherein they were to be recorded.

'For this purpose they made curious researches into history and memoir; they collected all the written and traditionary accounts of the exploits, amours, and adventures of the Irish ancestry. These they digested into their natural order; they dignified them by sentiment, varied by fancy, and harmonized by verse; and when the business of the day was over, and the prince or chief, with his noble visitants, his officers and household were seated, the filea rose in the midst. His rising claimed attention still as night. He began his narration in a low voice, he gently insinuated into the hearts of his hearers, now melted them into tears, and now compelled them to break upon himself with exclamation; again he tempered with violence, and again he rose upon their passions, till, by seeming transported himself, his audience are truly transported,—the youth are scarce restrained from flying to arms, and the ancient are renewed in the vigour of their former days.

'Thus were the hours of modern gaming and profligacy turned into an entertainment, of all others the most wisely and artfully calculated to render a nation social, generous, valiant, and humane, emulous to the glory of their ancestors, and enamoured of every virtue.'*

* Extracts from a 'Preface Dedicatory to the Most Noble and Illustrious the several Descendants of the *Milesian* line.' Signed Henry Brooke.

Ancient State of Agriculture in Ireland.

'The state of society was inimical to the art of cultivation. It consisted of small communities, in which the landed property was constantly sub-divided among the descendants of the proprietors by the laws of gavel-kind, thus rendering the possession of individuals small and inadequate to subsistence in a series of ages. Besides, the landed proprietors, however small their inheritance might be, being by profession warriors, and by descent gentlemen, considered it beneath their rank and dignity, either to cultivate the ground, or apply themselves to the arts of civil life. Agriculture, therefore, as all other branches of husbandry, was committed to the management of slaves, or to a class of men little better than slaves. The chiefs and great lords who had considerable extent of landed property, cultivated it by their vassals, denominated *fuiders*, in the Irish Brehon laws, after the manner of feudal tenures.

'But those who, by the division of property, had small possessions, and in consequence not able to maintain a number of vassals, were obliged to set their land to professional men, who had emerged from a state of vassalage by obtaining their freedom. These, among the ancient Irish, consisted of two classes, herdsmen and agriculturists. The former were, by the Irish, denominated *jarfine*, and the latter *deirfine*.* The *deirfine* or agricultors were divided into *fine*, that is, tribes or families, distinguished by the name of *ban*. Each *ban*, *fine*, or family, consisted of fathers, brothers, sons, cousins,

* Brehon Laws, Collect. Reb. Hib. No. 10.

&c. The senior, or principal person of the elder branch, being their *flath* or chief, who commanded or regulated the business of the others. In the spring such a tribe of agricultors took a plot of ground, according to their number, from one or more proprietors, who had all their separate property distinguished by stones, if pertaining to more than one. These plots were denominated the *coar*, and were immediately enclosed by a ditch or hedge of dry stakes or brush-wood, and for which the tribe generally paid half the produce;* a custom which is still practised sometimes in the kingdom, and is evidently the origin of the French *metayeres*. If the coar was virgin ground, it was pared and burned, the only method these rude farmers had of manuring; and afterwards ploughed with light ploughs, drawn by three or four horses abreast, by their tails, and led by a person before them backwards. The ploughing finished, the seed was sown, being constantly buck or red wheat, called by them *brec*, a species of grain admirably adapted to their method of cultivation, who had no notion of winter corn, nor indeed could they well have it, in their barbarous state of society.

'During the growth of the crop, the tribes erected their huts adjoining to the field, in a kind of enclosure called a *ban*, and lots were cast for the ridges appertaining to each individual. Harvest being reaped and tribute paid, which, as before observed, generally amounted to half the produce, the tribe or *ban* retired with the remainder to some wood, where they dwelt in wattled houses or subterraneous caverns, until return of spring. The corn intended for

* Sir Henry Piers History of West Meath, Brehon Laws, Young's Tour in France, also the information of an intelligent farmer.

seed was flashed out of the straw, but the rest burnt with it so as not to scorch the grain, and this before taken out of the field.*

'On the return of spring the coar which had laid waste during the winter, was re-cultivated for the second crop. This was done by burning the weeds and stubble of last year's growth, and ploughing in the ashes, on which was sown barley, which finished their succession of crops; for red wheat was either sown again next year, or the land suffered to lie waste for two or three years, and new coars were taken. For it doth not appear that the Irish farmers during the middle ages were acquainted with any other grain than brec and barley, and fallows were absolutely unknown to them, farther than letting their fields lie under weeds for two or three years.†

'The cultivation used by the chiefs on their domains and at the monasteries, was similar to this, though perhaps more regular.'

* Brehon Laws, Acts of Parliament against burning in straw.

† From information of old people, who said this method was practised within the beginning of the present century.

INVITATION TO UNITED PRAYER,

FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, ON

FRIDAY, 1st of JANUARY, 1841.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

For the past four years I have had the delightful privilege of sending an invitation to those "who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," to unite IN A GENERAL CONCERT FOR PRAYER FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR. Each succeeding invitation has, through the divine goodness, been responded to by increasing numbers; and their united prayers have been graciously answered by fresh tokens of the divine favour. Among other proofs of this I may mention, the merciful continuance of peace in Christendom; our own domestic tranquillity; the prosperous state of our religious societies; the increasing numbers of faithful ministers and newly-erected churches; and the higher tone of piety of many of the candidates for holy orders. For from whence do these blessings arise? Assuredly from the Lord, restraining "the unruly passions of sinful men," and enabling the partakers of his grace to bring forth these "fruits of the Spirit." These delightful causes for praise and thanksgiving, assure us that the Lord

is the God "who hears and answers prayer." They also say to us, as Moses said to the children of Israel, "GO FORWARD." Stop not with past entreaties to a throne of grace, but follow His steps who says, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." We are urged to this devotional ardour by the same causes which first led to this general concert. For still, alas! infidelity stalks abroad; still nominal Christianity prevails; still Papal superstition and Mahomedan imposture hold their sway; and still uncounted millions of Heathens are bowing down to idols. "The whole world lieth in wickedness." These loud calls to go forward become more imperative from the very remarkable manner in which the approaching year opens us. To mention only a few of its striking aspects, for this paper requires brevity,

First,—THE STATE OF THE JEWS. They are, by the providence of God, placed in a peculiarly interesting position. The persecutions they have endured at Damascus and Rhodes, have excited a general sympathy in their favour. Various circumstances have brought them into the notice of merchants, literary characters, philosophers, and above all, of politicians. With such anxiety are they regarded by the different cabinets of Europe, that it is upon this issue, who shall possess the land which God gave to their forefathers, that the question of peace or war now depends; and their return to Palestine under the guarantee of the allied powers has been suggested as the most effectual mode of preserving peace among the nations.

Whilst they are thus providently placed before Christendom, there is a very unusual stir among themselves. Many of them are confidently expecting the immediate coming of their Messiah, and are anxious to proceed to Jerusalem, to be there at his appearing. A remarkable spirit of inquiry prevails among them.—In some a desire to reform their religion, in others to examine the New Testament, and in a still greater number to lay aside the traditions of the Talmud, and take the Books of Moses as their guide.

"The dry bones" are beginning to shake, and appearances bring the words of the Psalmist to our minds, "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come, for thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." *

Such is the present state of the Jews. Surely it is a loud call to us, for prayer to the God of Abraham, to pour out upon them the Spirit of grace and supplication, and to prepare the Gentiles for the great events which the inspired prophecies declare are then to take place.

Another important circumstance which the opening year presents is, THE CONDITION OF THE EASTERN CHURCHES.

These churches, as it is well known, have been for a long season in a low and depressed state. They have for the most part "a name that they live, but they are dead;" bowed down both by their own su-

* This interesting state of the Jews has led to the delivery of a course of Lectures at St. Bride's, Liverpool, by several Clergymen, upon the past, present, and future purpose of God towards the Jews, which are now in the press, and will very soon be ready for publication, by Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

perstitions, and the hard bondage of their Mahomedan masters.

For centuries their almost lifeless state was comparatively overlooked. But from the reports of several Christian travellers* who have lately been among them, strong feelings of sympathy, and earnest wishes for their revival have been produced. There are grounds for believing that some active measures will, ere long, be adopted for at least attempting their spiritual restoration. Who that has any zeal for the glory of God, or reflects upon the former state of these eastern churches, but cordially desires that these measures may be successful? Who would not pray—Lord, "revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy."

A third particularly attractive object brought into view, as the new year dawns upon us, is the great enterprise which has lately been undertaken for the EXTINCTION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, AND FOR THE GENERAL CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA, through the medium of the Gospel of Christ, assisted by commerce and agriculture.†

In other parts of the dominions of the Most High there may have been plans formed of a still more benevolent nature; but among those which have been put into the hearts of any of the inhabitants of this lower world, it is difficult to conceive one more in unison with the mind of our blessed Saviour. He, at

* See, among other interesting publications upon this subject, "An Address to the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, respecting the present state of the Eastern Churches, and the prospect of usefulness among them," by the Rev. R. W. Freemantle, A.M.

† See Sir T. Fowell Buxton's Works on the African Slave Trade and its Remedy, and the published Report of the Proceedings of the Society.

the very time he was seeking "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," said, "other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and there shall be one fold under one shepherd." Benevolent, however, as such an enterprise is, it is the Lord alone who can make it successful. The ships and vessels which are to carry the various persons who have offered themselves for this service are about to sail from England. Upon them, humanly speaking, the issue of this glorious undertaking depends. Who would not pray for them? Pray, not only that the great and gracious God may preserve them from the perils of the sea, from wasting sickness, and pestilential fever; "from the terror of the night, and from the arrow that flieth by day;" but that he may give them "the spirit of love and of power, and of a sound mind;" direct all their counsels; grant them favour in the sight of the natives, and dispose their hearts to welcome their arrival, and receive with joy the glad tidings of the Gospel.

These are some of the striking circumstances which are presented to us at the dawn of the new year, and which urge sincere Christians with increasing alacrity to commence it BY A GENERAL CONCERT FOR PRAYER FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. I would then affectionately invite them thus to unite on FRIDAY, THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1841.

The following suggestions are respectfully offered, to assist them in this devotional concert:—

1st. Let Christians follow the example of our blessed Lord (Mark i. 25), who rose up a great while before day for secret prayer. Let them thus secure the blessing of him who says, "pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

2d. Let them call upon the Lord in their families, for his Spirit to be poured upon themselves and their households, their neighbours, their country, the ministers of the Lord, the churches of Christ, the remnant of scattered Judah and outcast Israel, and upon the Gentile world.

3d. Let the ministers of the Lord afterwards privately meet with their brethren of their own communion, in earnest prayer for themselves, their flocks, the whole body of Christ, and the world at large; and then specially consult together upon the most effectual means for hastening the coming of the Lord's kingdom, and particularly for the continuance of such a general concert for prayer, that the year may proceed according to this devout commencement.

4th. Where circumstances will admit of a morning service, let the congregation be assembled, and in addition to the appointed prayers and a suitable sermon, let all who are devoutly disposed partake together of the supper of the Lord; or

5th. As may be more convenient, let the whole congregation meet in the evening for public worship, and let an appropriate discourse be preached.

May the Lord accompany these means of grace, or such others as may be adopted, with his abundant blessing. Oh! may it indeed be a season of special refreshment from the presence of the Lord.

Peace be with all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

Thus prays their affectionate brother and servant in the Lord,

JAMES HALDANE STEWART.

St. Bride's, Liverpool.

Review of Books.

THE CHURCH OF GOD. *A Book for the Age. By the Rev. J. D. Hull, A.B., Curate of Bangor, Diocese of Down.* Nisbet and Co.

WHILE fully admitting the necessity of controversial writing in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, Mr. Hull has thrown in what may be called a refreshing cordial for those who, in the van of the army, are earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. His book is purely spiritual, and of a very sweet character; yet never losing sight of the peculiar juncture at which it appears. We like it exceedingly; and are thankful when such a work falls in our way. "The Church of God," the Lamb's wife, is considered under the heads of her perfect justification, her infallible salvation, her heavenly bridegroom; her espousals, nuptials, trials, deportment, resources, safeguard, and her bridegroom's second coming. On this last head, Mr. Hull takes

the view that the Lord is daily more and more compelling his church to take, and he fully sets forth the literal, personal nature of the pre-millennial advent. Some original hymns close the volume; which we beg leave to recommend to our readers.

THE PROTESTANT ANNUAL *for* 1841. *Edited by Charlotte Elizabeth.* Baisler.

It seems desirable that every field of literature consistent with right principles should be in some way occupied by those who labour in the cause of truth. An annual of the highest class, suited to the drawing-room table, was a desideratum; and it has now been supplied in a style highly creditable both to the taste and to the liberality of the publisher. The literary matter is contributed by distinguished hands. The Rev. E. Bickersteth opens the volume in an essay on 'Preparation for Suffering for the Truth,' written in his happiest style. The Rev. John Cumming gives a touching tale of the Covenanters: the Rev. Dr. Chalmers a paper on the difference in spirit between the legal and evangelical obedience: Macleod Wylie, Esq., a spirited treatise on Christian legislation: the Author of Essays on the Church an exposé of indifference, as manifested in the lukewarm spirit of the age. From the Rev. Hugh M'Niele we have a most energetic article under the head 'The Truth necessarily Protestant,' in which Puseyism receives a merited castigation. L. H. J. T. applies the rebuilding of Jerusalem under Nehemiah to the present prospects of God's ancient Israel: An Old Campaigner tells a

thrilling story of Popish treachery in Portugal: George Finch, Esq., treats, in his emphatic style, of the noble martyr, Lambert: some short pieces in verse, narratives, Popery anti-Trinitarian, by X. Q. A very interesting inquiry by the Rev. H. B. Macartney, on the 'Last Enemy of the Church,' and a most admirable paper by the Rev. Dr. Muir, are followed by a long and certainly very beautiful poem on Luther, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery.

Of the engravings, ten in number, by the Findens, we must say that nothing can surpass the beauty of their execution. Wholly original, from designs by the first artists, they place the work among the best class of pictorial displays; but there is one, the frontispiece, a portrait of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, by Robertson, of which we will not ourselves speak, having received some remarks on it from the hand of a highly accomplished master of the art, in which we cordially concur; and with which we will close our announcement. It will be seen that the writer is himself as enthusiastically Protestant as his subject.

'The frontispiece to this first number of the Protestant Annual is not merely a portrait of a man—even although of such a man!—the most able and most undaunted champion of the Protestant faith in our times,—the Rev. Hugh M'Neile. It is not merely the only correct representation of his noble aspect and bearing, that has been *universally* acknowledged as such by his family and friends. The artist has soared above the object he was employed to execute, which was only to make the likeness of a man. He has produced a monument that will be handed down to posterity so long as the material on which it is executed or printed may be preserved.

'The principles for which communities and nations contend may not only be expressed by a well-chosen motto, but may often be embodied in a pictorial design on a banner, or more permanently in a monument.

'As a motto, comprising in the fewest possible words, the great controversy between a faithful and an idolatrous church, the commandment, "Thou shalt not bow down to them," is probably the most concise, distinct, and unequivocal, the most inevitable by the arts of sophistry. The Roman Catholic church has never had the candour to write up these words in the sight of their flocks, nor to print them for the instruction of the common people, in any of their books. They dare not. Let these words then be the motto on every Protestant banner: let them be written over, or in front of every Protestant altar, in the most conspicuous manner, notwithstanding that they are to be found there already in the Decalogue.

'The artist has represented Mr. McNeile as engaged in the solemn duty of reading the Communion Service, at the moment of pronouncing the words, "Thou shalt not bow down to them." This small engraving is therefore, in a manner, a pictorial and permanent utterance of this commandment. And should some future generation resolve to erect a monument to the memory of Mr. McNeile, for having so ably exposed the uncandid and cowardly shrinking of the Roman Catholic priesthood from this commandment, and who discomfited have fled from the mirror of truth which he has shone upon them, in his pamphlet of 'Jezebel,' they may not probably find any design so appropriate as that of Mr. Robertson to be executed in marble or rather in bronze.'

DETACHED THOUGHTS. ***By the Widow of an Irish Clergyman.*** **Nisbet and Co.**

THIS is the work of a tried, experienced believer. Some of the 'thoughts' are as remarkable for originality as they all are for spiritual depth and scriptural truth. They breathe much of that living fragrance which none but the bruised flower can exhale; verifying, as we often see done in private Christian examples, what Paul says of the ministers of the gospel,—"If we be afflicted, it is for your consolation." The volume is very small: but it comprehends a vast deal of valuable matter within its little pages.

THE BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS; ***or, Outlines of a popular history of the class Mammalia: with a particular notice of those mentioned in scripture. Illustrated by upwards of eighty engravings.*** **Religious Tract Society.**

WE are always glad when subjects of general knowledge, which necessarily come before young people in the progress of education, are taken up by such hands as the trusty and indefatigable committee of this great national society. Their handsome and comparatively costly volume of Natural History is well known; this is an octavo, in stiff covers, comprising 122 closely and handsomely printed pages, with beautiful engravings. The historical portion is excellent, and the work a real acquisition in the branch of science to which it belongs. We need not add that it is perfectly scriptural.

CHECKS TO INFIDELITY, *contained in four Essays—On the Being of God—The Scriptures as the word of God—The Holy Nature of God—The righteous character of the Day of Judgment. By James Harrington Evans, Author of 'Sermons on the Spirit of Holiness,' 'Letters of a Pastor to his flock,' &c.* Shaw.

IT has become a matter of very great importance to provide elementary books of a popular character, to counteract the evil workings of the latter-day infidelity. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the efficacious antidote to the deadly venom now spreading among our population; but it is very desirable that the youthful, the half-instructed class upon whom it fastens most extensively, should be so directed in searching the scriptures as to find the precise remedy appointed for that form of disease which menaces them. Mr. Evans has supplied an admirable little treatise, adapted to the higher state of cultivation into which the vaunted march of intellect has brought the reasoning faculties of our operative classes, frequenters of mechanic's institutes, and socialist lectures. We wish he would simplify it to the comprehension of a lower grade in society, and publish a still smaller cheap edition in the pamphlet form for general distribution. The present volume should be within every one's reach who desires to work, as the Lord may give him occasion, in opposing the onward march of this infidel Antichrist.

MISSIONARY TALES FOR LITTLE LISTENERS. *By M. A. S. Barber.* Nisbet and Co.

We know not half the importance of first impressions, nor do we rightly calculate at how early an age the heart may be awakened, the mind influenced, the character moulded. Blessed is the privilege of instructing 'little listeners' on that most precious of all themes—the love of Jesus to perishing sinners! and very little ones may readily comprehend the exceeding simple language of these 'Tales,' which comprise many interesting stories. It is good to give children comprehensive views; to shew them the two great divisions of the human family, believers and unbelievers; to unmask some of the awful devices of Satan for keeping his captives bound, and to magnify the wonderful love of God in setting those captives free. What a heart-expanding sentiment is this, which caught our eye on opening the book—'An American missionary, Mr. Cox, before he sailed for Africa, said to a friend of his, "If I die in Africa, you must come after me, and write my epitaph." "I will," said his friend, "but what shall I write?" He answered, "Let a thousand missionaries die before Africa be given up."' Oh for a truly enlightened spirit, for us and for our little ones, to comprehend that sublime image, 'The field is THE WORLD."

THE PROTESTANT.

'LONG life to the Princess Royal!' exclaimed my uncle, when the joyful intelligence was announced; 'a long life upon earth, and a blessed immortality be the portion of this babe, the first-born in the third generation of good old George the Third.'

'Amen!' I responded; 'and may this sweet new tie bind our sovereign lady more closely to the sacred endearments of home. I trust the Protestant line of Brunswick is farther secured to us by this addition; but it is sad to think how the enemies of Protestantism have shamed us by their forward zeal on the occasion.'

'How so, my dear?'

'An order was issued by the Romish priests usurping ecclesiastical authority in this land, and acted upon in every mass-house throughout the country, which reflects deep disgrace on the Protestant church. They put up public prayers to God for the welfare of the Queen, and the 'safety and sanctification'—so it is expressed—of the expected infant; while we were left the liberty of remembering or of forgetting, just as it might be, what a claim our gracious sovereign at this time has upon our intercessory prayers, what cause *we* have to supplicate for an abundant spiritual blessing to be poured forth on a royal heir-apparent of the British sceptre.'

'Ay, Popery has excellent ground to work upon now, among the multitudes who are religiously disposed; and who not knowing how to discriminate between truth and falsehood, spirituality and the mere outward form, will give the preference to that system which has most of the external show of godliness, however little its principles may accord with sound doctrine. Oh, shame to those upon whom the omission is chargeable! Never was a praying people so hardly dealt with by those who hold the power of directing our public worship, and who are in every way encouraged by the founders of this Protestant establishment to make all momentous national events an occasion for our united approach to God.'

'And, although that is a minor consideration, still it is a mortifying one, that we Protestants should be made to appear so far behind hand in loyalty to the House of Brunswick.'

'Not exactly so,' said my uncle, smiling: 'I don't suppose the Romish community have any wish to appear devoted to the House of Brunswick as such. But there are certain members of that House at present standing in close approximation to the throne, who, by the event for which they anxiously looked, will be removed from that position. It may be assumed, that under the improved liberalism of the age, a young heir would be brought up untrammelled by such prejudices as are known to exist among some elder branches of the royal family in favour of the principles which placed that family upon the throne. These hopes wonderfully stimulate their loyal zeal; and what fools are we, who, knowing the immense importance of the stake, neglect to join in earnest prayer for a double blessing on the mother and the

babe—that alike the holder and the expectant of kingly authority among us, may be endued from on high with that best of gifts—a heart conformed to God's will, and a mind devoutly given to the promotion of his glory among the people—to the maintenance of true religion, and the suppression of all that stands opposed to it. We seem resolved to provoke the Lord to jealousy; and we must be made to feel that he is stronger than we.'

'The plan of united prayer, adopted by the Romanists for the re-conversion of this isle to Popery, is another instance of that devotional appearance which will affect some unstable minds in a way favourable to their plans; even supposing that they do it not in a conscientious belief that the Lord will answer the supplication.'

'As to such conscientious belief,' replied my uncle, 'it is held, no doubt, by many of their laity; but I confess the more I think on the monstrosities of the system, the stronger is my conviction that in nineteen cases out of twenty, to say the least, the Romish priest despises the lie that he is bound to teach; and teaching it still, against his natural conscience and reason, he must harden his heart to the uttermost. No, Popery is not a religion in the minds of its ministers, but a crafty and specious form of infidelity, framed to meet the natural tendency of man's mind towards something spiritual and mysterious, and taking God's own revelation for a stepping-stone whereby to mount an eminence of impiety, from which it hurls defiance at Him, while professing to do him honour. I say a stepping-stone indeed, taken up, that it may be laid down and trampled upon. It is by the fearful desecration of things essentially

holy, that Popery becomes not merely an unchristian but an anti-christian abomination. I do not, I cannot believe that the Romish priesthood are the dupes of their own system; that they consider themselves as really delegated of God to instruct men in the way of salvation; that they, personally, place any confidence in the efficacy of their own senseless services, or believe that such a tissue of lies and deceptions, tyranny, hypocrisy, and uncleanness, can be acceptable in the sight of a holy God.'

'Yet, uncle, Martin Luther was undoubtedly sincere in his false religion.'

'Yes, and so were the greater number of our glorious martyrs and confessors; and so, at this day, are a remnant whose hearts the Lord is even now preparing to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. You see, when a man is once really in earnest, he will pray for help from above; the Spirit making intercession according to the will of God, on the part of those who know not what to pray for as they ought, brings an answer down, that in its gradual workings, sometimes indeed instantaneously, opens to the soul both the dark mazes of error in which it has hitherto been wandering, and the straight path that leadeth unto all truth. Shew me the man, who in earnest secret supplication before God, intercedes for us, that we may be converted to what he considers the true faith, and made wise unto salvation, and I will shew you a man prepared to receive the gospel of Christ, if by any means it might reach him. Men may feel a zealous desire to see their own system exalted, their own party augmented, and the creed which they profess adopted by all the world; but—and remember I am speaking of the priesthood only

—a real love of souls is a principle wholly distinct from all this; and I cannot conceive its existence in the bosoms of men who can lead their flocks into the daily practice of gross idolatry, dispense for money a pardon for the foulest crimes, connive at rebellion, teaching anarchy, in furtherance of what they sincerely believe to be the religion of truth and holiness.'

'The continual exposure of this odious system, as made out at our public meetings, does indeed justify the strongest conclusions you have drawn: but now tell me what you think of the plans devised for putting down the evil by a slow process of steady undermining, apart from any immediate attack upon its present position in the country.'

'Why, if I had a poison-tree growing vigorously on my property, and a man should counsel me to plant another tree beside it, out of which, when full-grown, I might form the handle of an axe to cut down the former, I should see no objection to following his advice, provided I did, in the meanwhile, avail myself of every possible means to effect a speedier riddance of the deadly nuisance: but if he enjoined me to let the mischief grow on, strengthening its roots, and extending its branches, until my infant plant ripened to good solid timber, I should take leave to doubt the wisdom of his suggestion, and decline to follow it. I see the drift of your query, and have answered you accordingly. Popery as it stands since the deed of 1829, is what you refer to; and the undermining process is the plan proposed by some leading men who have lately become acquiescent in the continued presence of the national evil and sin, just because the difficulties that oppose a

repeal of that atrocious bill increase with the time allowed for its continuance. To this sufferance I say no; no; no. The abomination of desolation standeth where it ought not—tear it down. Not by tumult, not by menace, not by violence, but by the united *fiat* of the public voice pronounce its doom. Our camp is troubled in many ways; our knees tremble, our hands wax feeble, our hearts sicken, and we know that the Lord is wroth with us: we also know that an accursed thing has been received into our camp; a prohibited thing, abhorred of God, who has forbidden any fellowship with it, and has invariably scourged us when we thus transgressed. What, under such circumstances, saith the Lord? "Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes." Can we hope for his blessing on any mode of procedure that involves a temporary assent, a present toleration of the contaminating evil? Do we expect by our own power or wisdom to retrace a step of actual rebellion against the Lord, or to baffle the Prince of darkness, any other way than by vigorously resisting him in the strength of the Most High. These suggestions, coming from influential men, wring my heart with pain: they savour of human policy, not of faith. They take the question from off its right ground, and place it in a dubious, a false position, calculated to mislead, to betray, to ruin us.'

'And what is its right ground, uncle?'

'Simply this: have we in the word of God sufficient intimation of his holy will in reference to such alliances between his people and his enemies, to guide us to a correct understanding of that will? If so, is it or is it not right in his sight that we band

ourselves with the papacy, admit them to legislate for us in all matters pertaining alike to the religious and civil government of the country, and invest with offices of extensive influence the most zealous champions of that idolatrous system? The man who can conscientiously say, It is, knows nothing yet as he ought to know it: his ignorance is culpable, inasmuch as it proves that he has blinded his eyes to the plainest declarations of scripture: but the man who is obliged to answer, No, it is contrary to what God approves, has no warrant from scripture, reason, or common honesty for acquiescing in the continuance for one day, or one hour, of the country in a position of hostility against the divine will. Human nature is full of the cowardice that always cleaves to conscious guilt. Man does not put forth his hand to seize an enemy whom he believes to be too strong for him, because he lacks faith to realize the ever present help of the Omnipotent in all that tends to his glory and praise. I heed not the talking of men who profess they see no harm in the deed we have committed; but I do heed, I do lament it, when avowed champions of Protestantism stand forth, at once to execrate the sin and to counsel a protracted connivance at it.'

'Do you think Popery has strengthened its position among us during the year that is now closing?'

'It has. Look at the organization of O'Connell's faction in Ireland; look at the honour put upon them by official functionaries of the highest grade dancing attendance on mass-houses, and holding plates at their door to win Protestant contributions; look at the bragging style of their chief literary organ, exulting in the signs of our speedy conversion; look at the

workings of their "Institute," as commenced by the preliminary step in a vigorous career of persecution, of which Mr. Stowell was the selected victim. Look, too, within; see the rapid spread of Puseyism, daily lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes within the sanctuary; the defacing of our churches by pictures and other fooleries, even more wicked than they are vain. Nay, the Christian Knowledge Society is wofully thrown off its guard, threatening us with an edition of the Bible, to be so defaced by Popish embellishments as to carry the poison among every class of society. The prints are of a most exceptionable character; and we know how much stress is laid by the teachers of that iniquitous system on pictorial representations as being a broad step towards image worship. Look where we will, a leaning to Popish practices meets us; and they well know how to turn to the best account every inch of ground thus surrendered.'

'It cannot, I fear, be denied that the tide of Papal innovation continues to flow in on us with no sign of turning. If we wait for its ebbing before we commence operations against it, we are likely to wait until every foot of ground is submerged beneath the flood. There is an evident gathering together of all its forces, an onward movement indicating vast depth of design, as though a master mind were at work, wielding instruments perhaps themselves unconscious of the uses to which they are put, like a skilful general on the eve of a battle, the plan of which he has conceived in his own thought, who concentrates the various troops by manœuvres of which they know not the ulterior object.'

'It is even so: we are assured that a last vigorous

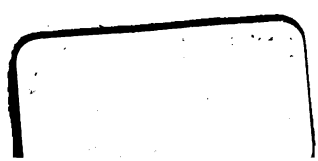
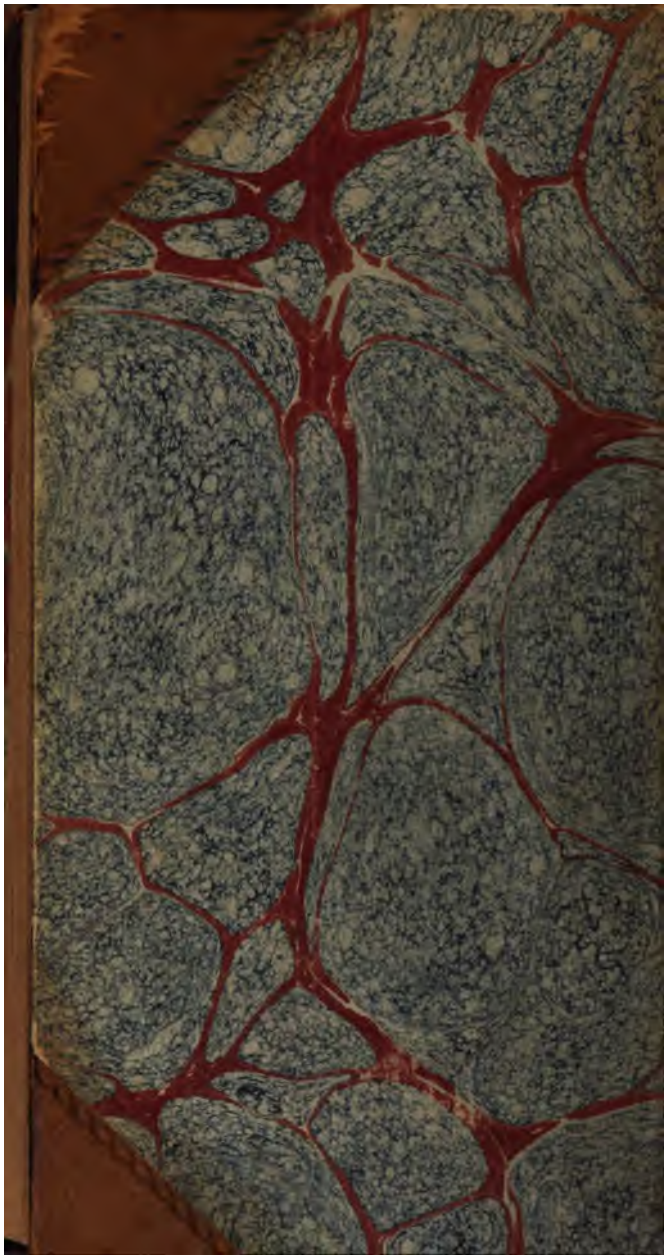
struggle shall be made by the Romish Antichrist previous to the final destruction to which he is doomed; and great is their danger whom he finds regardless of the cautionary injunction to watch and to keep their garments with especial care because of the Lord's speedy coming. We shall see a much greater advancement of the bad cause, no doubt; more extensive power will be grasped; he will practise more freely and prosper more triumphantly, and trouble the church of Christ to a far greater extent. This we must expect, but because we expect it, are we therefore to acquiesce in the evil? No; our bounden duty is to contend, and to contend earnestly against whatever opposes itself to the faith once delivered to the saints. We read of a standard to be lifted up against the enemy when he thus comes in; but that standard is not a flag of truce; we read of a greeting to be sent into the hostile camp, but that greeting is a summons to God's people to come out thence, and forsake the sins, that they may escape the impending plagues of Rome. I cannot in my Bible find a single passage whereon to found a plea, I will not say for compromise, but even for a moment of quiescent repose while the enemy occupies a post within our lines. At every point I would meet him; at every point I would resist him; and especially would I bear in mind that the construction which we may put on the prophetic word ought never to have the effect of weakening our hands in the battle, howsoever it may prepare us to meet a further trial of our patience and faith.'

'I remember, uncle, in 1829, some good people argued in favor of non-resistance against the Popish Bill on the ground of these predictions. They said,

If God has deemed to the apostacy a further advancement among us, of what avail is our opposition. Can any thing come to pass that he has not commanded?'

'It is a pity that good people are not always wise people. The same argument would justify our non-interference no less in a case of individual than of national suicide. With the Lord alone rests the power of life and death; why, therefore, if I see a man pointing the muzzle of a pistol at his own or his neighbour's head, should I interfere to baffle his aim? Humanity starts back from such a line of argument; and religion, which teaches the doctrine, repudiates the inference. Let us not therefore delude ourselves in a matter of such moment to the church and country. They who, through faith, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, held a different view of personal, national and spiritual obligations.'

'Well, uncle, we have arrived nearly at the close of a year most remarkable for the change that it has wrought in the world's aspect. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us; and so long as he leaves among us an actively protesting people we have a fair token that he will help us still. At this moment I believe the main strength of the cause lies among the operative classes, who are banding themselves on Protestant principles; they are a plain-seeing and a plain-dealing race of men, forming a link of mighty value and importance between two classes not easily brought into juxta position; and they are so mingled with the lump that most requires leavening as to work with the greatest efficacy there. I should say to any among the higher ranks in life who desire to help the good cause, but do not know how, Turn your at-

tention to this very numerous class; acquaint yourself with the plan of those associations already in operation, and devote your efforts either to supporting them or to forming somewhat of the same kind in your own neighbourhood. Whosoever has a mind to the work will find enough to do; and perhaps we may see the Lord blessing our humble efforts beyond what we have either asked or thought.—"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."'

We solicit the attention of our friends to the 'Protestant Almanack,' published by Mr. Crisp of Liverpool. It is a decided improvement on that of last year, containing, besides original embellishments, a great deal of information, and much spirit-stirring matter. The broad sheet is well worthy of being framed, as a most appropriate ornament to a Protestant study.